





# IDEAS in CONTEXT



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## To the Student

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This book is designed to give you ideas to think about, talk about, and write about. Every one of the fifty-three essays and stories in it presents an idea — a formulated judgment or conclusion — on a subject about which it is important for you to have thought. For you have contracted as an educated person to take a mature part in the world, where it is important to have sound values and clear ideas of your own, and a mind open and able to grasp the ideas of others. These essays and stories range through sociology, history, economics, science and nature study, psychology, morality, and ethics. They are not “difficult” reading; if anything they shade toward the opposite. But they are all “serious” in the sense that they all deal in one way or another with problems that are central to your growth and success as an individual, and through you, central to the world of affairs of which you will become a part.

Broadly, these problems are in four areas. Part One treats of man in society, of how man has created the society in which he lives, and how he in turn is affected by that society. Part Two investigates that attribute of man which chiefly makes him human — his mind — and touches on the related problems of what we know and how we know it. These two parts of the book deal chiefly with the nature of man, outside and in. Parts Three and Four treat of the world he lives in, again first from the outside and then from the in. Part Three examines our changing attitudes toward the external world during the last four centuries of the scientific age. And Part Four views various ideas of good and evil which have taken form in the last century and a half. Around each of these four problems, then, are grouped in loose constellation a dozen or so statements of attitude and conviction, and each piece takes on added meaning when read not only in the light of its own group but of other groups as well.

That is the meaning of *Ideas in Context*. Context is the set-

## TO THE STUDENT

ting, the surroundings, of a word or any larger statement. Literally it means weaving together; and as you will see by a glance at the table of contents, the selections in this book have been woven together in such a way that each takes on added meaning from every other. Some, you will find, take opposite sides on the same question. Others meet only in passing, while still others illuminate each other by approaching the same or similar subjects from different points of view. You can, if you and your instructor so choose, start at the beginning and read straight through. You will get an equal enrichment of ideas in context if your reading follows a different order. For just as every experience you have is enriched and made more meaningful by those which went before, so it is with everything you read. Whatever the order you follow, the things you read will build themselves into patterns for your informed thinking, talking, and writing. As you read, talk, and write, you will see that it is your thinking and your writing that weave the selections into your particular context. This context will help to define you to yourself, help to orient you in this modern world of ours. For if, as the poet Alexander Pope said two hundred and fifty years ago, "The proper study of mankind is man," a very large part of man is the society he lives in and his view of the world without and the world within.

So you will be reading extensively for ideas. But since you will also be doing a good deal of writing, now and throughout your college years, you should also learn how to read for hints on how others write who do it well. You will find that the questions and suggested theme topics at the end of each selection will help you in all these ways. There are questions to help you grasp what others mean: on content, interpretation, and intent. There are questions on words: on what they mean and how others (and you) can use them. And there are questions for speculation: to stimulate further thinking of your own beyond what the author has said. Many questions of this kind can surely lead to stimulating topics for your own writing. But in case they don't, there is for each selection a list of specific suggestions. Very likely you will often find that the two weave together a new context out of which an idea of your own takes shape.

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## Acknowledgment

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A teacher is like a hitchhiker on the cycle of civilization, absorbing vitality and knowledge from students and colleagues and funneling those things back as best he can into the classroom. To all my students who showed me how vital and lively freshman English can be, my deepest thanks. Thanks, too, to all those scholars and teachers I have met who have shared their knowledge with me — to Professors Paul E. Memmo, Clarence Glasrud, Neil B. Thompson, Helen Pettigrew, and J. P. Smith, to single out but a conspicuous few. To my wife, Selma, and to my son, Mark, who helped me time and again with the innumerable details of editing a text, my profoundest thanks of all.

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## PART ONE

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# MAN IN SOCIETY

✿ "No man is an island," wrote the poet Donne three centuries and more ago. No one lives by himself alone. Man lives among his fellows, in an organized structure called society, which is his creature yet in a profound sense his creator as well. Man in society is largely a product of the people and the forces around him: they shape his attitudes, opinions, customs, even his appearance. They decree his way of life, and all too often he is judged by a single standard: conformity.

But conformity to what? In the year 1300 European society was based on a rigid caste system in which the principal factor which determined status was birth. In conformity to their humble birth the medieval majority, the peasantry, lived lives of unquestioning servitude. Today the Dobu Islanders, who live near eastern New Guinea, respect viciousness and treachery above all else. The more treacherous an individual member of that society can be, the more successfully he conforms to the pattern, and the more he wins approval from his fellows. Whether the badge of approval is scalps or servitude, there is a deep need in every man to belong, and to conform.

And what of western man in the twentieth century? The caste society of the Middle Ages, and the ethics of the Dobu Islander, may seem alien and irrational to us, but in fact they are less novel than certain critical forces in our own society. Caste and an ethic of ruthlessness have ample precedent in history. But our culture exhibits something new under the sun: for in our day the spirit of the time belongs to the educated many, not to an élite of wealth and power whose interests, tastes, and attitudes almost alone give color to the culture as a whole. A society like ours, with the appear-

ance of almost unlimited free choice, and a fluidity which amounts nearly to formlessness, has never existed before.

This society began to take shape several hundred years ago, from a wide variety of causes, of which the chief ones are sketched in the readings which follow. Out of these causes has come a society in large part dedicated to a standardization in many ways more sweeping than any that ever existed before. In America, at least, the toaster, the television set, and the gray flannel suit are everywhere, and everywhere the same; and these mass-produced artifacts are the external symptom of pressures toward uniformity which are insidiously hard to resist.

And yet we do resist, even if sometimes only in a dim and groping way. Deep within, most of us nourish the conviction that we are more than commodities turned out on an assembly-line. Inside us is something unique and irreplaceable which has to be recognized and nurtured if it is not to be overwhelmed and obliterated by the pressures to conform. As the novelist Elizabeth Bowen once unforgettably said, "There's a me in here!" And the "me" struggles to assert itself, having the deep instinctive urge of all creatures to live and grow.

So here we are, in a curious society without deep-rooted traditions or any single pattern held up as a goal for all to follow, yet perpetually bombarded by pressures to accept mass notions of a good life which have come to prevail through sheer force of numbers. And at the same time we are pressed by the need to be ourselves, often at the price of being different. In ever-changing ways and degrees, we are the product, then, of two opposing forces: conformity and individuality. What these forces are like, where they come from, and most important, what the mixture is like in you, are major concerns of Part One of this book. If you have never thought of yourself as a bundle of tensions produced by opposing forces, it will interest you to see how typical of your time you are, and how well you have managed to harmonize these forces in yourself. The selections which follow are not only a picture of society; they are in some degree a history of you. They will help to explain where some of your ideas and opinions come from, your tastes, your judgments, even your friendships.



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## The Coming of the Common Man

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✿ One simple fact has elevated the common man from the subservient place he occupied in the thirteenth century to the dominance he exerts today: number. In "The New Mass Man," José Ortega y Gasset tells us that just in the years from 1800 to 1914, the population of Europe rose from 180 millions to 460 millions, a gain of 280 millions in a little over a hundred years. Not only in Europe but throughout the world, population has continued its upward surge. With numbers came authority, until today by the sheer fact that he is everywhere, it seems almost that the common man can do no wrong. Even the qualities called faults in other groups at other times have come to be thought of as virtues. Can you imagine today's man in the street feeling apologetic for keeping up with the Joneses or for preferring baseball to opera?

The readings in this group give some picture of how the common man has come to engulf modern society. The picture moves, tracing him from his emergence early in the nineteenth century to his dominance today. The picture also changes, for as the common man gained in numbers, he changed in status and self-esteem. Dickens's "Coketown" describes the wretchedness of his condition at a time when he had begun to grow in numbers but not yet in power or well-being. Jacquetta Hawkes's "The Industrial Revolution and the Common Man" traces the way in which a changing economy helped to change his way of life. Ortega's "The New Mass Man" is a sometimes frightening account of the mass man's new authority. Perhaps no one has chronicled its implications so perceptively as he, or dissected them with such painful accuracy. Finally, Joseph Wood Krutch's "Eternity or the Franklin Stove" contrasts the tastes and values of the common man, which he finds dominant today, with those of other times, and finds the present sadly lacking. If Ortega's and Krutch's views annoy you, remember at whom they are directed.



## COKETOWN

Charles Dickens

☛ COKETOWN, TO WHICH MESSRS. BOUNDERBY AND GRADGRIND NOW walked, was a triumph of fact; it had no greater taint of fancy in it than Mrs. Gradgrind herself. Let us strike the key-note, Coketown, before pursuing our tune.

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage.

It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled.

It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegancies of life which made, we will not ask how much of the fine lady, who could scarcely bear to hear the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these.

You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely workful. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel there — as the members of eighteen religious persuasions had done — they made it a pious warehouse of red brick, with sometimes (but this is only in highly ornamented examples) a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the New Church; a stuccoed

From *Hard Times*, 1854.



edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs. All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town-hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchasable in the cheapest market and salable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end, Amen.

A town so sacred to fact, and so triumphant in its assertion, of course got on well? Why no, not quite well. No? Dear me!

No. Coketown did not come out of its own furnaces, in all respects like gold that had stood the fire. First, the perplexing mystery of the place was, Who belonged to the eighteen denominations? Because, whoever did, the labouring people did not. It was very strange to walk through the streets on a Sunday morning, and note how few of them the barbarous jangling of bells that was driving the sick and nervous mad, called away from their own quarter, from their own close rooms, from the corners of their own streets, where they lounged listlessly, gazing at all the church and chapel going, as at a thing with which they had no manner of concern. Nor was it merely the stranger who noticed this, because there was a native organisation in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard of in the House of Commons every session, indignantly petitioning for acts of parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people would get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or Divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then came the chemist and druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, outdoing all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people would resort to low haunts, hid-

den from the public eye, where they heard low singing and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months' solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Discuss Dickens' use of imagery in this narrative. Make a list of those images you consider especially eloquent.
2. What images does Dickens use in paragraphs 2 and 3 to express his dislike of industrialism?
3. Observe how the key word "fact" is repeated throughout the narrative. Judging from how it appears in context, what does Dickens mean by it in this selection?
4. The next to the last paragraph is an invocation or apostrophe to the reader. How does this device of apostrophe add to the emotional impact of the narrative?
5. Dickens mentions three persons by name, in obvious contrast to the faceless masses of Coketown. They are: Bounderby, Gradgrind, and M'Choakumchild, the schoolteacher. From the names alone, what would you guess was Dickens' opinion of these three?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Dickens' narrative: *counterpart*, *inseparable*, *edifice*, *listlessly*, *inducement*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. According to Dickens, does the sameness of Coketown's streets, buildings, and so forth, make for a sameness among its inhabitants?
2. Explain what Dickens means by "the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness?"
3. What is Dickens' opinion of the architecture of Coketown?
4. What does Dickens think about the sameness that pervades Coketown? How would you feel if all of our cities were uniform and had, say, a five and ten cent store and the same chain drug store on every Main Street?
5. By saying the masses do not attend church Dickens is not saying they are irreligious. What is he really saying?

6. Comment on Dickens' bitterly humorous attack on alcohol. Is the attack more effective by being concealed beneath a mask of humor?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. In this passage Dickens' major comments are made indirectly, by allusion and even in some cases by omission. What particular comments do you find which are made in this way?

2. Dickens seems to be full of sympathy for the masses of Coketown. Yet his basic assumptions about them are not at all complimentary. Why should this be?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Conformity on the Campus

Conformity in Small Towns

The Recreations of Today's Average Man: a critical analysis


Facts — Their Value and Their Worthlessness

The Big City: a story



## THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE COMMON MAN

*Jacquetta Hawkes*

 THE PATTERN OF SETTLEMENT WAS NO LONGER TO BE DECIDED BY the character of the soil, the surface features of the land and the climate, but by the distribution of the deposits which time had left far below the surface. Huge numbers left farms and villages and swarmed to the places where coal and metal ores lay hidden; once there they showed an extraordinary fecundity. The population doubled and doubled again. By the middle of the nineteenth century half the people of Britain were living in towns, a situation new in the history of great nations.

Those town dwellers, cut off from the soil and from food production, soon lost all those arts and skills which had always been the possession if not of every man, then of every small community.

From *A Land* by Jacquetta Hawkes. Copyright 1951, 1952 by Jacquetta Hawkes. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc., and The Cresset Press Limited, London.

The sons and daughters of the first generation of town dwellers were not taught how to use eye and hand in the traditional skills, and, a loss of absolute finality, they could not inherit all the traditional forms, the shape for an axe handle, a yoke, for a pair of tongs; the proportions of cottage doors and windows, the designs for smocking, lace making, embroidery. Some of these forms, because they had achieved fitness for their purpose as complete as the unchanging bodies of the insects, had remained constant for centuries or millennia; others were always evolving yet maintained their continuity. Now all of them, or almost all, were to fade from the common imagination, to become extinct. I know of only one traditional form for an everyday tool which has been adapted without loss to machine production; this is the exquisitely curved and modulated handle of the woodcutter's axe.

With the extinction of ancient arts and skills there went also countless local rites, customs, legends and histories. All these, whether or no they had been adapted to Christianity, were survivals of a paganism that helped to unite country people with nature and their own ancestors. Stories and names for fields and lanes recalled men and women who had worked the land before them; legends still commemorated local deities who had lived in wood, water, and stone; many customs recognized and assisted in the main crises of individual lives; rites helped to harmonize these individual rhythms with the greater rhythms of nature — they celebrated the return of the sun, the resurrection of the corn, harvest, and the return of death.

Without these immemorial ties, personal and universal, relating men to their surroundings in time and space, the isolation of human consciousness by urban life was a most violent challenge. It gave opportunity for the heightening of consciousness and the sharpening of intellect, but human weakness and material circumstances made it impossible for any but the few gifted or fortunate to respond. The urban masses having lost all the traditions I have just named which together make up the inheritance which may be called culture, tended to become, as individuals, cultureless. The women were in better case, for all except the most downtrodden could rear children, clean, launder, sew, and cook after a fashion, though all their work was dulled and robbed of distinction by the standardization and poor quality of their materials. (It is one of the more bizarre results of industrialism that the rich will now pay



great sums to obtain goods that were once taken for granted by quite humble people. Such things as real honey, fresh butter and eggs, hand needlework, tiles made of real stone, reed thatch.) For the men it was far worse. Usually they could do only one thing, and that without direct relation to their own lives; when they returned from the set hours of "work" there was nothing for hand or imagination to do. So, when at last leisure was won for them, it proved to be a barren gift.

I do not wish to suggest that there was any lessening of man's dependence on the land, of his struggle to extract a living from it; that is the stuff of existence and cannot be reduced. It is not true either that industry is lacking in its own bold regional variations; the collieries with hoists and slag heaps, the steel furnaces, the clustering chimneys of the brick kilns, the potteries, all create their own landscape. But the individual life, the individual culture, was not sensitively adjusted to locality, and the nature of the relationship was profoundly changed. It ceased to be creative, a patient and increasingly skilful lovemaking that had persuaded the land to flourish, and became destructive, a grabbing of material for man to destroy or to refashion to his own design. The intrusion of machines between hand and material completed the estrangement.

By this new rapacious treatment of the land man certainly made himself abundantly productive of material goods. But he cannot be sure of getting what he wants from the great cauldron of production. Meanwhile the land, with which he must always continue to live, shows in its ravaged face that husbandry has been succeeded by exploitation — an exploitation designed to satisfy man's vanity, his greed and possessiveness, his wish for domination.

As a starting point for the Revolution I shall choose the time about two hundred years ago, when men began to smelt iron with coke. Earlier attempts to use coal instead of wood had failed, but now, largely through the efforts of generations of one family, the Darbys of Shropshire, the new process was mastered and the coal-and-iron age of Victorian England was already within sight. It is, of course, possible to say that the real revolution, the tipping of the balance from agriculture to manufacture, took place later than this. Equally, or indeed with more justification, it can be claimed that it began much earlier with Tudor commerce and the scientific ferment of the seventeenth century. I would agree, I would even willingly push it back to the depths of the Carboniferous forests;

there is never a beginning. But I prefer to select the mating of coal and iron, for with the thought of it the weight and grime of the Black Country, the bustle and energy of material activity, at once take shape in the imagination. Besides, it was a time when the intellect, sharpened by the new scientific, analytical modes of thought, was achieving many other of the devices that made industrialism possible. In one year, 1769, Arkwright gave the water frame to the cotton industry and Watt patented the steam engine. Within another ten years the gorge of the Severn which had been cut in the Ice Age by the overflowing waters of Lake Lapworth was spanned by the first iron bridge to be built in the world. Together these closely consecutive events well represent the new forces of the Revolution: coal and iron, mechanical power, mechanization, and the corresponding development of transport.

The Industrial Revolution was certainly in part brought about by the scientific mode of thought that had grown from the Renaissance intellect. Yet it was not itself a rational episode. To me it seems an upsurge of instinctive forces comparable to the barbarian invasions, a surge that destroyed eighteenth-century civilization much as the Anglo-Saxons destroyed that of Roman Britain. No one planned it, no one foresaw more than a tittle of the consequences, very few people said that they wanted it, but once begun the impetus was irresistible; more and more individual lives became helplessly involved, drawn into the vortex. It went forward as irresistibly as the evolution of the dinosaurs and in it was included the roaring of *Tyrannosaurus*. It seems indeed that *Tyrannosaurus* and Apollo of the Intellect worked together for the Revolution and no combination could be more powerful or more dangerous.

It lent to its instruments an astonishing strength. It enabled this chip of the earth's surface, the small fund of human mind, will and energy that it supported, momentarily to dominate the whole surface of the planet and in so doing, like a gigantic, slow explosion, to disperse fragments of itself all over that surface. It seems possible that had there not been this association of coal and iron, growing population and intellectual ferment within the bounds of a temperate island, the industrialization that in two centuries has totally changed human life might never have assumed its present forms.

They were there, and the new way of life developed with a speed that is almost unbelievable when it is compared with any

other experience of human history. In south Wales, south Yorkshire, and Tyneside, all those regions where past events had left iron and coal in close proximity, there sprang up foundries whose crimson glare by night repeats something of the volcanic furies of other ages. With them there grew to colossal stature the manufacture of metal goods, a manufacture centred on Birmingham in a region that had remained longer than almost any other under the peaceful covering of the forests. On the moist western side of the Pennines the cotton industry, the first to be wholly dependent on material produced outside the island, grew up in obscene relationship with the trade in African slaves. The little mills once turned by the Pennine streams, family cottage manufacture, were soon abandoned for the factories of Manchester and the neighbouring towns that were growing round it. Away on the east of the central mountains, the ancient conservatism of the wool trade long resisted the new methods; in time, however, first spinning and then weaving left the rural valleys and moved to towns like Bradford, where the foamy white wool is combed and spun in mills of blackened rock, and to Leeds and Huddersfield, where it is woven on looms whose descent from those of the Bronze Age it is hard to credit. The salt that the evaporation of the Triassic lakes and lagoons had left under the Cheshire plain became the source of a chemical industry, a thing new even among so much innovation. One other industry there was which I will mention because it shows how, exceptionally, a few individuals may impose themselves on the land, creating something from their own wills that is not dictated by circumstances. There was no material reason beyond a supply of coal for his furnaces why Josiah Wedgwood and his family should have built up the pottery business in Staffordshire. Much of his material was dug in Cornwall (where the glistening white heaps of kaolin look so alien, so improbable among the soft, warmly coloured granite moorlands), and his kilns were inconveniently far from the coast for the carriage of both the raw clay and the finished china. However, Wedgwood lived there and started his work there and so the existence of the Five Towns was determined. The craft that even in Britain had a history of four and a half millennia now went into mass production largely through the inspiration of one man. It was appropriate that for a time his name was identified with that of the clay he manipulated — that “common Wedgwood” should become the accepted term for the people’s crockery. Because of

their history, the Potteries have remained more patriarchal in organization, more personal in feeling than other industries, just as from its nature the work itself remains exceptionally individual and unmechanized. I will not leave the Potteries without commenting on the extraordinary forethought that nature seems to me to have shown in the formation of kaolin; nearly two hundred million years after its deposition, it has proved that this substance can be used for making china, for fulling cloth, for keeping the shine from women's faces, for papermaking, and as a cure for diarrhoea.

Transport was of course one of the keys of industrialism. Upon it depended a state of affairs in which men no longer made things for local use and in which a locality no longer provided the food for its people. By the eighteenth century Britain was more closely unified by roads than it had been since Roman times and soon this was reinforced by the canals, a quiet, deliberate form of carriage that came to have its own nomadic population. Then down the ringing grooves of change came the railway engine begotten by Watt and Stephenson on the iron-and-coal age. Gangs of navvies were moved about the country embanking, cutting, tunnelling, bridge-building; thousands of tons of metal were laid across our meadows, along our valleys, round our coasts. The incidental result of this activity in stimulating consciousness in its search for its origins has already been demonstrated in the life of William Smith, the Father of Stratigraphy.

The shift in population was the fourth and infinitely the greatest that had taken place since Mesolithic times. The north of England and southern Wales, formerly rather thinly settled, soon had the bulk of a sharply rising population. As mills, factories, foundries, and kilns multiplied, the little streets of the workers' houses spread their lines over hills that belonged to wild birds and mountain sheep, and up valleys where there was nothing busier than a rushing beck. Without intention or understanding the greater part of the people of Britain found themselves living in towns, uprooted, and in a strange, unstable environment. The growths of brick and stone, later of concrete, whose ragged outer edges were always creeping further, might coalesce one with another in urban areas so large that it was difficult for the inhabitants to set foot on grass or naked earth. The results were grim, but sometimes and particularly in the Pennine towns they had their own grandeur. Where



houses and factories are still built from the local rocks and where straight streets climb uncompromisingly up hillsides, their roofs stepping up and up against the sky, they have a geometric beauty that is harsh but true, while the texture of smoke-blackened lime- or sandstone can be curiously soft and rich, like the wings of some of our sombre night-flying moths. Nor do such cities ever quite lose the modelling of their natural foundations. On my first visit to the industrial north I rode on the top of a tram all the way from Leeds to Batley and all the way I rode through urban streets. In the last daylight it seemed a melancholy and formless jumble of brick and stone, but as darkness closed and a few smoky stars soothed and extended my thoughts, the lamps going up in innumerable little houses restored the contours of hill and dale in shimmering lines of light.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Paragraph 1 contains several major ideas. Make an outline of it and then point out the ideas it includes.
2. What are the topic sentences of paragraphs 2 and 3? How easy are Miss Hawkes' ideas to understand? How does her paragraph structure help understanding?
3. What connotations does the author give to the handle of the woodcutter's axe in her description of it in paragraph 2?
4. Paragraph 3 serves as contrast to paragraph 4. Sum up each paragraph in a sentence or two and then point out the difference between the ideas in them.
5. How does the difference in vocabulary between paragraphs 3 and 4 point up that contrast?
6. What is the central idea of paragraph 5? Show how it varies from the main thesis of Miss Hawkes' essay. Why should she have included it?
7. The final paragraph of the essay is full of personal and beautiful images. List a few of them and explain how they add to the essay.
8. Define and use each of the following words from Miss Hawkes' essay: *fecundity*, *millennia*, *bizarre*, *collieries*, *rapacious*, *innovation*, *kaolin*, *Mesolithic*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How did the Industrial Revolution alter the "pattern of settlement"?

2. How did the Industrial Revolution affect individual life and individual culture?

3. What happened to population growth during the Industrial Revolution?

4. The author says that the Industrial Revolution seems "a surge that destroyed eighteenth century civilization." What does she mean by that?

5. What does the author mean by saying that "Tyrannosaurus and Apollo of the Intellect" worked together to produce the Industrial Revolution?

6. According to Miss Hawkes, what factors caused the Industrial Revolution?

7. What new ways of life were fostered by the Industrial Revolution?

8. Why did Wedgwood build his pottery industry in Staffordshire? Are you familiar with Wedgwood pottery? Compare its appearance with Miss Hawkes' description of the Industrial Revolution that produced it.

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Miss Hawkes' essay is shot through with regret for a more gracious, pre-nineteenth century past. What present day factors do you think tend to inspire this regret?

2. Paragraph 4 and the final paragraph describe the nineteenth century masses in gloomy terms. Compare these paragraphs with Dickens' narrative. What underlying agreement do you find between Miss Hawkes' and Dickens' estimates of the nineteenth century mass man?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Definition of Individual Life and Individual Culture

The Good Old Days

If Cities Are Overcrowded

The Industrial Revolution as It Affects Me

The Advantages (or Disadvantages) of Big Industry



## THE NEW MASS MAN

José Ortega y Gasset

### *The Mass Man Analyzed*

✿ THIS ESSAY IS AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE DIAGNOSIS OF OUR time, of our actual existence. We have indicated the first part of it, which may be resumed thus: our life as a programme of possibilities is magnificent, exuberant, superior to all others known to history. But by the very fact that its scope is greater, it has overflowed all the channels, principles, norms, ideals handed down by tradition. It is more life than all previous existence, and therefore all the more problematical. It can find no direction from the past. It has to discover its own destiny.

But now we must complete the diagnosis. Life, which means primarily what is possible for us to be, is likewise, and for that very reason, a choice, from among these possibilities, of what we actually are going to be. Our circumstances — these possibilities — form the portion of life given us, imposed on us. This constitutes what we call the world. Life does not choose its own world, it finds itself, to start with, in a world determined and unchangeable: the world of the present. Our world is that portion of destiny which goes to make up our life. But this vital destiny is not a kind of mechanism. We are not launched into existence like a shot from a gun, with its trajectory absolutely predetermined. The destiny under which we fall when we come into this world — it is always this world, the actual one — consists in the exact contrary. Instead of imposing on us one trajectory, it imposes several, and consequently forces us to choose. Surprising condition, this, of our existence! To live is to feel ourselves *fatally* obliged to exercise our *liberty*, to decide what we are going to be in this world. Not for a single moment is our activity of decision allowed to rest. Even when in desperation we abandon ourselves to whatever may happen, we have decided not to decide.

It is, then, false to say that in life “circumstances decide.” On

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the contrary, circumstances are the dilemma, constantly renewed, in presence of which we have to make our decision; what actually decides is our character. All this is equally valid for collective life. In it also there is, first, a horizon of possibilities, and then, a determination which chooses and decides on the effective form of collective existence. This determination has its origin in the character of society, or what comes to the same thing, of the type of men dominant in it. In our time it is the mass-man who dominates, it is he who decides. It will not do to say that this is what happened in the period of democracy, of universal suffrage. Under universal suffrage, the masses do not decide, their role consists in supporting the decision of one minority or other. It was these who presented their "programmes" — excellent word. Such programmes were, in fact, programmes of collective life. In them the masses were invited to accept a line of decision.

To-day something very different is happening. If we observe the public life of the countries where the triumph of the masses has made most advance — these are the Mediterranean countries — we are surprised to find that politically they are living from day to day. The phenomenon is an extraordinarily strange one. Public authority is in the hands of a representative of the masses. These are so powerful that they have wiped out all opposition. They are in possession of power in such an unassailable manner that it would be difficult to find in history examples of a Government so all-powerful as these are. And yet public authority — the Government — exists from hand to mouth, it does not offer itself as a frank solution for the future, it represents no clear announcement of the future, it does not stand out as the beginning of something whose development or evolution is conceivable. In short, it lives without any vital programme, any plan of existence. It does not know where it is going, because, strictly speaking, it has no fixed road, no predetermined trajectory before it. When such a public authority attempts to justify itself it makes no reference at all to the future. On the contrary, it shuts itself up in the present, and says with perfect sincerity: "I am an abnormal form of Government imposed by circumstances." Hence its activities are reduced to dodging the difficulties of the hour; not solving them, but escaping from them for the time being, employing any methods whatsoever, even at the cost of accumulating thereby still greater difficulties for the hour which follows. Such has public power always been when

exercised directly by the masses: omnipotent and ephemeral. The mass-man is he whose life lacks any purpose, and simply goes drifting along. Consequently, though his possibilities and his powers be enormous, he constructs nothing. And it is this type of man who decides in our time. It will be well, then, that we analyse his character.

The key to this analysis is found when, returning to the starting-point of this essay, we ask ourselves: "Whence have come all these multitudes which nowadays fill to overflowing the stage of history?" Some years ago the eminent economist, Werner Sombart, laid stress on a very simple fact, which I am surprised is not present to every mind which meditates on contemporary events. This very simple fact is sufficient of itself to clarify our vision of the Europe of to-day, or if not sufficient, puts us on the road to enlightenment. The fact is this: from the time European history begins in the Sixth Century up to the year 1800 — that is, through the course of twelve centuries — Europe does not succeed in reaching a total population greater than 180 million inhabitants. Now, from 1800 to 1914 — little more than a century — the population of Europe mounts from 180 to 460 millions! I take it that the contrast between these figures leaves no doubt as to the prolific qualities of the last century. In three generations it produces a gigantic mass of humanity which, launched like a torrent over the historic area, has inundated it. This fact, I repeat, should suffice to make us realise the triumph of the masses and all that is implied and announced by it. Furthermore, it should be added as the most concrete item to that rising of the level of existence which I have already indicated.

But at the same time this fact proves to us how unfounded is our admiration when we lay stress on the increase of new countries like the United States of America. We are astonished at this increase, which has reached to 100 millions in a century, when the really astonishing fact is the teeming fertility of Europe. Here we have another reason for correcting the deceptive notion of the Americanisation of Europe. Not even that characteristic which might seem specifically American — the rapidity of increase in population — is peculiarly such. Europe has increased in the last century much more than America. America has been formed from the overflow of Europe.

But although this fact ascertained by Werner Sombart is not



as well known as it should be, the confused idea of a considerable population increase in Europe was widespread enough to render unnecessary insistence on it. In the figures cited, then, it is not the increase of population which interests me, but the fact that by the contrast with the previous figures the dizzy rapidity of the increase is brought into relief. This is the point of importance for us at the moment. For that rapidity means that heap after heap of human beings have been dumped on to the historic scene at such an accelerated rate, that it has been difficult to saturate them with traditional culture. And in fact, the average type of European at present possesses a soul, healthier and stronger it is true than those of the last century, but much more simple. Hence, at times he leaves the impression of a primitive man suddenly risen in the midst of a very old civilisation. In the schools, which were such a source of pride to the last century, it has been impossible to do more than instruct the masses in the technique of modern life; it has been found impossible to educate them. They have been given tools for an intenser form of existence, but no feeling for their great historic duties; they have been hurriedly inoculated with the pride and power of modern instruments, but not with their spirit. Hence they will have nothing to do with their spirit, and the new generations are getting ready to take over command of the world as if the world were a paradise without trace of former footsteps, without traditional and highly complex problems.

To the last century, then, falls the glory and the responsibility of having let loose upon the area of history the great multitudes. And this fact affords the most suitable view-point in order to judge that century with equity. There must have been something extraordinary, incomparable, in it when such harvests of human fruit were produced in its climate. Any preference for the principles which inspired other past ages is frivolous and ridiculous if one does not previously show proof of having realised this magnificent fact and attempted to digest it. The whole of history stands out as a gigantic laboratory in which all possible experiments have been made to obtain a formula of public life most favourable to the plant "man." And beyond all possible explaining away, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that, by submitting the seed of humanity to the treatment of two principles, liberal democracy and technical knowledge, in a single century the species in Europe has been triplicated.

Such an overwhelming fact forces us, unless we prefer not to use our reason, to draw these conclusions: first, that liberal democracy based on technical knowledge is the highest type of public life hitherto known; secondly, that that type may not be the best imaginable, but the one we imagine as superior to it must preserve the essence of those two principles; and thirdly, that to return to any forms of existence inferior to that of the Nineteenth Century is suicidal.

Once we recognise this with all the clearness that the clearness of the fact itself demands we must then rise up against the Nineteenth Century. If it is evident that there was in it something extraordinary and incomparable, it is no less so that it must have suffered from certain radical vices, certain constitutional defects, when it brought into being a caste of men — the mass-man in revolt — who are placing in imminent danger those very principles to which they owe their existence. If that human type continues to be master in Europe, thirty years will suffice to send our continent back to barbarism. Legislative and industrial technique will disappear with the same facility with which so many trade secrets have often disappeared. The whole of life will be contracted. The actual abundance of possibilities will change into practical scarcity, a pitiful impotence, a real decadence. For the rebellion of the masses is one and the same thing with what Rathenau called "the vertical invasion of the barbarians." It is of great importance, then, to understand thoroughly this mass-man with his potentialities of the greatest good and the greatest evil. . . .

### *His Psychology*

This leads us to note down in our psychological chart of the mass-man of to-day two fundamental traits: the free expansion of his vital desires, and therefore, of his personality; and his radical ingratitude towards all that has made possible the ease of his existence. These traits together make up the well-known psychology of the spoilt child. And in fact it would entail no error to use this psychology as a "sight" through which to observe the soul of the masses of to-day. Heir to an ample and generous past — generous both in ideals and in activities — the new commonalty has been spoiled by the world around it. To spoil means to put no limit on caprice, to give one the impression that everything is permitted to

him and that he has no obligations. The young child exposed to this regime has no experience of its own limits. By reason of the removal of all external restraint, all clashing with other things, he comes actually to believe that he is the only one that exists, and gets used to not considering others, especially not considering them as superior to himself. This feeling of another's superiority could only be instilled into him by someone who, being stronger than he is, should force him to give up some desire, to restrict himself, to restrain himself. He would then have learned this fundamental discipline: "Here I end and here begins another more powerful than I am. In the world, apparently, there are two people: I myself and another superior to me." The ordinary man of past times was daily taught this elemental wisdom by the world about him, because it was a world so rudely organised, that catastrophes were frequent, and there was nothing in it certain, abundant, stable. But the new masses find themselves in the presence of a prospect full of possibilities, and furthermore, quite secure, with everything ready to their hands, independent of any previous efforts on their part, just as we find the sun in the heavens without our hoisting it up on our shoulders. No human being thanks another for the air he breathes, for no one has produced the air for him; it belongs to the sum-total of what "is there," of which we say "it is natural," because it never fails. And these spoiled masses are unintelligent enough to believe that the material and social organisation, placed at their disposition like the air, is of the same origin, since apparently it never fails them, and is almost as perfect as the natural scheme of things.

My thesis, therefore, is this: the very perfection with which the Nineteenth Century gave an organisation to certain orders of existence has caused the masses benefited thereby to consider it, not as an organised, but as a natural system. Thus is explained and defined the absurd state of mind revealed by these masses; they are only concerned with their own well-being, and at the same time they remain alien to the cause of that well-being. As they do not see, behind the benefits of civilisation, marvels of invention and construction which can only be maintained by great effort and foresight, they imagine that their role is limited to demanding these benefits peremptorily, as if they were natural rights. In the disturbances caused by scarcity of food, the mob goes in search of bread, and the means it employs is generally to wreck the bakeries.



This may serve as a symbol of the attitude adopted, on a greater and more complicated scale, by the masses of to-day towards the civilisation by which they are supported. . . .

### *His Ideas*

Is it not a sign of immense progress that the masses should have "ideas," that is to say, should be cultured? By no means. The "ideas" of the average man are not genuine ideas, nor is their possession culture. An idea is a putting truth in checkmate. Whoever wishes to have ideas must first prepare himself to desire truth and to accept the rules of the game imposed by it. It is no use speaking of ideas when there is no acceptance of a higher authority to regulate them, a series of standards to which it is possible to appeal in a discussion. These standards are the principles on which culture rests. I am not concerned with the form they take. What I affirm is that there is no culture where there are no standards to which our fellow-men can have recourse. There is no culture where there are no principles of legality to which to appeal. There is no culture where there is no acceptance of certain final intellectual positions to which a dispute may be referred. There is no culture where economic relations are not subject to a regulating principle to protect interests involved. There is no culture where aesthetic controversy does not recognise the necessity of justifying the work of art.

When all these things are lacking there is no culture; there is in the strictest sense of the word, barbarism. And let us not deceive ourselves, this is what is beginning to appear in Europe under the progressive rebellion of the masses. The traveller who arrives in a barbarous country knows that in that territory there are no ruling principles to which it is possible to appeal. Properly speaking, there are no barbarian standards. Barbarism is the absence of standards to which appeal can be made.

The varying degrees of culture are measured by the greater or less precision of the standards. Where there is little such precision, these standards rule existence only *grosso modo*; where there is much they penetrate in detail into the exercise of all the activities.

Anyone can observe that in Europe, for some years past, "strange things" have begun to happen. To give a concrete example of these "strange things" I shall name certain political movements, such as

Syndicalism and Fascism. We must not think that they seem strange simply because they are new. The enthusiasm for novelty is so innate in the European that it has resulted in his producing the most unsettled history of all known to us. The element of strangeness in these new facts is not to be attributed to the element of novelty, but to the extraordinary form taken by these new things. Under the species of Syndicalism and Fascism there appears for the first time in Europe a type of man who does not want to give reasons or to be right, but simply shows himself resolved to impose his opinions. This is the new thing: the right not to be reasonable, the "reason of unreason." Here I see the most palpable manifestation of the new mentality of the masses, due to their having decided to rule society without the capacity for doing so. In their political conduct the structure of the new mentality is revealed in the rawest, most convincing manner; but the key to it lies in intellectual hermetism. The average man finds himself with "ideas" in his head, but he lacks the faculty of ideation. He has no conception even of the rare atmosphere in which ideas live. He wishes to have opinions, but is unwilling to accept the conditions and presuppositions that underlie all opinion. Hence his ideas are in effect nothing more than appetites in words, something like musical romanzas.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Despite Ortega's violent opposition to the mass man, his tone is dispassionate, clinical. What words and turns of phrase make for this dispassionate, clinical tone?
2. Ortega uses "diagnosis" as a key word for paragraphs 1 and 2. Why is it an especially effective choice?
3. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 2? What does it mean? How is it in keeping with the tone of the entire essay?
4. What key words do you find in paragraph 2? How do they, too, maintain the tone of the entire essay?
5. Mark off the introduction and conclusion of the first section, *The Mass Man Analyzed*.
6. Outline the essay and examine how logically its various points are related. Comment on the tightness of Ortega's organization.
7. Define and use each of the following words from Ortega's essay:

exuberant, norms, dilemma, omnipotent, ephemeral, incomparable, frivolous.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What, according to paragraph 1, are the advantages of today's mass society?
2. What, according to paragraph 2, must we constantly do throughout our lives?
3. Ortega says that politically the masses "are living from day to day." What does he mean by that?
4. What statistics does Ortega offer to explain the rise of the masses in the twentieth century? Is that statistical curve still in effect, do you think?
5. With the twentieth century increase in population, what has happened to traditional culture, according to Ortega?
6. What does Ortega mean by the menace created by the nineteenth century?
7. What are the two fundamental psychological traits of the mass man?
8. How, according to Ortega, is today's mass man misusing the nineteenth century scheme of things? How is he like a spoiled child?
9. How is he like a barbarian?
10. How does the rule of the masses lead to fascism and other forms of totalitarianism?
11. The mass man's ideas "are in effect nothing more than appetites in words," says Ortega. What does he mean?
12. In what ways do you agree and disagree with Ortega? Can you explain your answer on the basis of your own background and experiences?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Suppose the mass man as Ortega sees him were to dominate society indefinitely. What would be the future of civilization?
2. Do you see in Ortega's ideas an extension of those of Dickens and Hawkes? Do Ortega's ideas seem more or less sound than those of Dickens and Hawkes? How would you justify your answer?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Own View of Culture  
 My Own View of Politics  
 My Own View of the Past  
 Ortega Is Absolutely Wrong  
 Ortega Could Be Right  
 Barbarism in the Twentieth Century



## ETERNITY OR THE FRANKLIN STOVE

*Joseph Wood Krutch*

THE MAN IN THE STREET SPEAKS VAGUELY OF "THE OLDEN TIMES," for he has but one epithet to apply to all the ages which lie between the dawn of history and the invention of the locomotive. If he thinks of them at all, Julius Caesar and Queen Elizabeth are to him essentially contemporaries, and from his point of view he is quite justified in thinking of them as such since to one who judges of the value of life by the comforts amidst which it is passed it is hardly worth while to make any distinction except that between a way of life which comes up to the nineteenth-century standard and one which does not. All ages except the present were alike in being compelled to get along without the things of which he is most proud, and what he calls "progress" did not begin until a very short time ago.

The telephone, the telegraph, and the cinema — these are things so extraordinarily ingenious that the average man (who does not understand them very well himself) can forgive his remoter ancestors for not having discovered them, but he cannot conceive how they could have consented to get along without some of the simpler comforts, and he concludes that they must have been very poor creatures indeed to have been willing to do so. He shudders to think that they had no bathrooms and if he happens to know anything of social history he is amazed to discover how new what he calls an "old-fashioned lamp" or an "old-fashioned heating stove" really are. He was aware that Aristotle had no electric light but had never quite imagined him using a smoky wick dipped in a pot of oil scarcely different from that employed by a naked savage in a cave and he is struck by the fact that what he would call the art of living did not even begin until yesterday.

Whole centuries passed, whole civilizations (so called) rose and fell, without the introduction of a single important modification in lighting or heating or transportation. Indeed, real though elementary improvements like the Franklin stove or the oil lamp

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provided with a chimney to make the flame burn brightly, came so late that they barely had time to become established before they were replaced by still more satisfactory contrivances. Hence, though our average man has been told that Socrates and Plato and even (in their misguided way) Augustine and Aquinas had remarkable brains, he finds it hard to believe. He admits that the inventor of the radio, for instance, had the advantage of accumulated knowledge, but Socrates was in just as good a position as Benjamin Franklin to invent the stove which goes by the latter's name. No recondite knowledge was required. Why didn't he do so or why didn't he, at least, confer upon the Greeks some similar blessing instead of leaving them, as he certainly did, quite as uncomfortable as he found them?

Nor is the average man's question quite so foolish as we sometimes pretend it to be. That extraordinary acceleration of the process of invention, that extraordinary speeding up of the process by which man has made himself more and more at home in the physical world and which began, let us say, in the seventeenth century, is not to be accounted for merely by the fact that the knowledge which made it possible had been slowly accumulating. It was, on the contrary, the result of a new orientation of the human mind, of a rather sudden diversion of mental energy into a new channel. Socrates and Plato and Augustine and Aquinas did not invent stoves or improve lamps because it never occurred to them that it was particularly worth while to do so. They held certain views concerning human possibilities and these views implied certain problems whose solution was of primary importance. It was unthinkable that any mind of the first order should concern itself with mere mechanical ingenuity and it did not become thinkable until certain high views concerning human dignity and importance had been reluctantly abandoned.

Francis Bacon made a series of pronouncements concerning the field or scope of future thought. We take his two great works — the *Novum Organum* and *The New Atlantis* — as convenient monuments by which the beginning of the new age may be marked and it is conventional to think of them as constituting a sort of charter of liberty, armed with which man set out to conquer nature. But it is equally possible to regard them in another light and to see them, not as the beginning of one hope, but as the final renunciation of another, since their denials are no less sweeping than their



affirmations. Bacon claimed all nature as the province of his species, but he renounced at the same time everything which is not included within that apparently comprehensive realm, and in so doing he confined the human spirit within limits so narrow that Socrates or Plato or Augustine or Aquinas would have found them suffocating. Looking back upon centuries of thought and aspiration, he pronounced them just as futile as our Average Man of today would pronounce them, and with a wave of the hand he swept away all the attempts which had ever been made to establish a connection between the human spirit and things which lie above and beyond the world of nature. Forbidding man to seek God, he gave him in exchange full permission to invent as many lamps and stoves as his ingenuity could devise.

Mankind had already discovered for itself the truths on which he insisted and it needed only to have them formulated in order to start eagerly along the road which he indicated. Nor can it be denied that history has afforded him the most irrefutable or pragmatic justifications. What "progress" did the philosophers ever make or what tangible fruits did they ever produce as the result of their labors? Did knowledge of God ever march with the steady stride of science or did theologians ever have the habit of conferring upon mankind recurrent blessings like steam power and surgery? Obviously not. It was only when the thinker discovered how small are the things he can do that he succeeded in doing anything at all, only when he renounced the effort to find the key to heaven that he was able to keep chimneys from smoking and only after he had stopped believing in the possibility of eternal life that he learned how the gout might be prevented.

Undoubtedly, then, the world has grown steadily more comfortable and the spread of comfort has not been confined to merely physical things. Not only has the rigor of the seasons been modified but the terror of the unknown world has been abolished as well, since he who gives up his hope of heaven may relieve himself at the same time from his fears of hell. The heroic age of the spirit was, like the heroic age of the flesh, a troublesome time. Its heroes were doughty men to whom diabolic visitors were no more unusual than angelic ones and they were as far from that certain humble security which a modern man has a right to feel as they were from the comforts of a suburban villa whose gilded and clanking radiators banish the cold of winter far more effectually

than the most picturesque fire roaring up the defective chimney of the most flourishing abbey of the Middle Age. Doubtless there were times when the saint who had lost his ecstasy and was staring into the bottomless pit would have been glad to know that he had no soul to lose and doubtless there were times when the sinner who found repentance hard would have been only too willing to surrender his position at the center of the universe if he could have found a corner in which to hide as remote as we know this little earth of ours to be. We have settled into a sort of bourgeois security, and bourgeois security has its own dull comforts, for if we have not much to gain neither have we much to lose.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. The general tone of Krutch's essay is one of condescension toward the average man. What words and phrases can you pick out that contribute to this tone?

2. Krutch shows disapproval of today's mass man by pointing up extreme contrasts between him and the ancients. Find some of these contrasts and show how they contribute to the general tone of the essay.

3. Paragraph 1 refers to "progress" in quotation marks. What is the effect of this punctuation?

4. What subtleties of phrasing make for the controlled irony of the third from the final paragraph?

5. What is the topic sentence of the final paragraph? How does it state subtly the grim conclusion of the final sentence?

6. Krutch writes of "the comforts of a suburban villa whose gilded and clanking radiators banish the cold of winter far more effectually than the most picturesque fire roaring up the defective chimney of the most flourishing abbey of the Middle Age." What words and phrases here reveal Krutch's real point of view? Is this technique of indirection more or less effective than a simple, direct statement?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Krutch's essay: contemporaries, contrivances, recondite, recurrent, doughty.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. According to Krutch, what is the average man's opinion of the nobler thinkers of the past?

2. Krutch's essay makes the average man seem faceless and without individuality. Do you think this is done deliberately?

3. Krutch refers to "a way of life which comes up to the nineteenth century standard," that is, to the standard of the newly rich industrialist of that century. How tasteful a way of life is it? Did Krutch have this fact in mind when he wrote the above phrase?

4. Krutch says of the average man that "what he would call the art of living did not even begin until yesterday." What is that art of living?

5. Krutch says of the average man that it was "only after he had stopped believing in the possibility of eternal life that he learned how the gout might be prevented." Explain.

6. What does Krutch think of the principle of serving the average many instead of the gifted few?

7. The essay closes with a hint of the growing strength and contentment of the average man, snug in his "bourgeois security." Does the author imply that such a state of affairs is desirable?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What do you think Krutch is really trying to say? What kind of society is he advocating? How fully do you agree with him?

2. How does Krutch's essay repeat in terms of religious values and everyday comforts what Ortega says in terms of society and government?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

I Like Creature Comforts

My Own Code of Values

My Definition of Progress

Bourgeois Security

The Art of Living

Lamps, Stoves, and God



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## The Exceptional Man

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✿ Against the surge toward conformity in our society, a few strong individuals have always stood in opposition. In sharp contrast to the tragic yet frighteningly brutalized masses pictured by Dickens and Miss Hawkes stood the dynamic and gifted individual who battled his way to a place above his fellows. In the following selections we view a number of such individualists against the gray background of the masses, and see the effects upon them of society in our time. Such men show us a problem: the problem of finding suitable expression for individualism today. These readings outline that problem.

In the mid-nineteenth century the idea of the dynamic individual found strong support in science. Darwin's "The Survival of the Fittest" is a classic statement of the belief that nature rewards fitness and strength. In a different tradition, the German philosopher Nietzsche's "Superman" presents a vision of the dynamic individual. Reading Nietzsche with Darwin in mind, you will observe that the Superman seems almost to represent a new species. Andrew Carnegie's "Wealth" champions the Superman in big business, mixing Darwin, Nietzsche, and native shrewdness to buttress his defense of rugged individualism.

These essays will ring familiar overtones even if you are reading them for the first time, for the Superman is still with us. He has survived in the popular arts — the movies, comic strips, radio, television, and some fiction. He is the western hero, the gallant legionnaire, the grim cop, the daring aviator, the private eye. Charteris's story "Judith" gives us The Saint, one such out of a multitude.


You may well ask why such products perpetuate ideas of the past as they do. For The Saint, though fun to read about, is an antique daydream. The rise of giant corporations has made the industrialist as eager as his employees to conform. The indi-

vidualist in our time confronts a common man turned Everyman, and the way of the Superman is no more. In Upton Sinclair's "The Destruction of Jurgis" a worker-Superman fights in vain against mechanized industry. And Faulkner's Popeye is the individualist warped, degenerate, and outcast. The pressures to conform, and the fate of some individualists today, may make you wonder whether the struggle to be oneself can any longer be won. If it does, then you have confronted one of the keenest problems of modern society.



## THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Charles Darwin

 IT MAY BE ASKED, HOW IS IT THAT VARIETIES, WHICH I HAVE called incipient species, become ultimately converted into good and distinct species, which in most cases obviously differ from each other far more than do the varieties of the same species? How do those groups of species, which constitute what are called distinct genera and which differ from each other more than do the species of the same genus, arise? All these results . . . follow from the struggle for life. Owing to this struggle, variations, however slight and from whatever cause proceeding, if they be in any degree profitable to the individuals of a species, in their infinitely complex relations to other organic beings and to their physical conditions of life, will tend to the preservation of such individuals, and will generally be inherited by the offspring. The offspring, also, will thus have a better chance of surviving, for, of the many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term natural selection, in order to mark its relation to man's power of selection. But the expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer, of the Survival of the Fittest, is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.

From *The Origin of Species*, 1859.

We have seen that man by selection can certainly produce great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations, given to him by the hand of Nature. But Natural Selection, we shall hereafter see, is a power incessantly ready for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's feeble efforts as the works of Nature are to those of Art.

We will now discuss in a little more detail the struggle for existence . . . Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult — at least I found it so — than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food; we do not see or we forget that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey; we do not always bear in mind, that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.

#### THE TERM, STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE, USED IN A LARGE SENSE

I should premise that I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one of an average comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle with these trees, for, if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it languishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence

depends on them; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants, in tempting the birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience sake the general term of Struggle for Existence.

#### GEOMETRICAL RATIO OF INCREASE

A struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. Every being, which during its natural lifetime produces several eggs or seeds, must suffer destruction during some period of its life, and during some season or occasional year, otherwise, on the principle of geometrical increase, its numbers would quickly become so inordinately great that no country could support the product. Hence, as more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, there must in every case be a struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with the individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life. It is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms; for in this case there can be no artificial increase of food, and no prudential restraint from marriage. Although some species may be now increasing, more or less rapidly, in numbers, all can not do so, for the world would not hold them.

There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in less than a thousand years, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds — and there is no plant so unproductive as this — and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase; it will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from 740 to 750 years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive descended from the first pair.



But we have better evidence on this subject than mere theoretical calculations, namely, the numerous recorded cases of the astonishingly rapid increase of various animals in a state of nature, when circumstances have been favorable to them during two or three following seasons. Still more striking is the evidence from our domestic animals of many kinds which have run wild in several parts of the world; if the statements of the rate of increase of slow-breeding cattle and horses in South America, and latterly in Australia, had not been well authenticated, they would have been incredible. So it is with plants; cases could be given of introduced plants which have become common throughout whole islands in a period of less than ten years. Several of the plants, such as the cardoon and a tall thistle, which are now the commonest over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface almost to the exclusion of every other plant, have been introduced from Europe; and there are plants which now range in India, as I hear from Dr. Falconer, from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, which have been imported from America since its discovery. In such cases, and endless others could be given, no one supposes that the fertility of the animals or plants has been suddenly and temporarily increased in any sensible degree. The obvious explanation is that the conditions of life have been highly favorable, and that there has consequently been less destruction of the old and young and that nearly all the young have been enabled to breed. Their geometrical ratio of increase, the result of which never fails to be surprising, simply explains their extraordinarily and rapid increase and wide diffusion in their new homes.

In a state of nature almost every full-grown plant annually produces seed, and among animals there are very few which do not annually pair. Hence we may confidently assert that all plants and animals are tending to increase at a geometrical ratio — that all would rapidly stock every station in which they could anyhow exist — and that this geometrical tendency to increase must be checked by destruction at some period of life. Our familiarity with the larger domestic animals tends, I think, to mislead us; we see no great destruction falling on them, but we do not keep in mind that thousands are annually slaughtered for food, and that in a state of nature an equal number would have somehow to be disposed of.

The only difference between organisms which annually produce



eggs or seeds by the thousand, and those which produce extremely few, is, that the slow breeders would require a few more years to people, under favorable conditions, a whole district, let it be ever so large. The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two. The Fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world. One fly deposits hundreds of eggs, and another, like the hippobosca, a single one. But this difference does not determine how many individuals of the two species can be supported in a district. A large number of eggs is of some importance to those species which depend on a fluctuating amount of food, for it allows them rapidly to increase in number. But the real importance of a large number of eggs or seeds is to make up for much destruction at some period of life; and this period in the great majority of cases is an early one. If an animal can in any way protect its own eggs or young, a small number may be produced, and yet the average stock be fully kept up; but if many eggs or young are destroyed, many must be produced or the species will become extinct. It would suffice to keep up the full number of a tree, which lived on an average for a thousand years, if a single seed were produced once in a thousand years, supposing that this seed were never destroyed and could be insured to germinate in a fitting place; so that, in all cases, the average number of any animal or plant depends only indirectly on the number of its eggs or seeds.

In looking at Nature, it is most necessary to keep the foregoing considerations always in mind — never to forget that every single organic being may be said to be striving to the utmost to increase in numbers; that each lives by a struggle at some period of its life; that heavy destruction inevitably falls either on the young or old during each generation or at recurrent intervals. Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount.

#### STRUGGLE FOR LIFE MOST SEVERE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AND VARIETIES OF THE SAME SPECIES

As the species of the same genus usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other,

than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the missel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the imported hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small, stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature; but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the foregoing remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential yet often hidden manner, to that of all the other organic beings, with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of the plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants, so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds, as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favor the growth of the seedlings, while struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range! Why does it not double

or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in numbers, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant; but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigor of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country, among new competitors, the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

It is good thus to try in imagination to give any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. This ought to convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary, as it is difficult to acquire. All that we can do is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; that each, at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation, or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the main idea of each of the four parts of this essay?
2. What is the relationship of Part 3 with Part 1? Of Part 4 with Part 1?
3. Darwin's style will seem a bit difficult to you partly because of its century-old form and diction. What words and expressions seem especially old-fashioned to you?
4. One reason for the slower pace of Darwin's style is his considerable use of the passive voice. How many of the first ten sentences use the passive voice? Try changing them to the active voice and see if they flow more swiftly.
5. Define and use each of the following words from Darwin's essay: *incipient*, *genus*, *genera*, *extinction*, *manifold*, *mitigate*.
6. What kind of plural is *genera*?

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How, according to Darwin, do varieties within species "become converted" into different species?
2. How does the "universal struggle for life" apply to animals and plants? Could it also be applied, do you think, to people? In what kind of societies could it be especially applied?
3. What does Darwin mean by the geometrical rate of increase? What factors in nature keep this ratio from overpopulating the world with any one species?
4. Look up the doctrine of Malthus. How does it correspond to Darwin's geometrical ratio of increase? How valid a social theory does it seem to you?
5. According to Darwin, why is the struggle for life most severe between individuals and varieties of the same species?
6. According to Darwin, how does the survival of the fittest occur in nature? What qualities must the individual of any species have in order to survive?
7. Compare and contrast survival in nature with survival in the classroom, both in high school and in college. Would survival in the classroom be in any way like survival in the "outside world"?
8. Compare survival in the classroom as it actually is with the way you would like it to be. How do you account for any differences you find?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. What comparisons can you draw between Darwin's struggle for existence and modern society? Can you suggest how modern society

can protect its members from becoming victims of this struggle for existence?

2. The philosopher Herbert Spencer, to whom Darwin refers in this selection, applied the law of survival of the fittest to industry in a theory known as *Social Darwinism*. What would you guess *Social Darwinism* stood for in the days of unregulated industry?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

A Scientist (non-Scientist) Looks at Nature

Natural Selection in College

Natural Selection in Society

Evolution as I See It

My View of Social Darwinism



## SUPERMAN

*Friedrich Nietzsche*

The morning after this night Zarathustra sprang from his bed, girded his loins, and came out of his cave, glowing and mighty like a morning sun coming from behind dark mountains.

"You great sun," he spoke as he had once before, "you rich eye of joy, where would all your joy be if you did not have the people you shine on!

"And if men remain in their rooms while you keep watch and come, give, and share, how your haughty aloofness would change to fury.

"Well! These higher men still sleep while I keep watch. They are not my true comrades. I am not waiting here on my mountains for them.

"I want my work, my day, but the others do not understand what the signals of my morning are, or my pace — they hear no call to awaken.

"They still sleep in my cave, their dream still sipping at my drunken songs. Their ear that harkens to me, their listening ear, does not alert their limbs."

From *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, 1883-1886, translated by the editor.



This Zarathustra said to his heart when the sun arose: then he looked questioningly on high, for he heard the sharp cry of his eagle above him. "Well!" he called out, "how delightful and fitting! My animals are awake because I am awake.

"My eagle is awake and like me honors the sun. With eagle claws he stabs at the new-born light. You are my proper animals. I love you.

"But I still lack proper followers!"

Thus spake Zarathustra. But then it happened that he heard, suddenly, a sound like the swarming and fluttering of countless birds. The hum and beating of so many wings around his head was so intense that he shut his eyes. And truly, something like a cloud fell upon him, like a cloud of arrows raining upon a new enemy. But look, here it was a cloud of love raining upon a new friend.

"What is happening to me?" Zarathustra asked his astonished heart, and sat down slowly on the great stone which lay near the exit of his cave. But while he shoved away the loving birds around and over and under him with his hands, behold, something even more strange happened to him; he accidentally gripped onto a thick, warm mane below him, whereupon a roar sounded before him, a gentle, rumbling lion roar.

"The signal comes," said Zarathustra, and his heart was moved. And in truth as the air cleared before him a mighty yellow beast lay at his feet and nuzzled its head against his knee, constrained there by love, like a dog finding its former master again. The doves were no less eager with their love than the lion and each time a dove fluttered across the lion's nose the lion shook its head in wonder and laughed.

Zarathustra said only one thing to them all: "My children are near, my children." Then he was mute. But his heart melted and tears fell from his eyes and dropped upon his hands. And he ignored everything and sat there, unmoving, no longer shoving the animals away. The doves flew back and forth and perched on his shoulder and caressed his white hair with unceasing tenderness and exultation. The powerful lion licked the tears which fell upon Zarathustra's hands, then roared and rumbled shyly. Thus were these animals compelled to act.

All this lasted a long time, or a short one; because, properly speaking, these things belong to no earthly time. Meanwhile the higher men in Zarathustra's cave awoke and assembled as a deputation to go and meet Zarathustra and wish him good morning, for they had found upon awakening that he was no longer there waiting for them. But when they reached the mouth of the cave, the sound of their steps preceding them, the lion was terribly startled, turned away at once from Zarathustra and sprang at the cave, growling wildly. When they heard its growling the higher men shrieked as with one mouth, fled back and disappeared in a trice.

But Zarathustra himself, shaken and changed, rose from his seat, looked around, stood there astonished, asked his heart, searched his mind and found himself alone. "What did I hear?" he said slowly over and over again. "What has happened to me?"

And soon the memory came to him and in an instant he grasped everything that had happened between yesterday and today. "Indeed, here is the stone," he said and stroked his beard, "on which I sat yesterday morning; and here the soothsayer came to me and here I first heard the shriek, the great shriek of misery that I just heard again.

"O, you higher men, it was indeed your misery that the old soothsayer prophecied to me yesterday morning.

"He wanted to seduce and tempt me into your misery. 'O Zarathustra,' he told me, 'I come to tempt you into your final sin.'

"To my final sin?" cried Zarathustra and laughed wildly at his own words. "What remains set aside for me as my final sin?"

And once again Zarathustra searched his mind, sat down on the great stone and brooded. Suddenly he sprang up.

"Pity! Pity for the higher men!" he cried out and his expression turned as hard as brass. "Well! That has run its course!

"My grief and my pity, to what purpose! Do I struggle toward pleasure? I struggle toward my work!

"Well! The lion has come, my children are near, Zarathustra has ripened. My hour is come.

"This is my morning. My day rises. Up, now, up, you great noonday!"

Thus spake Zarathustra and left his cave, as glowing and mighty as a morning sun coming from behind dark mountains.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the simile in paragraph 1?
2. What is the metaphor in paragraph 2? List other metaphors and similes in this selection.
3. Comment on Nietzsche's paragraphing in the early part of this selection. Rewrite the early part using longer paragraphs. Which method of paragraphing is more effective for a prose poem like this passage? For an essay?
4. Note Nietzsche's frequent use of exclamation marks toward the close of this passage. How do they contribute to the emotional effect?
5. What is the purpose of the repetition in the first and last paragraphs?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Nietzsche's prose poem: *aloofness*, *exultation*, *deputation*, *soothsayer*, *trice*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What distinguishes Zarathustra from the higher men at the beginning of this selection?
2. What does Nietzsche imply by having the lion sit tamely at Zarathustra's feet?
3. The higher men's fear of the lion leaves Zarathustra alone. What does this signify?
4. What is Zarathustra's final sin? How is it an important insight into Nietzsche's view of superman?
5. In terms of your own twentieth century background, how would you criticize Nietzsche's view of superman?
6. What traits does Zarathustra demand of his followers? Contrast these with the traits demanded by our own society. Do the differences group themselves into any significant pattern for you?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. Where Darwin offers the scientist's point of view, Nietzsche's is that of a philosopher. What would you say is Nietzsche's philosophy of the superman?
2. Another philosopher, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, asserted that philosophy was valid only if it expressed the Spirit of the Times. How valid was Nietzsche's philosophy of superman in terms of the character of nineteenth century industry? What does the term "rugged individualism" mean to you in connection with American industry?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Favorite Pet  
Leaders and Followers  
Superman, Myth or Reality  
"Pity, to What Purpose?"  
Strength (a prose poem)



## WEALTH

Andrew Carnegie

☞ THE PROBLEM OF OUR AGE IS THE PROPER ADMINISTRATION OF wealth, so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship. The conditions of human life have not only been changed, but revolutionized, within the past few hundred years. In former days there was little difference between the dwelling, dress, food, and environment of the chief and those of his retainers. The Indians are to-day where civilized man then was. When visiting the Sioux, I was led to the wigwam of the chief. It was just like the others in external appearance, and even within the difference was trifling between it and those of the poorest of his braves. The contrast between the palace of the millionaire and the cottage of the laborer with us to-day measures the change which has come with civilization.

This change, however, is not to be deplored, but welcomed as highly beneficial. It is well, nay, essential for the progress of the race, that the houses of some should be homes for all that is highest and best in literature and the arts, and for all the refinements of civilization, rather than that none should be so. Much better this great irregularity than universal squalor. Without wealth there can be no Maecenas. The "good old times" were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as to-day. A relapse to old conditions would be disastrous to both — not the least so to him who serves — and would sweep away civilization with it. But whether the change be for good or ill, it is upon us, beyond our power to alter, and therefore to be accepted and

From the *North American Review*, June, 1889.

made the best of it. It is a waste of time to criticise the inevitable.

It is easy to see how the change has come. One illustration will serve for almost every phase of the cause. In the manufacture of products we have the whole story. It applies to all combinations of human industry, as stimulated and enlarged by the inventions of this scientific age. Formerly articles were manufactured at the domestic hearth or in small shops which formed part of the household. The master and his apprentices worked side by side, the latter living with the master, and therefore subject to the same conditions. When these apprentices rose to be masters, there was little or no change in their mode of life, and they, in turn, educated in the same routine succeeding apprentices. There was, substantially, social equality, and even political equality, for those engaged in industrial pursuits had then little or no political voice in the State.

But the inevitable result of such a mode of manufacture was crude articles at high prices. To-day the world obtains commodities of excellent quality at prices which even the generation preceding this would have deemed incredible. In the commercial world similar causes have produced similar results, and the race is benefited thereby. The poor enjoy what the rich could not before afford. What were the luxuries have become the necessities of life. The laborer has now more comforts than the farmer had a few generations ago. The farmer has more luxuries than the landlord had, and is more richly clad and better housed. The landlord has books and pictures rarer, and appointments more artistic, than the King could then obtain.

The price we pay for this salutary change is, no doubt, great. We assemble thousands of operatives in the factory, in the mine, and in the counting-house, of whom the employer can know little or nothing, and to whom the employer is little better than a myth. All intercourse between them is at an end. Rigid Castes are formed, and, as usual, mutual ignorance breeds mutual distrust. Each Caste is without sympathy for the other, and ready to credit anything disparaging in regard to it. Under the law of competition, the employer of thousands is forced into the strictest economies, among which the rates paid to labor figure prominently and often there is friction between the employer and the employed, between capital and labor, between rich and poor. Human society loses homogeneity.

The price which society pays for the law of competition, like



the price it pays for cheap comforts and luxuries, is also great; but the advantages of this law are also greater still, for it is to this law that we owe our wonderful material development, which brings improved conditions in its train. But, whether the law be benign or not, we must say of it, as we say of the change in the conditions of men to which we have referred: It is here; we cannot evade it; no substitutes for it have been found; and while the law may be sometimes hard for the individual, it is best for the race, because it insures the survival of the fittest in every department. We accept and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment, the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few, and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential for the future progress of the race. Having accepted these, it follows that there must be great scope for the exercise of special ability in the merchant and in the manufacturer who has to conduct affairs upon a great scale. That this talent for organization and management is rare among men is proved by the fact that it invariably secures for its possessor enormous rewards, no matter where or under what laws or conditions. The experienced in affairs always rate the MAN whose services can be obtained as a partner as not only the first consideration, but such as to render the question of his capital scarcely worth considering, for such men soon create capital; while, without the special talent required, capital soon takes wings. Such men become interested in firms or corporations using millions; and estimating only simple interest to be made upon the capital invested, it is inevitable that their income must exceed their expenditures, and that they must accumulate wealth. Nor is there any middle ground which such men can occupy, because the great manufacturing or commercial concern which does not earn at least interest upon its capital soon becomes bankrupt. It must either go forward or fall behind: to stand still is impossible. It is a condition essential for its successful operation that it should be thus far profitable, and even that, in addition to interest on capital, it should make profit. It is a law, as certain as any of the others named, that men possessed of this peculiar talent for affairs, under the free play of economic forces, must, of necessity, soon be in receipt of more revenue than can be judiciously expended upon themselves; and this law is as beneficial for the race as the others.

Objections to the foundations upon which society is based are

not in order, because the condition of the race is better with these than it has been with any others which have been tried. Of the effect of any new substitutes proposed we cannot be sure. The Socialist or Anarchist who seeks to overturn present conditions is to be regarded as attacking the foundation upon which civilization itself rests, for civilization took its start from the day that the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, "If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap," and thus ended primitive Communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends — the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings bank, and equally the legal right of the millionaire to his millions. To those who propose to substitute Communism for this intense Individualism the answer, therefore, is: The race has tried that. All progress from that barbarous day to the present time has resulted from its displacement. Not evil, but good, has come to the race from the accumulation of wealth by those who have the ability and energy that produce it. But even if we admit for a moment that it might be better for the race to discard its present foundation, Individualism, — that it is a nobler ideal that man should labor, not for himself alone, but in and for a brotherhood of his fellows, and share with them all in common, realizing Swedenborg's idea of Heaven, where, as he says, the angels derive their happiness, not from laboring for self, but for each other, — even admit all this, and a sufficient answer is, This is not evolution, but revolution. It necessitates the changing of human nature itself — a work of aeons, even if it were good to change it, which we cannot know. It is not practicable in our day or in our age. Even if desirable theoretically, it belongs to another and long-succeeding sociological stratum. Our duty is with what is practicable now; with the next step possible in our day and generation. It is criminal to waste our energies in endeavoring to uproot, when all we can profitably or possibly accomplish is to bend the universal tree of humanity a little in the direction most favorable to the production of good fruit under existing circumstances. We might as well urge the destruction of the highest existing type of man because he failed to reach our ideal as to favor the destruction of Individualism, Private Property, the Law of Accumulation of Wealth, and the Law of Competition; for these are the highest results of human

experience, the soil in which society so far has produced the best fruit. Unequally or unjustly, perhaps, as these laws sometimes operate, and imperfect as they appear to the Idealist, they are, nevertheless, like the highest type of man, the best and most valuable of all that humanity has yet accomplished.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Paragraph 1 is not so much a neatly organized paragraph as a loose assemblage of ideas. Make an outline of it and see how many ideas it contains. Comment on its organization.
2. Paragraph 2 serves as transition to paragraph 3. Show this by summing up each paragraph in a single sentence.
3. Carnegie uses extremely formal diction in this essay. List the formal words and phrases.
4. "Change" is a key word in this essay. What various connotations are suggested by the repeated use of the word?
5. This essay may be divided into two main parts, one economic, the other political. Can you find where Part 1 ends and Part 2 begins?
6. Outline each part and comment on Carnegie's overall organization.
7. Define and use each of the following words from Carnegie's essay: *salutary*, *disparaging*, *homogeneity*, *judiciously*, *aeons*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What change came over the living conditions of rich and poor with the nineteenth century Industrial Revolution?
2. What was the position of the nineteenth century employer with regard to his workmen? Why does Carnegie say that "Each Caste is without sympathy for the other," and why does he choose the word "Caste"?
3. How does Carnegie's civilization refute communism and socialism?
4. What does Carnegie mean by, "the law of competition . . . insures the survival of the fittest?"
5. Toward the end of this essay Carnegie refers to "the highest type of man." How does he define this type? How would you define the highest type of man?
6. What does Carnegie mean when he says that communal labor is "not evolution, but revolution?"

## FOR SPECULATION

1. What is Carnegie's definition of success and how closely does it parallel yours? Can you think of any compensations for not being the kind of success Carnegie admires?
2. Give as three-dimensional a picture as you can of Carnegie's MAN? How does he compare with Nietzsche's Zarathustra and with Darwin's views on natural selection?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

If I Had Ten Million Dollars

Success

The Advantages/Disadvantages of Great Wealth


The Psychology of the Multi-Millionaire

Wealth and the Superior Man



## JUDITH

*Leslie Charteris*

 SIMON TEMPLAR HAD TO ADMIT THAT THE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF which adorned the front page of the copy of the New York Daily Gazette on his knee left nothing to be desired.

Taken only a couple of years ago, at the studio of an ambitious photographer who had clearly seen the potentialities of future revenue from an authentic likeness of such a disreputable character, it brought out to perfection the rakish curve of his jaw, the careless backward curl of black hair, the mocking challenge of a gay filibuster's mouth. Even the eyes, by some trick of lighting in the original which had been miraculously preserved through the processes of reproduction, glinted back at him from under the bantering lines of eyebrow with all the vivid dangerous dance of humor that was in his own.

The story illustrated by the picture occupied two columns of the front page and was continued somewhere in the interior. One gathered from it that that elusive and distressingly picturesque outlaw, the Saint, had set the Law by the ears again with a new climax

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of audacities: his name and *nom de guerre* waltzed through the bald paragraphs of the narrative like a debonair will-o'-the-wisp, carrying with it a breath of buccaneering glamour, a magnificently medieval lawlessness, that shone with a strange luminance through the dull chronicles of an age of dreary news. "The Robin Hood of Modern Crime" they called him; and with that phrase the Saint himself had least fault of all to find.

At the next table on his left a fair-haired girl was struggling to explain the secret of successful Rumhattan mixing to an unsympathetic waiter. At other tables, other guests of the Windsor Hotel's Peacock Alley read their evening papers, sipped cocktails, chattered, argued, and gazed incuriously at fellow birds in that pleasantly gilded cage. Outside, but inaudible in that discreetly expensive sanctuary, flowed the common traffic of Montreal, the last outpost of Old France in the New World.

In those surroundings anyone but a Simon Templar might have been embarrassed by the knowledge that a lifelike portrait of himself, accompanied by an account of his latest misdeeds and a summary of several earlier ones, was at the disposal of any citizen who cared to buy a newspaper. The Saint was never embarrassed, except by warrants for his arrest, and in those days he was most careful to leave no legal grounds for one of those.

He folded his paper and lighted a cigarette with the comforting assurance that any casual glancer at his classic features would be far less likely to suspect him of a hideous past than to suspect the eminent politician or the debutante victim of a motor accident whose portraits, in smaller frames, had flanked his own on either side. Certainly he saw no reason to creep into a corner and hide.

At the next table the girl's gray eyes wavered in humorous despair toward him, meeting his own for an instant, which to a Simon Templar was sufficient invitation.

"Ecoute, toi!" The Saint's voice lanced through the air with a sudden quiet command, the edge of a blade so sweetly keen that it seemed to caress even while it cut, snapping the waiter's wandering eyes around like a magnet dropped within an inch of twin compass needles. "Mademoiselle desires that one mix three parts of Ron Rey with one part of sweet vermouth and a dash of angostura. After that, one will squeeze into it a very thin piece of lemon peel. It is quite simple."



The waiter nodded and moved away in a slight daze. In his philosophy, foreigners were not expected to speak his own patois better than he did himself, nor to cut short his studied obtuseness with a cool self-possession that addressed him in the familiar second person singular. In the doorway he paused to explain that at length to a fellow waiter. "*Sâles Américains*," he said, and spat. Simon Templar was not meant to hear, but the Saint's ears were abnormally sensitive.

He smiled. It would never have occurred to him to report the waiter to the management, even though he was sure they would have been grateful to be warned about such a saboteur of goodwill. To the Saint any city was an oyster for his opening, a world for conquest; anything was an adventure, even the slaying of an insolent waiter and the rescue of a damsel in distress about nothing more serious than a cocktail.

He let his cigarette smolder in absolute contentment. The Rumhatten arrived. The girl tasted it and grimaced ruefully — he decided that she had a mouth that couldn't look anything but pretty even when it tried.

"It's a good idea, but it needs co-operation," he said.

"I wish I could speak the language like you do," she said. "I'd have something to tell that waiter."

"I've spent more time in Paris than any respectable man should," said the Saint cheerfully. "I used to be the concierge of a home for inebriate art students in the Rue des Deux Paires de Chaussettes de M. Alexandre Dumas. We all lived on absinthe and wore velvet next the skin. It went very well until someone discovered that half the inmates were wearing false beards and reading Ellery Queen in secret."

The gray eyes laughed.

"But do you know your way about here?"

"Montreal is yours," said the Saint with a gesture. "What would you like? Respectable night clubs? Disreputable saloons? Historic monuments?"

She seemed to be thinking of something else. And then she turned towards him again in a pose very like his own. The deep friendly eyes had a queer wistfulness.

"Tell me, stranger — where do you think a girl should go on a great occasion? Suppose she had something rather desperate to

do, and if it went wrong she mightn't be able to choose where she went any more."

The Saint's very clear blue eyes rested on her thoughtfully. He had always been mad, always hoped to be.

"I think," he said, "I should take her out St. Lawrence Boulevard to a quiet little restaurant I know where they make the best omelets in North America. We should absorb vitamins and talk about life. And after that we might know some more."

"I should like to go there," she said.

Simon flicked a twenty-dollar bill across his table and beckoned the waiter. The waiter counted out change laboriously from a well-filled wallet.

"Shall we?" said the Saint.

The girl gathered up her gloves and bag. Simon stood up quickly to pull the table away from in front of her. He trod heavily on the waiter's toes, overbalanced him backwards, and caught him again dexterously as he was on the point of descending, like Newton's apple, on the bald head of a customer in the next row. Somewhere in the course of the acrobatics the well-filled wallet traveled from the waiter's pocket to the Saint's own.

"*Mille pardons*," murmured the Saint, patting the anguished man soothingly on the shoulder, and sauntered after the girl.

There was a taxi crawling by, and they climbed in.

"I'm free till twelve, stranger," said the girl.

She pulled off her hat and leaned far back on the cushions, with one slim silken leg stretched out to rest a toe on the folding seat in front. The passing lights picked up her face in almost breathless perfection, and let it sink back reluctantly into shadow.

"And then do you have to hurry home before the clock strikes, and only leave a glass slipper for a souvenir?"

"No," she said, "I have to burgle a house."

There was an omelet. She had never dreamed of anything so delicate, wrapped in a gossamer skin, so richly red-gold inside, so different in every way from the dry coagulation of half-scrambled eggs which passes under the same name in so many places.

"There's a trick in it," she said with a sigh, when it was finished.

"Of course there is," said the Saint. "It's one of the higher mysteries of life, only to be revealed to the pure in heart after many ordeals and battles and much traveling."

She accepted a cigarette from his case, dipped it in the flame of his lighter. Across the table the gray eyes looked into his with the serene intimacy which must come with the sharing of any sensuous pleasure, even eating. She said: "I'm glad I met you, stranger. You take things very calmly, and you don't ask awkward questions."

In the course of his career the Saint had taken a good many things calmly enough, but he could not remember having heard it accounted unto him for righteousness before.

He perceived that he had fallen into the error of attaching himself too much to the viewpoint of his bereaved victims.

"The questions may come later," he said. "We burglars aren't easily startled."

She let a trail of smoke rise and disintegrate towards the ceiling.

"I'm going to talk to you, stranger," she said quietly. "A girl likes to talk; and nothing about this evening is real. We never met before and we shan't meet again. This is an interlude that doesn't count, except for remembrance."

"Is there a dragon in it?"

"There's a Robber Baron. Have you ever heard of Burt Northwade?"

Simon had. His knowledge of unlovable characters, in and out of prison, was very nearly unique.

He knew Northwade for one of the more unpleasant products of World War I, a man who had successfully conceived the notion of selling inferior bootlaces to the Allied armies for three times their cost, and had gained for himself much wealth by that patriotic service. The Northwade business, subsequently built up to almost monopolistic proportions, was still welding together the uppers of half the world; but Northwade himself had retired a couple of years ago to his native Canada and a mansion in Westmount, leaving the female part of his family to pursue its strenuous climb through the social gradings of New York.

"Yes, I've heard of Northwade. One of these monuments of other people's industry, isn't he?"

"He's also my uncle," said the girl. "I'm Judith Northwade."

Simon Templar hadn't blushed since he was eight years old. Also he considered that his remark was very nearly a compliment compared with what he would probably have said to Burt Northwade's face, had that undesirable industrialist been present.

"You have our sympathy," he said coolly.

"My father's a professor of engineering at Toronto," said the girl. "You've probably never heard of him. You couldn't have two brothers who were more different. They've always been like that. Northwade only wanted to make money. My father never wanted it. He's just a quiet, kind, completely ordinary man — almost a child outside his work. They both started at the bottom, and they both got what they wanted. Northwade made the money; my father worked his way through school, went on to Toronto University on a scholarship, and got to where he is now. The thing that came between them was my mother. Northwade wanted her, too, but she just happened to prefer Dad."

The Saint nodded.

"It wasn't Dad's fault," she said, "but Uncle Burt never forgave him. I don't think he was really jealous — maybe he wasn't really in love at all — but he'd come on something that money and success alone couldn't buy, and his vanity never got over it. Oh, he didn't say anything outright; he's always been friendly — too friendly — but Dad, who wouldn't suspect a cannibal who was weighing him, never thought anything of it. I could see. I tried to tell him, but he wouldn't believe me. He even helped Uncle Burt to make more money — he's a clever inventor, too, and during the war he designed a machine that would put tags on laces twice as quickly as the old way, or something like that. I think Uncle Burt gave him fifty dollars for it." She smiled a little. "It's beginning to sound like a detective story, isn't it?"

"It has begun," said the Saint, "but I like those stories."

She finished her glass of Château Olivier.

"It's going to sound more like that; but it's just one of those stories that are happening every day. For the last eighteen months or so Dad's been working on an infinitely variable gear for automobiles. Do you know what that means? It means that you'll just drive your car on the accelerator and brake; and whatever it's doing, up hills or down, or in traffic or anywhere, without even an automatic gear change, the engine'll always be working at its maximum efficiency — that sounds rather technical, but I'm so used to hearing Dad talk that I've got that way myself. Anyway, it's far in advance of anything that's been done in that line so far. There's a fortune in it already; but it wasn't good enough for Dad. He wanted to be sure that it was beyond any improvement. Three



months ago he'd spent every penny he'd saved on his experiments. Then he went to Uncle Burt for help."

The Saint's mind moved in certain channels with the speed and precision of infinite experience. He took up his cigarette again and regarded her steadily over it.

"Northwade helped him, of course," he said.

"Uncle Burt lent him five thousand dollars. On a nominal security — purely nominal. And with a few legal documents — just as a matter of form. I expect you can guess what that means."

"I could try."

"The plans of the gear are in Uncle Burt's safe, over in Westmount — all the results of Dad's work up till now. And there's a paper with them which says that all rights in them belong to Burt Northwade — with no time limit specified. It was supposed to be until the loan was repaid, but the contract doesn't say so. Dad hasn't any mind for legal trickeries, and he signed the papers while I was away. I didn't know about it till it was too late."

"One gathers," said the Saint composedly, "that this is the house you propose to burgle."

She gazed at him without flinching, gray eyes frank and resolute, even with that strain of wistful loneliness in them.

"Listen, stranger," she said softly. "This is still the game of Let's Pretend, isn't it? Pretending that this evening is right outside the world. Because that's the only reason why I'm telling you all this. I'm going to burgle Uncle Burt's house, if I can. I'm going to try and get hold of his keys and open his safe and take those papers away, including the contract Dad signed. Dad hasn't any hope of paying back that five thousand dollars. And Uncle Burt knows it. He's practically completed arrangements to sell the gear to Ford. There's no legal way of stopping him. It's one of those cases where possession is nine points of the law. If we had that contract back, as well as the plans, Uncle Burt would never have the face to go into a court and publish the terms of it, which he'd have to do if he wanted to make any claim. Do you think I'm quite mad?"

"Only a little."

She turned the stem of her wineglass between her fingers, looking at him quietly.

"Maybe I am. But have you ever heard of the Saint?"

"The Robin Hood of Modern Crime?" murmured Simon, with only the faintest lift of an eyebrow for expression.



"I think it's the sort of thing he'd do," she said. "It's justice, even if it's against the law. I wish I could meet him. He'd understand. I think he'd say it was worth taking a chance on. You're very understanding, too, stranger. You've listened to me awfully patiently, and it's helped a lot. And now you shall talk about anything else you like, and will you please forget it all?"

Simon Templar smiled.

He poured out the last of the wine, and took up his glass. Over the rim of it his clear blue eyes raked the girl with a cavalier challenge that matched his devil-may-care smile and the mocking slant of his brows. His face was alight suddenly.

"I don't propose to forget, Judith," he said. "I am the Saint; and the safe hasn't been made that I can't open. Nor has anything else been thought of that I can't do. We'll go to Westmount together!"

"This is the place," said the girl.

Simon switched off the engine and let the car coast to a stop under the lee of the hedge. It was her car — she had been prepared for that. She had telephoned from the restaurant and it had been fueled and waiting for them at the garage.

Burt Northwade's home, an unwieldy mansion in the Napoleonic style, stood on a slight rise of ground some distance back from the road, in the center of its extensive and pleasant grounds.

Rising to sit on the door of the convertible, with one foot on the seat, Simon could see the solid rectangle of its upper part painted in dull black on a smudged gray-blue sky. He felt that he knew every corner of it as if he had lived there for years, from the descriptions she had given him and the rough plans she had drawn on the back of the menu, familiarizing him with the configurations of rooms and corridors while their coffee grew cold and neither of them cared. That had been a time of delight shared in adventure which he would always like to remember; but now it was over, and the adventure went on.

It was a night without moon or stars, and yet not utterly dark; perfect for the purpose. She saw the clean-cut lines of his face, recklessly etched in the burst of light as he kindled a cigarette.

"I still don't know why should do this for me," she said.

"Because it's a game after my own heart," he answered. "Northwade is a bird I've had ideas of my own about for some time. And

as for our present object — well, no one could have thought of a story that would have been more likely to fetch me a thousand miles to see it through."

"I feel I ought to be coming with you."

He drew smoke into his lungs, and with it the sweet smell of green leaves.

"This sort of thing is my job, and I've had more practice than you."

"But suppose Uncle Burt wakes up."

"I shall immediately hypnotize him so that he falls into a deep sleep again."

"Or suppose the servants catch you."

"I shall tie them up in bundles of three and heave them into the outer darkness."

"But suppose you are caught?"

He laughed.

"It'll be a sign that the end of the world is at hand. But don't worry. Even if that happens it'll cause a certain amount of commotion, and if you hear it I shall expect you to drive rapidly away and await the end in some other province. I shall tell them I came out here on roller skates. It's not your burglary any more — it's mine."

He swung his immaculately tailored legs over the side and dropped lightly to the road, and without another word he was gone, melting into the obscurity like a ghost.

He walked up the turf path beside the drive with the quick confidence of a cat. No lights showed in any of the front windows as he approached, but he made a careful circle of the house for complete certainty. His eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom with the ease of long habit, and he moved without rustling a blade of grass under his feet.

The ground floor was a rugged façade of raised arches and pilasters broken by tall gaunt windows, with a pair of carved oak doors in the middle that would have given way to nothing short of a battering-ram; but it is an axiom of housebreaking that those buildings whose fronts look most like fortresses are most likely to defend their postern gates with a card saying "No Admittance." In this case, there was an open pantry window six feet above the ground. Simon squeezed up through the aperture, and lowered himself gently over the shelves of viands on the inside.

He passed through into the kitchen. With the help of a tiny pocket flashlight he located the main switchboard and removed all the fuses, burying them in a sack of potatoes. If by any chance there should be an accident, the garrison of the house would be more handicapped by a lack of lights than he would. Then he made his way down the main hall and unbarred, unbolted, unchained, and unlocked the great oak portals. Simon Templar owed much of his freedom to a trained eye for emergency exits; and he carried on the good work by opening a pair of windows in the library before he gave a thought to the safe.

The girl had described its location accurately. It was built into one wall, behind a small bookcase which opened away from it like a door; and Simon held his flashlight on it for just three seconds before he decided that it was one of those situations in which neither a bent hairpin nor a can opener would be adequate.

He slid cheerfully back into the hall and stepped soundlessly up the broad staircase. A large selection of burglarious tools was not part of his usual traveling equipment, but that shortcoming had rarely troubled him. It was another axiom of his philosophy that non-combination safes have keys, that most keys are in the possession of the owners of the safes, and, therefore, that the plodding felon who finds it necessary to pack nitroglycerin and oxyacetylene blowpipes in his overnight bag is usually deficient in strategic genius. Burt Northwade was sleeping soundly enough, with his mouth open, and a reassuring drone issuing from the region of his adenoids; but even if he had been awake it is doubtful whether he would have heard the opening of his bedroom door, or sensed one movement of the sensitive hands that lifted a bunch of keys from his dressing table and detached an even more probable one from the chain around his neck.

Simon went down the stairs again like a ghost. It was the key from the chain which turned the lock, and the heavy steel door swung back at a touch with the smooth acquiescence that even Simon Templar could never feel without a thrill. He propped his flashlight over one instep so that its light filled the interior of the safe, and went to work with quick white-gloved hands. Once he heard a board crack overhead and froze into seconds of granite immobility; but he knew that he had made no noise, and presently he went on.

The plans were dissected into a thick roll of sheets tied up with

tape; the specifications were packed in a long fat envelope with "Pegasus Variable Gear" roughly scrawled on it — that, he had been told, was the name which had been provisionally given to the invention — and a short epic on legal paper was enclosed with them. There were also some letters from various automobile manufacturers.

The Saint was so busily engaged for the next ten minutes, and so absorbed in his labors, that he missed certain faint sounds which might otherwise have reached his ears. The first hint of danger came just as he had finished, in the shape of a cautious scuffle of feet on the terrace outside, and a hoarse whisper which was so unexpected that he raised his head almost incredulously.

Then his eyes dropped half instinctively to the safe which he had just closed. He saw something that he had not noticed before — a flat leaden tube which rose a bare inch from the floor and disappeared into the crack under the lowest hinge, an obvious conduit for alarm wires. The girl had told him that there were no alarms; but that was one which Northwade had probably preferred to keep secret, and it had taken the Saint off his guard.

The narrow beam of the flashlight snapped out like a silent explosion. Simon leapt through the blackness to the windows, slammed them together, and secured the catch. He was knotting a handkerchief over the lower part of his face as he crossed the room again. In the darkness his hand closed on the doorknob, turned it stealthily; at the same time his fingers stretched downwards, and could feel no key in the lock. It looked as if it might be a tight corner, a crisp and merry getaway while it lasted; but those were the moments when the Saint's brain worked at its swiftest.

He opened the door with a quick jerk and took one step into the hall. On his right, covering the retreat to the back of the house, stood an outsize butler in a nightshirt with a rolling pin clutched in one hand. On his left, barring the way to the front door, was a wiry youth in trousers and undershirt. A little way up the stairs stood Burt Northwade himself, with a candle in one hand and a young cannon of a revolver in the other. The Saint's most reckless fighting smile touched his lips under the concealing handkerchief.

"Bon soir, messieurs," he murmured politely. "It appears that you were not expecting me. I am accustomed to being received in formal dress. I regret that I cannot accept you in this attire."

He stepped back rapidly through the door, closing it after him.

The butler and the wiry youth took a few seconds to recover, then they made a concerted dash for the door. They burst in together, followed by Burt Northwade with the candle. The spectacle of a completely deserted library was the last thing they were expecting, and it pulled them up short with bulging eyes.

In an abruptly contrasting silence, the nightshirted butler returned to life. He tiptoed gingerly forward, and peered with a majestic air behind and under a large settee in a far corner of the room. The wiry youth, inspired by his example, made a dash to the nearest window curtains and pulled them wide apart, disclosing a large area of glass with the round goggling faces of two other servants pressed against it from the outside, like startled fish in an aquarium. Burt Northwade discreetly remained a scant yard inside the doorway with his sputtering candle held helpfully aloft.

On the top of a massive ladder of bookshelves beside the door, Simon Templar rose like a panther from his prone position and dropped downwards. He fell squarely behind Northwade, easing his fall with a hand applied to the crown of Northwade's head, which drew from the tycoon a sudden squeal of terror. The same hand pushed Northwade violently forward, and the candle which supplied the only illumination of the scene flickered and went out.

In the darkness the door banged.

"We might even get back in time to have a dance somewhere," said the Saint.

He materialized out of the gloom beside her like a wraith; and she gasped.

"Did you have to scare me?" she asked, when she had got her breath.

He chuckled. Back towards the Northwade mansion there were sounds of muffled disturbance, floating down to his ears like the music of hounds to an old fox. He slipped into the driving seat and touched the starter. The engine purred unprotestingly.

"Did something go wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing that wasn't taken care of."

The car gathered speed into the blaze of its own headlights. Simon felt for a cigarette and lighted it from the dashboard gadget.

"Did you get everything?" she asked.

"I am the miracle man who never fails, Judith," he said reproachfully. "Hadn't I explained that?"



"But that noise —"

"There seems to have been some sort of alarm that goes off when the safe is opened, which you didn't know about. Not that it mattered a lot. The ungodly were fatally slow in assembling, and if you'd seen their waist measurements you wouldn't have been surprised."

She caught his arm excitedly.

"Oh, I can't quite believe it! . . . Everything's all right now. And I've actually been on a raid with the Saint himself! Do you mind if I give way a bit?"

She reached across him to the button in the middle of the steering wheel. The horn blared a rhythmic peal of triumph and defiance into the night: "Taaa ta-ta, taaa ta-ta, taa ta-ta!" Like a jubilant trumpet. Simon smiled. Nothing could have fitted better into the essential rightness of everything that had happened that evening. It was true that there had been a telephone in the library, and if there was an extension upstairs there might be gendarmes already watching the road; but they would be an interesting complication that could be dealt with in its proper turn.

Then he coaxed the car around a sharp bend and saw a row of red lights spring up across the road. He dropped his hand thoughtfully to the brake.

"This wasn't here when we came by first," he said, and realized that the girl had gone tense and still.

"What do you think it is?" she whispered.

The Saint shrugged. He brought the car to a standstill with its bumper three yards from the red lights, which appeared to be attached to a long plank rigged squarely across his path — he could not see what was beyond the plank.

Then he felt a hard cold jab of metal in the side of his head, and turned quickly. He looked down the barrel of a gun in the hand of an overcoated man who stood beside the car.

"Take it easy," advised the man with grim calmness.

The Saint heard a rustle of movement beside him, and glanced around. The girl was getting out. She closed the door after her, and stood on the running board.

"This is as far as I ride, stranger," she said.

"I see," said the Saint gently.

The man with the gun jabbed again.

"Let's have those papers," he ordered.

Simon took them from his breast pocket. The girl received them, and turned on the dashboard light to squint down the roll of plans and read the inscription on the long envelope. Her golden-yellow hair stirred like a shifting halo in the slight breeze.

"Burt Northwade hasn't got a brother who's a professor at Toronto," she explained, "and I'm no relative of the family. Apart from that, most of what I told you was true. Northwade's bought this invention from a young Rumanian inventor — I don't know what sort of a price he gave for it, but he bought it. Actually there's no patent on it, so the biggest value to a manufacturer is in keeping it secret till he can come out with it ahead of the others. He was going to sell it to Ford, as I told you."

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired the Saint curiously.

"We've got an unwritten offer from Henry Kaiser."

She went forward and swung back the plank with the red lights, so that the road was clear again. Then she came back. The gray eyes were as frank and friendly as before.

"We've been planning this job for a week, and we should have done the job ourselves tonight if I hadn't seen your photograph in the paper and recognized you at the Windsor. The rest of it was an inspiration. There's nothing like having the greatest expert in the profession to work for you."

"Which paper do you read?" asked the Saint.

"I saw you in *La Presse*. Why?"

"I bought an imported New York paper," said the Saint, conversationally.

She laughed quietly, a friendly ripple tinged with a trace of regret.

"I'm sorry, stranger. I liked you so much."

"I'm rather sorry too — Judith," said the Saint.

She was still for an instant. Then she leaned over and kissed him quickly on the lips.

The gun jabbed again.

"Drive on," ordered the man. "And keep driving."

"Won't you be wanting your car?" murmured the Saint.

A harsher chuckle came from the depths of the dark overcoat.

"We've got our own. I rented that one and left it at a garage for you when I had a phone call to say you were hooked. Get moving."

Simon engaged the gears, and let in the clutch. The girl jumped

down from the running board. "Good-by, stranger!" she cried; and Simon raised one hand in salute, without looking back.

He drove fast. Whoever the girl was, whatever she was, he knew that he had enjoyed meeting her far more than he could ever have enjoyed meeting the real Judith Northwade, whose unfortunate motor accident had been featured, with portrait, on the front page of the *New York Daily Gazette*, alongside his own two columns. She could never have looked like anything but a hag. Whereas he still thought that her impostor was very beautiful. He hated to think what she would say when she delved deeper into the duplicate envelope and dummy roll of plans which he had so rapidly prepared for her in Burt Northwade's library. But he still drove fast; because those sad things were a part of the game and it was a longish way to Willow Run.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Charteris prefaces his story with an introductory scene. Where does it end and the plot begin? What is its purpose?

2. Charteris' early descriptions of the Saint include many references to the past, such as "a magnificently medieval lawlessness." How many of these can you pick out? Why do you think Charteris uses them?

3. The tone of the story is gay and debonair. How does it agree with the plot and the characters?

4. The Saint describes an omelet he has made by saying: "It's one of the higher mysteries of life, only to be revealed to the pure in heart after many ordeals and battles and much traveling." How does this sentence reflect the tone of the story and the character of its hero?

5. What effect is created by the final paragraph? How does its matter-of-fact, understated style, unusual in this story, add to its effect?

6. Define and use each of the following words from Charteris' story: *bantering*, *filibuster*, *patois*, *gossamer*, *acquiescence*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Sum up the plot of this story as concisely as possible. What is its particular appeal to a twentieth century reader?

2. The Saint is more daring, more glamorous, more exciting than ordinary people. All the other characters in the story revolve around

him in various shades of gray, serving mainly to emphasize his especial attractiveness. Do you find the Saint likable? Can you analyze your reasons?

3. The Saint happens to be on the borderline of the law. Does this tend to make him more or less appealing?

4. How realistic are the Saint's problems? Do they stem from psychological or economic difficulties that make life desperate and difficult, or do they stem from a safe, impersonal outside force? How is this calculated to make a reader more comfortable?

5. What values do you get from reading this story? For example, what standards of work and conduct, what notions of love, self-reliance, and civic responsibility does the Saint represent?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. How many movies, TV programs, and popular novels can you think of in which a superman hero appears? Can you list several characteristics common to these heroes? On the basis of your list, what conclusions can you draw about the society around you?

2. Compare the Saint with Carnegie's MAN, Nietzsche's Zarathustra, and Darwin's views on the survival of the fittest. On the basis of this comparison how indebted are the superman heroes of today's mass media to nineteenth century traditions of individualism? Why?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Popular Fiction Heroes and I

Glamor in Today's World

My Dreams and My Reality


What Makes My Daydreams Tick

Superman and Twentieth Century Society



## THE DESTRUCTION OF JURGIS

*Upton Sinclair*

 JURGIS TALKED LIGHTLY ABOUT WORK, BECAUSE HE WAS YOUNG. They told him stories about the breaking down of men, there in the stockyards of Chicago, and of what had happened to them

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afterwards — stories to make your flesh creep, but Jurgis would only laugh. He had only been there four months, and he was young, and a giant besides. There was too much health in him. He could not even imagine how it would feel to be beaten. "That is well enough for men like you," he would say, "silpnas, puny fellows — but my back is broad."

Jurgis was like a boy, a boy from the country. He was the sort of man the bosses like to get hold of, the sort they make it a grievance they cannot get hold of. When he was told to go to a certain place, he would go there on the run. When he had nothing to do for the moment, he would stand round fidgeting, dancing, with the overflow of energy that was in him. If he were working in a line of men, the line always moved too slowly for him, and you could pick him out by his impatience and restlessness. That was why he had been picked out on one important occasion; for Jurgis had stood outside of Brown and Company's "Central Time Station" not more than half an hour, the second day of his arrival in Chicago, before he had been beckoned by one of the bosses. Of this he was very proud, and it made him more disposed than ever to laugh at the pessimists. In vain would they all tell him that there were men in that crowd from which he had been chosen who had stood there a month — yes, many months — and not been chosen yet. "Yes," he would say, "but what sort of men? Broken-down tramps and good-for-nothings, fellows who have spent all their money drinking, and want to get more for it. Do you want me to believe that with these arms" — and he would clench his fists and hold them up in the air, so that you might see the rolling muscles — "that with these arms people will ever let me starve?"

"It is plain," they would answer to this, "that you have come from the country, and from very far in the country." And this was the fact, for Jurgis had never seen a city, and scarcely even a fair-sized town, until he had set out to make his fortune in the world and earn his right to Ona. His father, and his father's father before him, and as many ancestors back as legend could go, had lived in that part of Lithuania known as Brelovicz, the Imperial Forest. This is a great tract of a hundred thousand acres, which from time immemorial has been a hunting preserve of the nobility. There are a very few peasants settled in it, holding title from ancient times; and one of these was Antanas Rudkus, who had been reared himself, and had reared his children in turn, upon half a dozen acres



of cleared land in the midst of a wilderness. There had been one son besides Jurgis, and one sister. The former had been drafted into the army; that had been over ten years ago, but since that day nothing had ever been heard of him. The sister was married, and her husband had bought the place when old Antanas had decided to go with his son.

It was nearly a year and a half ago that Jurgis had met Ona, at a horse-fair a hundred miles from home. Jurgis had never expected to get married — he had laughed at it as a foolish trap for a man to walk into; but here, without ever having spoken a word to her, with no more than the exchange of half a dozen smiles, he found himself, purple in the face with embarrassment and terror, asking her parents to sell her to him for his wife — and offering his father's two horses he had been sent to the fair to sell. But Ona's father proved as a rock — the girl was yet a child, and he was a rich man, and his daughter was not to be had in that way. So Jurgis went home with a heavy heart, and that spring and summer toiled and tried hard to forget. In the fall, after the harvest was over, he saw that it would not do, and tramped the full fortnight's journey that lay between him and Ona.

He found an unexpected state of affairs — for the girl's father had died, and his estate was tied up with creditors; Jurgis's heart leaped as he realized that now the prize was within his reach. There was Elzbieta Lukoszaite, Teta, or Aunt, as they called her, Ona's stepmother; and there were her six children, of all ages. There was also her brother Jonas, a dried-up little man who had worked upon the farm. They were people of great consequence, as it seemed to Jurgis, fresh out of the woods; Ona knew how to read, and knew many other things that he did not know; and now the farm had been sold, and the whole family was adrift — all they owned in the world being about seven hundred roubles, which is half as many dollars. They would have had three times that, but it had gone to court, and the judge had decided against them, and it had cost the balance to get him to change his decision.

Ona might have married and left them, but she would not, for she loved Teta Elzbieta. It was Jonas who suggested that they all go to America, where a friend of his had gotten rich. He would work, for his part, and the women would work, and some of the children, doubtless — they would live somehow. Jurgis, too, had heard of America. That was a country where, they said, a man might

earn three roubles a day; and Jurgis figured what three roubles a day would mean, with prices as they were where he lived, and decided forthwith that he would go to America and marry, and be a rich man in the bargain. In that country, rich or poor, a man was free, it was said; he did not have to go into the army, he did not have to pay out his money to rascally officials, — he might do as he pleased, and count himself as good as any other man. So America was a place of which lovers and young people dreamed. If one could only manage to get the price of a passage, he could count his troubles at an end.

It was arranged that they should leave the following spring, and meantime Jurgis sold himself to a contractor for a certain time, and tramped nearly four hundred miles from home with a gang of men to work upon a railroad in Smolensk. This was a fearful experience, with filth and bad food and cruelty and overwork; but Jurgis stood it and came out in fine trim, and with eighty roubles sewed up in his coat. He did not drink or fight, because he was thinking all the time of Ona; and for the rest, he was a quiet, steady man, who did what he was told to, did not lose his temper often, and when he did lose it made the offender anxious that he should not lose it again. When they paid him off he dodged the company gamblers and dramshops, and so they tried to kill him; but he escaped, and tramped it home, working at odd jobs, and sleeping always with one eye open. . . .

*[For a while things go well for Jurgis and Ona. Then Ona has to stop working because she is about to have a baby.]*

One morning Ona stayed home, and Jurgis had the man-doctor, according to his whim, and she was safely delivered of a fine baby. It was an enormous big boy, and Ona was such a tiny creature herself, that it seemed quite incredible. Jurgis would stand and gaze at the stranger by the hour, unable to believe that it had really happened.

The coming of this boy was a decisive event with Jurgis. It made him irrevocably a family man; it killed the last lingering impulse that he might have had to go out in the evenings and sit and talk with the men in the saloons. There was nothing he cared for now so much as to sit and look at the baby. This was very curious, for Jurgis had never been interested in babies before. But then, this

was a very unusual sort of a baby. He had the brightest little black eyes, and little black ringlets all over his head; he was the living image of his father, everybody said — and Jurgis found this a fascinating circumstance. It was sufficiently perplexing that this tiny mite of life should have come into the world at all in the manner that it had; that it should have come with a comical imitation of its father's nose was simply uncanny.

Perhaps, Jurgis thought, this was intended to signify that it was his baby; that it was his and Ona's, to care for all its life. Jurgis had never possessed anything nearly so interesting — a baby was, when you came to think about it, assuredly a marvellous possession. It would grow up to be a man, a human soul, with a personality all its own, a will of its own! Such thoughts would keep haunting Jurgis, filling him with all sorts of strange and almost painful excitements. He was wonderfully proud of little Antanas; he was curious about all the details of him — the washing and the dressing and the eating and the sleeping of him, and asked all sorts of absurd questions. It took him quite a while to get over his alarm at the incredible shortness of the little creature's legs.

Jurgis had, alas, very little time to see his baby; he never felt the chains about him more than just then. When he came home at night, the baby would be asleep, and it would be the merest chance if he awoke before Jurgis had to go to sleep himself. Then in the morning there was no time to look at him, so really the only chance the father had was on Sundays. This was more cruel yet for Ona, who ought to have stayed home and nursed him, the doctor said, for her own health as well as the baby's; but Ona had to go to work, and leave him for Teta Elzbieta to feed upon the pale blue poison that was called milk at the corner-grocery. Ona's confinement lost her only a week's wages — she would go to the factory the second Monday, and the best that Jurgis could persuade her was to ride in the car, and let him run along behind and help her to Brown's when she alighted. After that it would be all right, said Ona, it was no strain sitting still sewing hams all day; and if she waited longer she might find that her dreadful forelady had put some one else in her place. That would be a greater calamity than ever now, Ona continued, on account of the baby. They would all have to work harder now on his account. It was such a responsibility — they must not have the baby grow up to suffer as they had. And this indeed had been the first thing that Jurgis had

thought of himself — he had clenched his hands and braced himself anew for the struggle, for the sake of that tiny mite of human possibility.

And so Ona went back to Brown's and saved her place and a week's wages; and so she gave herself some one of the thousand ailments that women group under the title of "womb-trouble," and was never again a well person as long as she lived. It is difficult to convey in words all that this meant to Ona; it seemed such a slight offence, and the punishment was so out of all proportion, that neither she nor any one else ever connected the two. "Womb-trouble" to Ona did not mean a specialist's diagnosis, and a course of treatment, and perhaps an operation or two; it meant simply headaches and pains in the back, and depression and heartsickness, and neuralgia when she had to go to work in the rain. The great majority of the women who worked in Packingtown suffered in the same way, and from the same cause, so it was not deemed a thing to see the doctor about; instead Ona would try patent medicines, one after another, as her friends told her about them. As these all contained alcohol, or some other stimulant, she found that they all did her good while she took them; and so she was always chasing the phantom of good health, and losing it because she was too poor to continue. . . .

[On top of Ona's declining health, other events crowd in to complete the destruction of Jurgis. His father, Antanas, dies of a foot infection, contracted at Brown and Company, and Jurgis injures his ankle so badly that he is laid up in bed, without income, for many bitter months.]

Now that the winter was by, and there was no more danger of snow, and no more coal to buy, and another room warm enough to put the children into when they cried, and enough money to get along from week to week with, Jurgis was less terrible than he had been. A man can get used to anything in the course of time, and Jurgis had gotten used to lying about the house. Ona saw this, and was very careful not to destroy his peace of mind, by letting him know how very much pain she was suffering. It was now the time of the spring rains, and Ona had often to ride to her work, in spite of the expense; she was getting paler every day, and sometimes, in spite of her good resolutions, it pained her that



Jurgis did not notice it. She wondered if he cared for her as much as ever, if all this misery was not wearing out his love. She had to be away from him all the time, and bear her own troubles while he was bearing his; and then, when she came home, she was so worn out; and whenever they talked they had only their worries to talk of — truly it was hard, in such a life, to keep any sentiment alive. The woe of this would flame up in Ona sometimes — at night she would suddenly clasp her big husband in her arms and break into passionate weeping, demanding to know if he really loved her. Poor Jurgis, who had in truth grown more matter-of-fact, under the endless pressure of penury, would not know what to make of these things, and could only try to recollect when he had last been cross; and so Ona would have to forgive him and sob herself to sleep.

The latter part of April Jurgis went to see the doctor, and was given a bandage to lace about his ankle, and told that he might go back to work. It needed more than the permission of the doctor, however, for when he showed up on the killing-floor of Brown's, he was told by the foreman that it had not been possible to keep his job for him. Jurgis knew that this meant simply that the foreman had found some one else to do the work as well and did not want to bother to make a change. He stood in the doorway, looking mournfully on, seeing his friends and companions at work, and feeling like an outcast. Then he went out and took his place with the mob of the unemployed.

This time, however, Jurgis did not have the same fine confidence, nor the same reason for it. He was no longer the finest-looking man in the throng, and the bosses no longer made for him; he was thin and haggard, and his clothes were seedy, and he looked miserable. And there were hundreds who looked and felt just like him, and who had been wandering about Packingtown for months begging for work. This was a critical time in Jurgis's life, and if he had been a weaker man he would have gone the way the rest did. Those out-of-work wretches would stand about the packing-houses every morning till the police drove them away, and then they would scatter among the saloons. Very few of them had the nerve to face the rebuffs that they would encounter by trying to get into the buildings to interview the bosses; if they did not get a chance in the morning, there would be nothing to do but hang about the saloons the rest of the day and night. Jurgis was saved from all this



— partly, to be sure, because it was pleasant weather, and there was no need to be indoors; but mainly because he carried with him always the pitiful little face of his wife. He must get work, he told himself, fighting the battle with despair every hour of the day. He must get work! He must have a place again and some money saved up, before the next winter came.

But there was no work for him. He sought out all the members of his union — Jurgis had stuck to the union through all this — and begged them to speak a word for him. He went to every one he knew, asking for a chance, there or anywhere. He wandered all day through the buildings; and in a week or two, when he had been all over the yards, and into every room to which he had access, and learned that there was not a job anywhere, he persuaded himself that there might have been a change in the places he had first visited, and began the round all over; till finally the watchmen and the “spotters” of the companies came to know him by sight and to order him out with threats. Then, there was nothing more for him to do but go with the crowd in the morning, and keep in the front row and look eager, and when he failed, go back home, and play with little Kotrina and the baby.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Sinclair's style in this narrative is realistic, almost documentary. Show how his piling up of detail, especially after Jurgis' injury, makes for this realism.
2. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 1? How does it suggest the tragedy to come?
3. Paragraph 2 is mostly character analysis. List all the physical details Sinclair uses to show what kind of person Jurgis is.
4. What is the main action of this narrative? What do paragraphs 1 and 2 contribute to its development?
5. How do the grim, unrelieved details of the final paragraph add to the tragic effect?
6. Explain and comment on the imagery of Sinclair's description of Ona as “always chasing the phantom of good health.”
7. Define and use each of the following words from Sinclair's narrative: *immemorial*, *irrevocably*, *neuralgia*, *penury*.

## FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How does the way Jurgis wins his wife show him to be an exceptional man?
2. After his baby is born, what change takes place in Jurgis? Do you think this change is psychologically accurate or that the author is exaggerating?
3. What are the consequences of Jurgis' illness?
4. Jurgis is broken not by any flaw in himself but by outside forces over which he has no control. Does this concept of an all-powerful environment make Jurgis less tragic than he otherwise might be?
5. Why is it logical that the age following the first extravagances of the Industrial Revolution would produce a man like Jurgis?
6. If Hollywood put Jurgis in a movie today, what do you suppose would happen to him at the end of the picture? What other entertainment media would handle Jurgis the way the movies would?

## FOR SPECULATION

1. The Greeks said that a man's character is his destiny. What did they mean? Contrast their attitude with Sinclair's and defend the point of view you prefer in terms of your own beliefs and experiences.
2. Jurgis is broken because of his family responsibilities. Contrast his domestic problems with the problems of popular fiction supermen.

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

America, Past and Present  
 There Are Many Kinds of Heroes  
 The Workingman — Yesterday and Today  
 What America Has a Right to Expect of Its Immigrants  
 The Exceptional Man and the Masses



## POPEYE

*William Faulkner*

The mother thought that Popeye had perished also. They held her, shrieking, while the shouting face of the grandmother vanished into the smoke, and the shell of the house caved in; that was where

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the woman and the policeman carrying the child, found her: a young woman with a wild face, her mouth open, looking at the child with a vague air, scouring her loose hair slowly upward from her temples with both hands. She never wholly recovered. What with the hard work and the lack of fresh air, diversion, and the disease, the legacy which her brief husband had left her, she was not in any condition to stand shock, and there were times when she still believed that the child had perished, even though she held it in her arms crooning above it.

Popeye might well have been dead. He had no hair at all until he was five years old, by which time he was already a kind of day pupil at an institution: an undersized, weak child with a stomach so delicate that the slightest deviation from a strict regime fixed for him by the doctor would throw him into convulsions. "Alcohol would kill him like strychnine," the doctor said. "And he will never be a man, properly speaking. With care, he will live some time longer. But he will never be any older than he is now." He was talking to the woman who had found Popeye in her car that day when his grandmother burned the house down and at whose instigation Popeye was under the doctor's care. She would fetch him to her home in afternoons and for holidays, where he would play by himself. She decided to have a children's party for him. She told him about it, bought him a new suit. When the afternoon of the party came and the guests began to arrive, Popeye could not be found. Finally a servant found a bathroom door locked. They called the child, but got no answer. They sent for a locksmith, but in the meantime the woman, frightened, had the door broken in with an axe. The bathroom was empty. The window was open. It gave onto a lower roof from which a drainpipe descended to the ground. But Popeye was gone. On the floor lay a wicker cage in which two lovebirds lived; beside it lay the birds themselves, and the bloody scissors with which he had cut them up alive. Three months later, at the instigation of a neighbor of his mother, Popeye was arrested and sent to a home for incorrigible children. He had cut up a half-grown kitten the same way.

His mother was an invalid. The woman who had tried to befriend the child supported her, letting her do needlework and such. After Popeye was out — he was let out after five years, his behavior having been impeccable, as being cured — he would write to her two or three times a year, from Mobile and then New Orleans and

then Memphis. Each summer he would return home to see her, prosperous, quiet, thin, black, and uncommunicative in his narrow black suits. He told her that his business was being night clerk in hotels; that following his profession, he would move from town to town, as a doctor or a lawyer might.

While he was on his way home that summer they arrested him for killing a man in one town and at an hour when he was in another town killing somebody else — that man who made money and had nothing he could do with it, spend it for, since he knew that alcohol would kill him like poison, who had no friends and had never known a woman and knew he could never — and he said, "For Christ's sake," looking about the cell in the jail of the town where the policeman had been killed, his free hand (the other was handcuffed to the officer who had brought him from Birmingham) finicking a cigarette from his coat.

"Let him send for his lawyer," they said, "and get that off his chest. You want to wire?"

"Nah," he said, his cold, soft eyes touching briefly the cot, the high small window, the grated door through which the light fell. They removed the handcuff; Popeye's hand appeared to flick a small flame out of thin air. He lit the cigarette and snapped the match toward the door. "What do I want with a lawyer? I never was in — What's the name of this dump?"

They told him. "You forgot, have you?"

"He won't forget it no more," another said.

"Except he'll remember his lawyer's name by morning," the first said.

They left him smoking on the cot. He heard doors clash. Now and then he heard voices from the other cells; somewhere down the corridor a Negro was singing. Popeye lay on the cot, his feet crossed in small, gleaming black shoes. "For Christ's sake," he said.

The next morning the judge asked him if he wanted a lawyer.

"What for?" he said. "I told them last night I never was here before in my life. I don't like your town well enough to bring a stranger here for nothing."

The judge and the bailiff conferred aside.

"You'd better get your lawyer," the judge said.

"All right," Popeye said. He turned and spoke generally into the room: "Any of you ginneys want a one-day job?"

The judge rapped on the table. Popeye turned back, his tight

shoulders lifted in a faint shrug, his hand moving toward the pocket where he carried his cigarettes. The judge appointed him counsel, a young man just out of law school.

"And I won't bother about being sprung," Popeye said. "Get it over with all at once."

"You wouldn't get any bail from me, anyway," the judge told him.

"Yeuh?" Popeye said. "All right, Jack," he told his lawyer, "get going. I'm due in Pensacola right now."

"Take the prisoner back to jail," the judge said.

His lawyer had an ugly, eager, earnest face. He rattled on with a kind of gaunt enthusiasm while Popeye lay on the cot, smoking, his hat over his eye, motionless as a basking snake save for the periodical movement of the hand that held the cigarette. At last he said: "Here. I ain't the judge. Tell him all this."

"But I've got —"

"Sure. Tell it to them. I don't know nothing about it. I wasn't even there. Get out and walk it off."

The trial lasted one day. While a fellow policeman, a cigar-clerk, a telephone girl testified, while his own lawyer rebutted in a gaunt mixture of uncouth enthusiasm and earnest ill-judgment, Popeye lounged in his chair, looking out the window above the jury's heads. Now and then he yawned; his hand moved to the pocket where his cigarettes lay, then refrained and rested idle against the black cloth of his suit, in the waxy lifelessness of shape and size like the hand of a doll.

The jury was out eight minutes. They stood and looked at him and said he was guilty. Motionless, his position unchanged he looked back at them in a slow silence for several moments. "Well, for Christ's sake," he said. The judge rapped sharply with his gavel; the officer touched his arm.

"I'll appeal," the lawyer babbled, plunging along beside him. "I'll fight them through every court —"

"Sure," Popeye said, lying on the cot and lighting a cigarette; "but not in here. Beat it, now. Go take a pill."

The District Attorney was already making his plans for the appeal. "It was too easy," he said. "He took it — Did you see how he took it? like he might be listening to a song he was too lazy to either like or dislike, and the Court telling on what day they were going to break his neck. Probably got a Memphis lawyer



already there outside the supreme court door now, waiting for a wire. I know them. It's them thugs like that have made justice a laughing-stock, until even when we get a conviction, everybody knows it won't hold."

Popeye sent for the turnkey and gave him a hundred dollar bill. He wanted a shaving-kit and cigarettes. "Keep the change and let me know when it's smoked up," he said.

"I reckon you won't be smoking with me much longer," the turnkey said. "You'll get a good lawyer, this time."

"Don't forget that lotion," Popeye said. "Ed Pinaud." He called it "Py-nawd."

It had been a gray summer, a little cool. Little daylight ever reached the cell, and a light burned in the corridor all the time, falling into the cell in a broad pale mosaic, reaching the cot where his feet lay. The turnkey gave him a chair. He used it for a table; upon it the dollar watch lay, and a carton of cigarettes and a cracked soup bowl of stubs, and he lay on the cot, smoking and contemplating his feet while day after day passed. The gleam of his shoes grew duller, and his clothes needed pressing, because he lay in them all the time, since it was cool in the stone cell.

One day the turnkey said: "There's folks here says that deppity invited killing. He done two-three mean things folks know about." Popeye smoked, his hat over his face. The turnkey said: "They might not sent your telegram. You want me to send another one for you?" Leaning against the grating he could see Popeye's feet, his thin, black legs motionless, merging into the delicate bulk of his prone body and the hat slanted across his averted face, the cigarette in one small hand. His feet were in shadow, in the shadow of the turnkey's body where it blotted out the grating. After a while the turnkey went away quietly. When he had six days left the turnkey offered to bring him magazines, a deck of cards.

"What for?" Popeye said. For the first time he looked at the turnkey, his head lifted, in his smooth, pallid face his eyes round and soft as those prehensile tips on a child's toy arrows. Then he lay back again. After that each morning the turnkey thrust a rolled newspaper through the door. They fell to the floor and lay there, accumulating, unrolling and flattening slowly of their own weight in diurnal progression.

When he had three days left a Memphis lawyer arrived. Unbidden, he rushed up to the cell. All that morning the turnkey

heard his voice in pleading and anger and expostulation; by noon he was hoarse, his voice not much louder than a whisper. "Are you just going to lie here and let —"

"I'm all right," Popeye said. "I didn't send for you. Keep your nose out."

"Do you want to hang? Is that it? Are you trying to commit suicide? Are you so tired of dragging down jack that . . . You, the smartest —"

"I told you once, I've got enough on you."

"You, to have it hung on you by a small-time j.p.! When I go back to Memphis and tell them, they won't believe it."

"Don't tell them, then." He lay for a time while the lawyer looked at him in baffled and ranging unbelief. "Them darn hicks," Popeye said. "Jesus Christ . . . Beat it, now," he said. "I told you. I'm all right."

On the night before, a minister came in. "Will you let me pray with you?" he said. "Sure," Popeye said: "go ahead. Don't mind me."

The minister knelt beside the cot where Popeye lay smoking. After a while the minister heard him rise and cross the floor, then return to the cot. When he rose Popeye was lying on the cot, smoking. The minister looked behind him, where he had heard Popeye moving and saw twelve marks at spaced intervals along the base of the wall, as though marked there with burned matches. Two of the spaces were filled with cigarette stubs laid in neat rows. In the third space were two stubs. Before he departed he watched Popeye rise and go there and crush out two more stubs and lay them carefully beside the others.

Just after five o'clock the minister returned. All the spaces were filled save the twelfth one. It was three quarters complete. Popeye was lying on the cot. "Ready to go?" he said.

"Not yet," the minister said. "Try to pray," he said. "Try."

"Sure," Popeye said; "go ahead." The minister knelt again. He heard Popeye rise once and cross the floor and then return.

At five-thirty the turnkey came. "I brought —" he said. He held his closed fist dumbly through the grating. "Here's your change from that hundred you never — I brought . . . It's forty-eight dollars. Wait; I'll count it again; I don't know exactly, but I can give you a list — them tickets . . ."

"Keep it," Popeye said. "Buy yourself a hoop."

They came for him at six. The minister went with him, his hand under Popeye's elbow, and he stood beneath the scaffold praying, while they adjusted the rope, dragging it over Popeye's sleek oiled head, breaking his hair loose. His hands were tied, so he began to jerk his head, flipping his hair back each time it fell forward again, while the minister prayed, the others motionless at their posts with bowed heads.

Popeye began to jerk his neck forward in little jerks. "Psssst!" he said, the sound cutting sharp into the drone of the minister's voice; "psssst!" The sheriff looked at him; he quit jerking his neck and stood rigid as though he had an egg balanced on his head. "Fix my hair, Jack," he said. "Sure," the sheriff said. "I'll fix it for you"; springing the trap.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. How do paragraphs 1 and 2 contribute to the development of Faulkner's narrative?
2. Study Faulkner's deliberately understated style in paragraph 2. What is its purpose?
3. What kind of jargon does Popeye speak? How would you describe it and how does it serve to give you further insight into his character?
4. Analyze the way in which the dialogue and imagery of the final paragraph fit perfectly into the picture of Popeye that Faulkner has presented.
5. Define and use each of the following words from Faulkner's narrative: *instigation*, *mosaic*, *pallid*, *diurnal*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What was Popeye's childhood like? How much influence did it have on his adult life?
2. What ironies do you find in connection with his trial and conviction?
3. How do Popeye's dealings with the lawyer and minister show him to be beyond the code of twentieth century mass society?
4. How does Faulkner's psychological case study approach show Popeye's warping from within?
5. Faulkner describes Popeye's arrest as follows: "While he was on

his way home that summer they arrested him for killing a man in one town and at an hour when he was in another town killing somebody else—" How is this sentence a commentary on twentieth century life?

6. What tensions and complications in modern society would tend to warp men from within?

7. Serious fiction often carries several levels of meaning. What meanings can you find underneath the surface of Faulkner's narrative? How deliberately, in your opinion, did Faulkner include these deeper levels of meaning?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. With Popeye the figure of the superman becomes brutish and impotent—in a sense, the final phase of a cycle that started with Zarathustra. Comment on how this decline of the superman idea helps to illuminate today's middle class society.

2. How does Popeye differ from the Saint? Which hero is a more significant reflection of the twentieth century? What does the phrase "cultural lag" mean? Can you point out the cultural lag between the superman heroes of popular fiction and actual twentieth century society?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Different Kinds of Heroes

Different Kinds of Literature

How Optimistic Is My Own Age?

An Individual Standing Alone Today

The Exceptional Man as Victim in Today's Society

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## Conformist or Individual? — The Modern Problem

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✿ If conformity is with us, for better or for worse, the question arises, for how much better or how much worse? And the answer depends on what directions modern individualism can successfully take, now that the notion of a Superman has become little more than an unrealistic survival in the daydreams of popular fiction. What kind and degree of individualism is now possible to the artist, the scientist, the business man, the college student?

The four selections in this group present a cross section of modern attitudes toward conformity. In "Art and the Common Man," the great Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy says things about art that you may never have expected to hear from anyone except the disgruntled F student who sits in the back row. Tolstoy's arguments, if you accept them wholly, will lead you to conclude that calendar photographs are greater works of art than a Rembrandt canvas, because they reach and affect more people. Ortega's "The Illustrious and the Vulgar" takes the opposite view that worth is to be measured by intrinsic quality not appreciated by the common man; in other words, Ortega prefers the Rembrandt. Still another point of view toward the problems of conformity and individuality is expressed in William H. Whyte's "A Generation of Bureaucrats." Whyte does not defend conformity, strictly, neither does he condemn it. But he explains in factual terms why so many Americans today, including college people, find so great a satisfaction in being "on the team" that they are in danger of submerging themselves to the interests of groups and of society as a whole. Finally, William Faulkner gives pungent and blunt advice to college students to "Resist the Mass." You may wish to ask whether he is here in any sense contradicting what he seemed to be saying in the sketch of Popeye printed earlier.





## ART AND THE COMMON MAN

Leo Tolstoy

✿ IT HAS COME FINALLY TO THIS: THAT NOT ONLY ARE HAZINESS, mysteriousness, obscurity, and exclusiveness (shutting out the masses) elevated to the rank of a merit and a condition of poetic art, but even inaccuracy, indefiniteness, and lack of eloquence, are held in esteem.

Théophile Gautier in his preface to the celebrated *Fleurs du Mal* says that Baudelaire as far as possible banished from poetry eloquence, passion, and truth too strictly copied (*l'éloquence, la passion, et la vérité, calquée trop exactement*).

And Baudelaire not only did this, but maintained this thesis in his verses, and yet more strikingly in the prose of his *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, the meanings of which have to be guessed like a rebus and remain for the most part undiscovered. . . .

And among the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Italians, and us Russians, similar verses are printed. And such productions are printed and made up into book-form if not by the million then by the hundred-thousand (some of these separate works sell in tens of thousands). For typesetting, paging, printing, and binding these books, millions and millions of working days are spent — not less, I think, than went to build the Great Pyramid. Nor is this all. The same is going on in all the other arts: millions and millions of working days are being spent on the production of equally incomprehensible works in painting, in music, and in drama.

Painting not only does not lag behind poetry in this matter, but rather outstrips it. Here is an extract from the diary of an amateur of art, written when visiting the Paris exhibitions in 1894:—

“I was to-day at three exhibitions: the Symbolists’, the Impressionists’, and the Neo-Impressionists’. I looked at the pictures conscientiously and carefully, but again felt the same stupefaction and ultimate indignation. The first exhibition, that of Camille Pissarro, was comparatively the most comprehensible, though the pictures were out of drawing, had no content, and the colourings were most improbable. The drawing was so indefinite that you

From *What is Art?* by Leo Tolstoy, translated by Aylmer Maude. Copyright 1930 by Oxford University Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

were sometimes unable to make out which way an arm or a head was turned. The subject was generally, 'effets' — *Effet de brouillard*, *Effet du soir*, *Soleil couchant*. There were some pictures with figures but without subjects.

"In the colouring, bright blue and bright green predominated. And each picture had its special colour with which the whole picture was, as it were, splashed. For instance in 'A Girl guarding Geese' the special colour is *vert de gris*, and dots of it were splashed about everywhere: on the face, the hair, the hands, and the clothes. In the same gallery — that of Durand-Ruel — were other pictures: by Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, who are all Impressionists. One of them, whose name I could not make out — it was something like Redon — had painted a blue face in profile. On the whole face there is only this blue tone, with white-of-lead. Pissarro has a water-colour all done in dots. In the foreground is a cow entirely painted with various-coloured dots. The general colour cannot be distinguished, however much one stands back from, or draws near to, the picture. From there I went to see the Symbolists. I looked at them long without asking any one for an explanation, trying to guess the meaning; but it is beyond human comprehension. . . ."

As soon as ever the art of the upper classes separated itself from universal art a conviction arose that art may be art and yet be incomprehensible to the masses. And as soon as this position was admitted it had inevitably to be admitted also that art may be intelligible only to the very smallest number of the elect and eventually to two, or to one, of our nearest friends, or to oneself alone — which is practically what is being said by modern artists:—"I create and understand myself, and if any one does not understand me so much the worse for him."

The assertion that art may be good art and at the same time incomprehensible to a great number of people, is extremely unjust, and its consequences are ruinous to art itself; but at the same time it is so common and has so eaten into our conceptions, that it is impossible to make sufficiently clear its whole absurdity.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said of reputed works of art that they are very good but very difficult to understand. We are quite used to such assertions, and yet to say that a work of art is good but incomprehensible to the majority of men, is the same as saying of some kind of food that it is very good but most people

can't eat it. The majority of men may not like rotten cheese or putrefying grouse, dishes esteemed by people with perverted tastes; but bread and fruit are only good when they are such as please the majority of men. And it is the same with art. Perverted art may not please the majority of men, but good art always pleases every one.

It is said that the very best works of art are such that they cannot be understood by the masses, but are accessible only to the elect who are prepared to understand these great works. But if the majority of men do not understand, the knowledge necessary to enable them to understand should be taught and explained to them. But it turns out that there is no such knowledge, that the works cannot be explained, and that those who say the majority do not understand good works of art, still do not explain those works, but only tell us that in order to understand them one must read, and see, and hear, these same works over and over again. But this is not to explain, it is only to habituate! And people may habituate themselves to anything, even to the very worst things. As people may habituate themselves to bad food, to spirits, tobacco, and opium, just in the same way they may habituate themselves to bad art — and that is exactly what is being done.

Moreover it cannot be said that the majority of people lack the taste to esteem the highest works of art. The majority always have understood and still understand what we also recognize as being the very best art: the epic of Genesis, the Gospel parables, folk-legends, fairy-tales, and folk-songs, are understood by all. How can it be that the majority has suddenly lost its capacity to understand what is high in our art?

Of a speech it may be said that it is admirable but incomprehensible to those who do not know the language in which it is delivered. A speech delivered in Chinese may be excellent, and yet remain incomprehensible to me if I do not know Chinese; but what distinguishes a work of art from all other mental activity is just the fact that its language is understood by all, and that it infects all without distinction. The tears and laughter of a Chinaman infect me just as the laughter and tears of a Russian; and it is the same with painting and music, and also poetry when it is translated into a language I understand. The songs of a Kirghiz or of a Japanese touch me, though in a lesser degree than they touch a Kirghiz or a Japanese. I am also touched by Japanese painting, Indian architec-

ture, and Arabian stories. If I am but little touched by a Japanese song and a Chinese novel, it is not that I do not understand these productions, but that I know and am accustomed to higher works of art. It is not because their art is above me. Great works of art are only great because they are accessible and comprehensible to every one. The story of Joseph translated into the Chinese language touches a Chinese. The story of Sakya Muni (Buddha) touches us. And there are, and must be, buildings, pictures, statues, and music, of similar power. So that if art fails to move men, it cannot be said that this is due to the spectators' or hearers' lack of understanding, but the conclusion to be drawn may be, and should be, that such art is either bad or is not art at all.

Art is differentiated from activity of the understanding, which demands preparation and a certain sequence of knowledge (so that one cannot learn trigonometry before knowing geometry), by the fact that it acts on people independently of their state of development and education, that the charm of a picture, of sounds, or of forms, infects any man whatever his plane of development.

The business of art lies just in this: to make that understood and felt which in the form of an argument might be incomprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seems to the recipient of a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before, but had been unable to express it.

And such has always been the nature of good, supreme art; the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*; the stories of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph; the Hebrew prophets, the psalms, the Gospel parables; the story of Sakya Muni and the hymns of the Vedas, all transmit very exalted feelings and are nevertheless quite comprehensible now to us, educated or uneducated, just as they were comprehensible to the men of those times, long ago, who were even less educated than our labourers. People talk about incomprehensibility; but if art is the transmission of feelings flowing from man's religious perception, how can a feeling be incomprehensible which is founded on religion, that is, on man's relation to God? Such art should be, and has actually always been, comprehensible to everybody, because every man's relation to God is one and the same. This is why the churches and the images in them were always comprehensible to every one. The hindrance to an understanding of the best and highest feelings (as is said in the Gospel) lies not at all in deficiency of development or learning, but on the contrary in false



development and false learning. A good and lofty work of art may be incomprehensible, but not to simple, unperverted, peasant labourers (what is highest is understood by them) — it may be and often is unintelligible to erudite, perverted people destitute of religion. And this continually occurs in our society in which the highest feelings are simply not understood. For instance, I know people who consider themselves most refined, and who say that they do not understand the poetry of love of one's neighbour, of self-sacrifice, or of chastity.

So that good, great, universal, religious art may be incomprehensible to a small circle of spoilt people, but certainly not to any large number of plain men.

Art cannot be incomprehensible to the great masses only because it is very good — as artists of our day are fond of telling us. Rather we are bound to conclude that this art is unintelligible to the great masses only because it is very bad art, or even is not art at all. So that the favourite argument (naïvely accepted by the cultured crowd), that in order to feel art one has first to understand it (which really only means habituate oneself to it), is the truest indication that what we are asked to understand by such a method is either very bad, exclusive art, or is not art at all.

People say that works of art do not please the people because they are incapable of understanding them. But if the aim of works of art is to infect people with the emotion the artist has experienced, how can one talk about not understanding?

A man of the people reads a book, sees a picture, hears a play or a symphony, and is touched by no feeling. He is told that this is because he cannot understand. People promise to let a man see a certain show; he enters and sees nothing. He is told that this is because his sight is not prepared for this show. But the man knows for certain that he sees quite well, and if he does not see what people promised to show him he only concludes (as is quite just) that those who undertook to show him the spectacle have not fulfilled their engagement. And it is perfectly just for a man who does feel the influence of some works of art, to come to this conclusion concerning artists who do not by their works evoke feeling in him. To say that the reason a man is not touched by my art is because he is still too stupid, besides being very self-conceited and also rude, is to reverse the rôles, and for the sick to send the hale to bed.



## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the relationship of paragraphs 2 and 3 to paragraph 1?
2. What is the purpose of the analogy involving the Great Pyramid in paragraph 4?
3. What is the function of paragraph 5?
4. Mark off the conclusion of this essay. What does it contribute to the central idea?
5. What does the section on art contribute to the main idea of the essay?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Tolstoy's essay: *rebus*, *conscientiously*, *stupefaction*, *predominated*, *hale*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What is the function of art, according to Tolstoy? What arts can you think of that fit his definition?
2. What is Tolstoy's objection to modern art? Can you find any objections to his point of view?
3. What does Tolstoy mean by people "habituating" themselves to bad art? Do you think it possible? If so, can you cite any examples of it?
4. Why, according to Tolstoy, are religious writings genuine art?
5. Art "infects any man whatever his plane of development," writes Tolstoy. What does he mean by this? What connotations does the word "infects" have that help reinforce Tolstoy's arguments?
6. What is Tolstoy's conclusion about art which the common people cannot understand? How fully do you agree with him? How specifically can you defend your own viewpoint?
7. According to Tolstoy's definition, are Shakespeare's plays art? Is opera? Modern jazz? Edgar A. Guest? Are magazine illustrations?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. What social changes at the turn of the twentieth century caused Tolstoy to say what he does about art? How accurately do you think he has interpreted those social changes?
2. Tolstoy's definition of art, although a plea in favor of the tastes of the common man, has not convinced the majority of people of our time. How do you account for this?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Kind of Art I Like  
Art and the Common Man  
Art and the Individual  
What Determines Good Taste  
Tolstoy and Present Day America

THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND  
THE VULGAR

José Ortega y Gasset

✿ IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT EVERY NEWCOMER AMONG STYLES PASSES through a stage of quarantine. The battle of *Hernani* comes to mind, and all the other skirmishes connected with the advent of Romanticism. However, the unpopularity of present-day art is of a different kind. A distinction must be made between what is not popular and what is unpopular. A new style takes some time in winning popularity; it is not popular, but it is not unpopular either. The break-through of Romanticism, although a frequently cited example, is, as a sociological phenomenon, exactly the opposite of the present situation of art. Romanticism was very quick in winning "the people" to whom the old classical art had never appealed. The enemy with whom Romanticism had to fight it out was precisely a select minority irretrievably sold to the classical forms of the "*ancien régime*" in poetry. The works of the romantics were the first, after the invention of printing, to enjoy large editions. Romanticism was the prototype of a popular style. First-born of democracy, it was coddled by the masses.

Modern art, on the other hand, will always have the masses against it. It is essentially unpopular; moreover, it is antipopular. Any of its works automatically produces a curious effect on the general public. It divides the public into two groups: one very small, formed by those who are favorably inclined towards it; another very large — the hostile majority. (Let us ignore that ambiguous fauna — the snobs.) Thus the work of art acts like a

From *The Dehumanization of Art* by José Ortega y Gasset, translated by Helene Weyl. Copyright 1948 by the Princeton University Press. Reprinted by permission.

social agent which segregates from the shapeless mass of the many two different castes of men.

Which is the differentiating principle that creates these two antagonistic groups? Every work of art arouses differences of opinion. Some like it, some don't; some like it more, some like it less. Such disagreements have no organic character, they are not a matter of principles. A person's chance disposition determines on which side he will fall. But in the case of the new art the split occurs in a deeper layer than that on which differences of personal taste reside. It is not that the majority does not like the art of the young and the minority likes it, but that the majority, the masses, do not understand it. The old bigwigs who were present at the performance of *Hernani* understood Victor Hugo's play very well; precisely because they understood it they disliked it. Faithfully adhering to definite aesthetic norms, they were disgusted at the new artistic values which this piece of art proposed to them.

"From a sociological point of view" the characteristic feature of the new art is, in my judgment, that it divides the public into the two classes of those who understand it and those who do not. This implies that one group possesses an organ of comprehension denied to the other—that they are two different varieties of the human species. The new art obviously addresses itself not to everybody, as did Romanticism, but to a specially gifted minority. Hence the indignation it arouses in the masses. When a man dislikes a work of art, but understands it, he feels superior to it; and there is no reason for indignation. But when his dislike is due to his failure to understand, he feels vaguely humiliated and this rankling sense of inferiority must be counterbalanced by indignant self-assertion. Through its mere presence, the art of the young compels the average citizen to realize that he is just this—the average citizen, a creature incapable of receiving the sacrament of art, blind and deaf to pure beauty. But such a thing cannot be done after a hundred years of adulation of the masses and apotheosis of the people. Accustomed to ruling supreme, the masses feel that the new art, which is the art of a privileged aristocracy of finer senses, endangers their rights as men. Whenever the new Muses present themselves, the masses bristle.

For a century and a half the masses have claimed to be the whole of society. Stravinski's music or Pirandello's drama have the sociological effect of compelling the people to recognize itself

for what it is: a component among others of the social structure, inert matter of the historical process, a secondary factor in the cosmos of spiritual life. On the other hand, the new art also helps the elite to recognize themselves and one another in the drab mass of society and to learn their mission which consists in being few and holding their own against the many.

A time must come in which society, from politics to art, reorganizes itself into two orders or ranks: the illustrious and the vulgar. That chaotic, shapeless, and undifferentiated state without discipline and social structure in which Europe has lived these hundred and fifty years cannot go on. Behind all contemporary life lurks the provoking and profound injustice of the assumption that men are actually equal. Each move among men so obviously reveals the opposite that each move results in a painful clash.

If this subject were broached in politics the passions aroused would run too high to make oneself understood. Fortunately the aforementioned unity of spirit within a historical epoch allows us to point out serenely and with perfect clarity in the germinating art of our time the same symptoms and signals of a moral revision that in politics present themselves obscured by low passions.

"*Nolite fieri*," the evangelist exhorts us, "*sicut equus et mulus quibus non est intellectus*" — do not act like horses and mules that lack understanding. The masses kick and do not understand. Let us try to do better and to extract from modern art its essential principle. That will enable us to see in what profound sense modern art is unpopular.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. This essay has many overtones of learning and wide reading. The casual reference in paragraph 1 to the debut of Victor Hugo's play, *Hernani*, is one example. What others can you find?
2. Look up the story of the reception of *Hernani*. How apt an illustration is it of resistance to new forms of art?
3. Paragraph 3 begins with a rhetorical question. How does this device help to simplify the difficult material that follows?
4. "Whenever the new Muses present themselves, the masses bristle," says Ortega. What are the connotations of the word "bristle" in this sentence?

5. Opposed to the masses, says Ortega, are the "elite." What are the connotations of "elite"? How do "elite" and "bristle" help suggest Ortega's own viewpoint?

6. Outline the essay as a guide to understanding and as a means of studying Ortega's careful organization.

7. Define and use each of the following words from Ortega's essay: *irretrievably*, *prototype*, *aesthetic*, *adulation*, *apotheosis*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What does Ortega find unique about today's hostility to modern art as opposed, say, to the hostility toward romanticism in the nineteenth century?

2. Why, according to Ortega, do the masses dislike modern art?

3. Into what two groups does modern art divide its public?

4. Who do you think comprise the "elite" who understand modern art?

5. Since Ortega includes politics as well as modern art in his discussion of the new elite, defend the statement that his new elite are more than just culturally exceptional. What is Ortega really getting at?

6. What parallels between modern art and politics do you think Ortega would draw? How do you feel about his political point of view?

7. If the problems of modern art are repeated in modern politics, are they also repeated in education? In science?

8. What signs of hope for today's society do you find in Ortega's discussion of the new elite?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Contrast Ortega's theory of art with Tolstoy's. Which do you favor? Can you justify your answer in terms of today's society?

2. Contrast Nietzsche's Zarathustra with Ortega's elite. How would you account for the differences between them?

3. Ortega says that romanticism was born of democracy and coddled by the masses. The superman heroes of popular fiction are supremely romantic. In what sense, then, are they born of democracy and coddled by the masses? Why is Ortega so scornful of romanticism? How far would you go in agreeing with him?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Things I Like

My Definition of Good Art

I Am an Individual and Yet Part of the Crowd

Ortega y Gasset as Spokesman for the Twentieth Century

Art, Politics, and Society





## A GENERATION OF BUREAUCRATS

*William H. Whyte, Jr.*

✿ WHEN I WAS A COLLEGE SENIOR IN 1939, WE USED TO SING A plaintive song about going out into the "cold, cold world." It wasn't really so very cold then, but we did enjoy meditating on the fraughtness of it all. It was a big break we were facing, we told ourselves, and those of us who were going to try our luck in the commercial world could be patronizing toward those who were going on to graduate work or academic life. We were taking the leap.

Seniors still sing the song, but somehow the old note of portent is gone. There is no leap left to take. The union between the world of organization and the college has been so cemented that today's seniors can see a continuity between the college and the life thereafter that we never did. Come graduation, they do not go outside to a hostile world; they transfer.

For the senior who is headed for the corporation it is almost as if it were part of one master scheme. The locale shifts; the training continues, for at the same time that the colleges have been changing their curriculum to suit the corporation, the corporation has responded by setting up its own campuses and classrooms. By now the two have been so well molded that it's difficult to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

The descent, every spring, of the corporations' recruiters has now become a built-in feature of campus life. If the college is large and its placement director efficient, the processing operation is visibly impressive. I have never been able to erase from my mind the memory of an ordinary day at Purdue's placement center. It is probably the largest and most effective placement operation in the country, yet, much as in a well-run group clinic, there seemed hardly any activity. In the main room some students were quietly studying company literature arranged on the tables for them; others were checking the interview timetables to find what recruiter they would see and to which cubicle he was assigned; at the central

From *The Organization Man* by William H. Whyte, Jr. © 1956, by William H. Whyte, Jr., and reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Inc.

filing desk college employees were sorting the hundreds of names of men who had registered for placement. Except for a murmur from the row of cubicles there was little to indicate that scores of young men were, every hour on the half hour, making the decisions that would determine their whole future life.

Someone from a less organized era might conclude that the standardization of this machinery—and the standardized future it portends—would repel students. It does not. For the median senior this is the optimum future; it meshes so closely with his own aspirations that it is almost as if the corporation was planned in response to an attitude poll.

Because they are the largest single group, the corporation-bound seniors are the most visible manifestation of their generation's values. But in essentials their contemporaries headed for other occupations respond to the same urges. The lawyers, the doctors, the scientists—their occupations are also subject to the same centralization, the same trend to group work and to bureaucratization. And so are the young men who will enter them. Whatever their many differences, in one great respect they are all of a piece; more than any generation in memory, theirs will be a generation of bureaucrats.

They are, above all, conservative. Their inclination to accept the status quo does not necessarily mean that in the historic sweep of ideas they are conservative—in the more classical sense of conservatism, it could be argued that the seniors will be, in effect if not by design, agents of revolution. But this is a matter we must leave to later historians. For the immediate present, at any rate, what ideological ferment college men exhibit is not in the direction of basic change.

This shows most clearly in their attitude toward politics. It used to be axiomatic that young men moved to the left end of the spectrum in revolt against their fathers and then, as the years went on, moved slowly to the right. A lot of people still believe this is true, and many businessmen fear that twenty years of the New Deal hopelessly corrupted our youth into radicalism. After the election of 1952 businessmen became somewhat more cheerful, but many are still apprehensive, and whenever a poll indicates that students don't realize that business makes only about 6 per cent profit, there is a flurry of demands for some new crusade to rescue our youth from socialistic tendencies.

If the seniors do any moving, however, it will be from dead center. Liberal groups have almost disappeared from the campus, and what few remain are anemic. There has been no noticeable activity at the other end of the spectrum either. When William Buckley, Jr., produced *God and Man at Yale*, some people thought this signaled the emergence of a strong right-wing movement among the young men. The militancy, however, has not proved particularly contagious; when the McCarthy issue roused and divided their elders, undergraduates seemed somewhat bored with it all.

Their conservatism is passive. No cause seizes them, and nothing so exuberant or willfully iconoclastic as the Veterans of Future Wars has reappeared. There are Democrats and Republicans, and at election time there is the usual flurry of rallies, but in comparison with the agitation of the thirties no one seems to care too much one way or the other. There has been personal unrest — the suspense over the prospect of military service assures this — but it rarely gets resolved into a thought-out protest. Come spring and students may start whacking each other over the head or roughing up the townies and thereby cause a rush of concern over the wild younger generation. But there is no real revolution in them, and the next day they likely as not will be found with their feet firmly on the ground in the recruiters' cubicles.

Some observers attribute the disinterest to fear. I heard one instructor tell his colleagues that in his politics classes he warned students to keep their noses clean. "I tell them," he said, "that they'd better realize that what they say might be held against them, especially when we get to the part about Marx and Engels. Someday in the future they might find their comments bounced back at them in an investigation."

The advice, as his colleagues retorted, was outrageously unnecessary. The last thing students can be accused of now is dangerous discussion; they are not interested in the kind of big questions that stimulate heresy and whatever the subject — the corporation, government, religion — students grow restive if the talk tarries on the philosophical. Most are interested in the philosophical only to the extent of finding out what the accepted view is in order that they may accept it and get on to the practical matters. This spares the bystander from the lofty bulling and the elaborate pose of unor-

thodoxy that my contemporaries often used to affect, but it does make for a rather stringent utilitarianism.

Even in theological seminaries, this impatience to be on with the job has been evident. Writes Norman Pittenger, professor at General Theological Seminary:

It is a kind of authoritarianism in reverse. Theological students today, in contrast to their fellows of twenty years ago, want "to be told." I have gone out of my way to ask friends who teach in seminaries of other denominations whether they have recognized the new tendency. Without exception they have told me that they find the present generation of students less inquiring of mind, more ready to accept an authority, and indeed most anxious to have it "laid on the line."

In the seminary this means that the lecturer or teacher must be unusually careful lest his opinion, or what "the Bible says" or "the church teaches," shall be taken as the last word. . . . What troubles many of us is that students today are not willing enough to think things through for themselves. If this is what the Bible says, then how does it say it and why, and how do we know that this is indeed the teaching of Scripture? If this is what the church teaches, why does it teach it, what evidence can be given for the teaching and what right has the church to teach at all? Or if a professor says that such-and-such a view is correct, why does he say it and what real evidence can he produce that his statement is true? It would be better and healthier if the new respect for authority were more frequently found in combination with a spirit of inquiry, a ready willingness to think through what is authoritatively declared, and a refusal ever to accept anything simply because some reputable expert makes the statement.

In judging a college generation, one usually bases his judgment on how much it varies from one's own, and presumably superior, class, and I must confess that I find myself tempted to do so. Yet I do not think my generation has any license to damn the acquiescence of seniors as a weakening of intellectual fiber. It is easy for us to forget that if earlier generations were less content with society, there was a great deal less to be contented about. In the intervening years the economy has changed enormously, and even in retrospect the senior can hardly be expected to share former discontents. Society is not out of joint for him, and if he acquiesces it is not out of fear that he does so. He does not want to rebel against the status quo because he really likes it — and his elders, it might be added, are not suggesting anything bold and new to rebel for.



Perhaps contemporarism would be a better word than conservatism to describe their posture. The present, more than the past, is their model; while they share the characteristic American faith in the future also, they see it as more of same. As they paraphrase what they are now reading about America, they argue that at last we have got it. The big questions are all settled; we know the direction, and while many minor details remain to be cleared up, we can be pretty sure of enjoying a wonderful upward rise.

While the degree of their optimism is peculiarly American, the spirit of acquiescence, it should be noted, is by no means confined to the youth of this country. In an Oxford magazine, called, aptly enough, *Couth*, one student writes this of his generation:

It is true that over the last thirty years it has been elementary good manners to be depressed. . . . But . . . we are not, really, in the least worried by our impending, and other people's present, disasters. This is not the Age of Anxiety. What distinguishes the comfortable young men of today from the uncomfortable young men of the last hundred years . . . is that for once the younger generation is not in revolt against anything. . . . We don't want to rebel against our elders. They are much too nice to be rebellable-against. Old revolutionaries as they are, they get rather cross with us and tell us we are stuffy and prudish, but even this can't provoke us into hostility. . . . Our fathers . . . brought us up to see them not as the representatives of ancient authority and unalterable law but as rebels against our grandfathers. So naturally we have grown up to be on their side, even if we feel on occasion that they were a wee bit hard on their fathers, or even a little naive.

More than before, there is a tremendous interest in techniques. Having no quarrel with society, they prefer to table the subject of ends and concentrate instead on means. Not what or why but how interests them, and any evangelical strain they have they can sublimate, once they have equated the common weal with organization — a task the curriculum makes easy — they will let the organization worry about goals. "These men do not question the system," an economics professor says of them, approvingly. "They want to get in there and lubricate and make them run better. They will be technicians of the society, not innovators."

The attitude of men majoring in social science is particularly revealing on this score. Not so very long ago, the younger social scientist was apt to see his discipline as a vehicle for protest about



society as well as the study of it. The seniors that set the fashion for him were frequently angry men, and many of the big studies of the twenties and thirties — Robert and Helen Lynd's *Middletown*, for example — did not conceal strong opinions about the inequities in the social structure. But this is now old hat: it is the "bleeding-heart" school to the younger men (and to some not so young, too), for they do not wish to protest; they wish to collaborate. Reflecting the growing reconciliation with middle-class values that has affected all types of intellectuals, they are turning more and more to an interest in methodology, particularly the techniques of measurement. Older social scientists who have done studies on broad social problems find that the younger men are comparatively uninterested in the problems themselves. When the discussion period comes, the questions the younger men ask are on the technical points; not the what, or why, but the how.

The urge to be a technician, a collaborator, shows most markedly in the kind of jobs seniors prefer. They want to work for somebody else. Paradoxically, the old dream of independence through a business of one's own is held almost exclusively by factory workers — the one group, as a number of sociologists have reported, least able to fulfill it. Even at the bull-session level college seniors do not affect it, and when recruiting time comes around they make the preference clear. Consistently, placement officers find that of the men who intend to go into business — roughly one half of the class — less than 5 per cent express any desire to be an entrepreneur. About 15 to 20 per cent plan to go into their father's business. Of the rest, most have one simple goal: the big corporation.

And not just as a stopgap either. When I was a senior many of us liked to rationalize that we were simply playing it smart; we were going with big companies merely to learn the ropes the better to strike out on our own later. Today, seniors do not bother with this sort of talk; once the tie has been established with the big company, they believe, they will not switch to a small one, or, for that matter, to another big one. The relationship is to be for keeps.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make as brief an outline of this essay as possible. How many main points does it have? Are they fewer than the length of the essay suggested?

2. Comment on the author's use of specific references to add conviction and color to his main points.

3. What is the function of paragraph 2 in relation to paragraphs 1 and 3?

4. How many sections are there in paragraph 4?

5. What is the relationship of paragraph 5 to paragraph 4?

6. The first few paragraphs contain such phrases as "ideological ferment," "visible manifestation," and "optimum future." What do these phrases contribute to the tone of the essay?

7. The first three paragraphs include two contractions, a form commonly used in informal writing. What do these contractions contribute to the tone of the essay? How can you explain the author's inclusion of the phrases quoted in question 6 along with the contractions in paragraphs 1 and 3?

8. Define and use each of the following words from Whyte's essay: *fraughtness*, *portent*, *median*, *optimum*, *axiomatic*, *iconoclastic*, *restive*, *retrospect*, *sublimate*, *inequities*, *entrepreneur*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What does the author mean by "a generation of bureaucrats?"

2. What differences does the author find between college graduates of 1939 and of today?

3. What point does the author wish to make in his description of the Purdue placement center?

4. What does the author mean by "corporation-bound seniors?" What does their being the largest single group of graduates tell you about today's society?

5. Whyte says that the present college generation prefers "to table the subject of ends and concentrate instead on means." What does he mean, and what does this suggest about today's society?

6. How has the attitude of social science majors changed? What does this imply in terms of present day society?

7. What does today's "urge to be a technician, a collaborator" imply in terms of modern society?

8. The author explains the conduct of today's college student by saying, "He does not want to rebel against the status quo because he

really likes it." What are the implications of this statement in terms of today's society?

9. What, according to Whyte, is this generation's attitude toward politics? Toward philosophy? Toward theology? What similarities do you find in these attitudes? What does your answer imply in terms of present day society?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What various causes can you think of for the contented conformity that Whyte describes in our society?

2. Both Ortega (in "The New Mass Man") and Whyte find that modern society is concerned, in a passive way, with its own well-being. Ortega views this attitude with alarm, Whyte with calm. Which attitude do you think is more realistic? How would you say your answer is conditioned by your own view of society?

3. Contrast Whyte's and Carnegie's attitudes toward industry. How do the differences between them reflect a change in society?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

What I Want out of Life

My Attitude toward Politics

My Own Generation (an analysis)


Conformity as a Way to Happiness

Conformity and the Shaping of My Personality



## RESIST THE MASS

*Time Magazine*

 HE QUICKLY BECAME A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON CAMPUS — A SMALL slight man with precise, courtly manners who was almost always smoking a pipe and wearing a Tyrolean hat. Students soon got used to meeting him out for a solitary walk as late as 2 a.m., or having him show up unannounced to watch an R.O.T.C. drill or a track meet. By last week, as he completed his four-month stay as writer-in-residence, famed Novelist William Faulkner seemed

From *Time Magazine*, June 3, 1957. Reprinted by permission from *Time*; copyright Time, Inc. 1957.

as much a fixture at the University of Virginia as the maples that line the campus.

Faulkner had never before settled at a college and spoken his mind. At first, neither he nor the university knew how the experiment in communication would turn out. Students were warned not to intrude on his personal life or ask for autographs. The prospect of facing a roomful of students terrified Faulkner.

As it turned out, Faulkner and the students had plenty to say to each other. He had no formal teaching schedule, instead appeared before most of the university's graduate and undergraduate classes in English to read his labyrinthian fiction in a soft, gentle voice slurred slightly by a Mississippi accent. Then he politely answered questions about such matters as the murky origins of his stories. He told of drinking corn likker for breakfast with "those unhuman people who live between the Mississippi and the levee." He once frankly admitted that his writing methods were often haphazard because "when the characters come alive, all the writer has to do is jog along with his notebook and record what they say."

But Faulkner's greatest service to his students came between the hours of 10 and 12 in the morning, five days a week, when he would sit in a tiny office and talk about the lonely task of writing with anyone who cared to drop in. The student who wanted to learn about himself found that a talk with Faulkner was as revealing as a session on the analyst's couch. "He reminded me of things I wanted to forget," said one senior. "You have to open up your insides and put them out on the table and examine them with Faulkner."

Faulkner's advice was as starkly frank as his methods. He cautioned one student writer not to slip into a grey flannel suit and measure out his life in installment plans. "Do you want a piece of tin from Detroit and a \$30,000 pile of bricks in the suburbs?" he demanded. "If you do, you should get a load on every night. Isn't that a hell of a goal?" Television and the movies have their uses, Faulkner conceded, since they are "a simple way to get a paycheck and have nothing to do with writing." For a young writer, Faulkner kept saying, the only thing that matters is a craving to write: "The writer's got to be demon-ridden, to have the demon drive, to express the breadth, beauty, injustice and compassion of life."

For Faulkner, his stay in an ivory tower at Charlottesville was a

pleasant interlude. He spent hours playing with his 13-month-old grandson Paul Summers (his daughter Jill is married to a third-year law student at the university). He also toured nearby Civil War battlefields in a battered station wagon. He and his wife lived in a Georgian house just a 15-minute walk from the rolling campus that Thomas Jefferson picked for the university he designed and started to build. Normally shy, Faulkner delighted school officials by accepting outside speaking invitations.

Last week, after his final class, Faulkner tried to compare the students he had met at Virginia with his own generation. "They are more intellectually curious; they are more daring," he carefully summarized. "But they have more and more pressures to be submergent to a mass. The young man is tricked into not realizing the pressures to belong to a mass, a group which wants to do his thinking for him, give him his ideas." Rebel Faulkner's final advice: "The young man must struggle against the mass."

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FOR SPECULATION

1. In what ways is Faulkner's advice to his students opposed to the opinions of the mass man?
2. Faulkner's final statements are a restatement in simple terms of Ortega's "The Illustrious and the Vulgar." How do you account for this similarity in point of view?
3. Compare the Faulkner today with the Faulkner who conceived Popeye. What evidence do you have of his new hopefulness? On the basis of your own background and experience, what would you say has caused this new optimism?
4. Faulkner speaks out against the contented conformity that Whyte accepts so tolerantly in his "A Generation of Bureaucrats." Whose attitude do you prefer? Can you analyze why in terms of your own background and experience?



## PART TWO

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# MIND AND THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE

✿ Man lives in organized societies composed of other men, and part of what he is and becomes is shaped thereby. He also lives inescapably within himself, and never can know anything else as well as he knows this inner life, yet paradoxically finds it extremely hard to describe the nature of that life because he is so much a part of it. And yet it is the life of the mind perhaps more than anything else that makes man what he is.

There have been many notions about the nature of mind through the long course of human history. Perhaps the dominant one until fairly recent times, shared by many primitive peoples and the more sophisticated religions alike, has associated mind with man's immortal part. Often rather vaguely, the notions of mind and soul were blended together, and to many thinkers it was impossible to conceive of one as separate from the other. There were, in ancient and medieval times, many attempts to isolate the concept of mind from that of spirit, but these were based chiefly on fancy. At one time or another, also, the mind has been thought of as somehow associated with the heart, liver, or diaphragm — even with "temperament," which was once thought of as a product of physical rather than emotional make-up.

But since the eighteenth century it has been increasingly possible for speculative philosophers, and more recently psychologists and other scientists, to think about mind — the sum of consciousness, thought, feeling, and imagination — somewhat more concretely and objectively. Perhaps the greatest step was to view mind as a natural rather than a supernatural phenomenon, as something

which could be thought of without involving the concept of spirit. First, it was asked, what do we mean by mind? What are its functions and how does it operate? What can be discovered by introspection? The French philosopher René Descartes in the seventeenth century concluded, "I think, therefore I am" — which was true enough, but only a beginning. Shortly after Descartes, John Locke conceived of mind as a passive recording agent quite distinct from spirit; indeed, spirit was to Locke irrelevant. In the nineteenth century mind came to be thought of as an active, creative faculty, and in our own time it has come to be seen as a ceaseless stream of consciousness, sometimes directed toward practical or rational ends, but often formless and complex beyond our knowing.

One bold thinker in the eighteenth century, Bishop George Berkeley, took a different tack from Locke and concluded that mind was by no means a mere passive receptor; on the contrary, he believed it so vividly alive that indeed we have no evidence that anything else exists at all. And in so thinking, he opened a second far-ranging problem, the problem of knowledge, of what we can know, how we can know, and how dependable our knowledge is. Suppose, Berkeley would argue, you see four apples on a desk. Are they really there? or in your mind? Walk out of the room; do the apples still exist? How can you prove they do? By witnesses? How can you be sure the witnesses also aren't creations of your mind? How can you know that anything at all exists outside of your own head? This is a teaser, and the answer to it is in terms of common sense, not logical proof.

Even if we can trust the evidence of our senses, how far can we trust them? Most of us these days believe in the atom, but nobody has ever seen one, even under the most powerful electron microscope. Others have wondered, conversely, whether we are really limited in our perceptions to what can come to us through our senses. There is a small group of psychologists who believe that we are not, that through "extra-sensory perception" we can know things hidden to our senses — future events, or present ones outside the range of our senses, as in another room or even a thousand miles away.

You will find, in the selections that follow, that some concepts of mind re-enforce while others contradict each other. For the mind, though isolated as a function since the late seventeenth century and referred to so glibly today, is still a surprisingly mys-

terious entity. But even though we are *far* from knowing all we should like to know about it, it is well worth while to have some idea of important modern views of it. How else can we learn what we are?

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## The Nature of Mind: Two Views

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☛ Today we speak of the mind with casual assurance, as though it had the same concrete and tangible existence as a finger or an eye. We inherit this assurance from the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, known as the Age of Reason — a time of practical common sense with little patience for such cloudy concepts as the notions of mind which linked it, on the one hand, with soul or spirit, and, on the other, with actual bodily organs. Either the mind was a separate entity or it did not exist; and if it existed it could be explained in concrete terms. John Locke's "The Mind as White Paper" expresses the central definition of mind for the Age of Reason. It describes the mind as a passive agent shaped by two forces, experience and observation. Mind is therefore a product of living; it does not come from a mysterious world of spirit. In this view the mind is as tangible as a test tube — and just as passive, taking on color and meaning only from what is poured into it.

Sheets of blank white paper are real, but they lack variety. While Locke's view suited an age that liked things to be tidy, it had little appeal to the Romantic Period of the next century. The nineteenth century turned instead to such thinkers as the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, who demonstrated to the age that the mind is not passive white paper but an active agent which manipulates experience by reason, so that man can shape his own destiny in a complex world. Kant's major treatise, *The Critique of Pure Reason*, is thorny reading even for professional philosophers, but fortunately Will Durant's "The Mind as Shaping Agent" captures all the stimulation of Kant's thinking in Durant's more lucid language.

Inevitably, changing ideas of mind affected literature, which, after all, deals mainly with people. If you had been a novelist of the Age of Reason, how might you have portrayed your characters

and described their thoughts and reactions? You would have been limited largely to experience and observation — to incident and people's comments. Suppose, however, you had been a novelist in the nineteenth century. You could then have peered more deeply beneath the surface to develop a character through the introspective thrusts and probings of his own mind. Fielding's landlady and Stendhal's Count illustrate these differences admirably. Which character seems more real is debatable; which is more familiar is not. You find the latter method on radio and TV, in movies, in popular fiction — such as "Isles Finds a Body." Why, you may ask, is this nineteenth century method still so common in the popular arts today?



## THE MIND AS WHITE PAPER

John Locke

1. IDEA IS THE OBJECT OF THINKING. — EVERY MAN BEING CONSCIOUS to himself that he thinks, and that which his mind is applied about whilst thinking being the ideas that are there, it is past doubt that men have in their mind several ideas, such as are those expressed by the words "whiteness," "hardness," "sweetness," "thinking," "motion," "man," "elephant," "army," "drunkenness," and others. It is in the first place then to be inquired, how he comes by them. I know it is a received doctrine that men have native ideas and original characters stamped upon their minds in their very first being. This opinion I have at large examined already; and I suppose what I have said in the foregoing book [An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Book I] will be much more easily admitted, when I have shown whence the understanding may get all the ideas it has, and by what ways and degrees they may come into the mind; for which I shall appeal to every one's own observation and experience.

2. All ideas come from sensation or reflection. — Let us then, suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all charac-

From An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, Book II, 1690.



ters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

3. *The objects of sensation one source of ideas.* — First, our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have, of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities; which when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they from external objects convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon our senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call “sensation.”

4. *The operations of our minds, the other source of them.* — Secondly, the other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds; which we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called “internal sense.” But as I call the other “sensation” so I call this “reflection,” the ideas it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, in the following part of this discourse, I would be understood

to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them; by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding. These two, I say, viz., external material things, as the objects of sensation, and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection, are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term "operations" here I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as is the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought.

5. *All our ideas are of the one or the other of these.* — The understanding seems to me not to have the least glimmering of any ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two. External objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us; and the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations.

These, when we have taken a full survey of them, and their several modes, combinations, and relations, we shall find to contain all our whole stock of ideas; and that we have nothing in our minds which did not come in one of these two ways. Let any one examine his own thoughts, and thoroughly search into his understanding; and then let him tell me, whether all the original ideas he has there, are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind, considered as objects of his reflection: and how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind but what one of these two hath imprinted; though, perhaps, with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding, as we shall see hereafter. . . .

17. *If I think when I know it not, nobody else can know it.* — Those who so confidently tell us, that the soul always actually thinks, I would they would also tell us what those ideas are that are in the soul of a child before or just at the union with the body, before it hath received any by sensation. The dreams of sleeping men are, as I take it, all made up of the waking man's ideas, though for the most part oddly put together. It is strange, if the soul has ideas of its own that it derived not from sensation or reflection (as it must have, if it thought before it received any impression from the body), that it should never in its private thinking (so private, that the man himself perceives it not), retain any of them the very

moment it wakes out of them, and then make the man glad with new discoveries. Who can find it reasonable that the soul should in its retirement, during sleep, have so many hours' thoughts, and yet never light on any of those ideas it borrowed not from sensation or reflection, or at least preserve the memory of none but such which, being occasioned from the body, must needs be less natural to a spirit? It is strange the soul should never once in a man's whole life recall over any of its pure, native thoughts, and those ideas it had before it borrowed anything from the body; never bring into the waking man's view any other ideas but what have a tang of the cask, and manifestly derive their original from that union. If it always thinks, and so had ideas before it was united, or before it received any from the body, it is not to be supposed but that during sleep it recollects its native ideas, and during that retirement from communicating with the body, whilst it thinks by itself, the ideas it is busied about should be, sometimes at least, those more natural and congenial ones which it had in itself, underived from the body, or its own operations about them; which since the waking man never remembers, we must from this hypothesis conclude, either that the soul remembers something that the man does not, or else that memory belongs only to such ideas as are derived from the body, or the mind's operations about them.

18. *How knows anyone that the soul always thinks? For if it be not a self-evident proposition, it needs proof.* — I would be glad also to learn from these men, who so confidently pronounce that the human soul, or, which is all one, that a man, always thinks, how they come to know it; nay, how they come to know that they themselves think, when they themselves do not perceive it? This, I am afraid, is to be sure without proofs, and to know without perceiving. It is, I suspect, a confused notion taken up to serve an hypothesis; and none of those clear truths that either their own evidence forces us to admit, or common experience makes it impudence to deny. For the most that can be said of it is, that it is possible the soul may always think, but not always retain it in memory; and I say, it is as possible that the soul may not always think, and much more probable that it should sometimes not think, than that it should often think, and that a long while together, and not be conscious to itself, the next moment after, that it had thought.

19. *That a man should be busy in thinking, and yet not retain*

it the next moment, very improbable. — To suppose the soul to think, and the man not to perceive it, is, as has been said, to make two persons in one man; and if one considers well these men's way of speaking, one should be led into a suspicion that they do so. For they who tell us that the soul always thinks, do never, that I remember, say, that a man always thinks. Can the soul think, and not the man? or a man think, and not be conscious of it? This perhaps would be suspected of jargon in others. If they say, "The man thinks always, but is not always conscious of it," they may as well say, his body is extended without having parts. For it is altogether as intelligible to say, that a body is extended without parts, as that anything thinks without being conscious of it, or perceiving that it does so. They who talk thus may, with as much reason, if it be necessary to their hypothesis, say, that a man is always hungry, but that he does not always feel it: whereas hunger consists in that very sensation, as thinking consists in being conscious that one thinks. If they say, that a man is always conscious to himself of thinking, I ask how they know it? Consciousness is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind. Can another man perceive that I am conscious of any thing, when I perceive it not myself? No man's knowledge here can go beyond his experience. Wake a man out of a sound sleep, and ask him what he was that moment thinking on. If he himself be conscious of nothing he then thought on, he must be a notable diviner of thoughts that can assure him that he was thinking: may he not with more reason assure him he was not asleep? This is something beyond philosophy; and it cannot be less than revelation that discovers to another thoughts in my mind when I can find none there myself: and they must needs have a penetrating sight who can certainly see that I think, when I cannot perceive it myself, and when I declare that I do not; and yet can see that dogs or elephants do not think, when they give all the demonstration of it imaginable, except only telling us that they do so. This some may suspect to be a step beyond the Rosicrucians; it seeming easier to make one's self invisible to others than to make another's thoughts visible to me, which are not visible to himself. But it is but defining the soul to be a substance that always thinks, and the business is done. If such definition be of any authority, I know not what it can serve for, but to make many men suspect that they have no souls at all, since they find a good part of their lives pass away without thinking. For no definitions that



I know, no suppositions of any sect, are of force enough to destroy constant experience; and perhaps it is the affectation of knowing beyond what we perceive that makes so much useless dispute and noise in the world. . . .

24. *The original of all our knowledge.* — In time the mind comes to reflect on its own operations about the ideas got by sensation, and thereby stores itself with a new set of ideas, which I call “ideas of reflection.” These are the impressions that are made on our senses by outward objects, that are extrinsical to the mind; and its own operations, proceeding from powers intrinsical and proper to itself, which, when reflected on by itself, become also objects of its contemplation, are, as I have said, the original of all knowledge. Thus the first capacity of human intellect is, that the mind is fitted to receive the impressions made on it, either through the senses by outward objects, or by its own operations when it reflects on them. This is the first step a man makes towards the discovery of anything, and the ground-work whereon to build all those notions which ever he shall have naturally in this world. All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds, and reach as high as heaven itself, take their rise and footing here: in all that great extent wherein the mind wanders in those remote speculations it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection have offered for its contemplation.

25. *In the reception of simple ideas, the understanding is for the most part passive.* — In this part the understanding is merely passive; and whether or no it will have these beginnings and, as it were, materials of knowledge, is not in its own power. For the objects of our senses do many of them obtrude their particular ideas upon our minds, whether we will or no; and the operations of our minds will not let us be without at least some obscure notions of them. No man can be wholly ignorant of what he does when he thinks. These simple ideas, when offered to the mind, the understanding can no more refuse to have, nor alter when they are imprinted, nor blot them out and make new ones itself, than a mirror can refuse, alter or obliterate the images or ideas, which the objects set before it do therein produce. As the bodies that surround us do diversely affect our organs, the mind is forced to receive the impressions, and cannot avoid the perception of those ideas that are annexed to them.



## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Paragraph 1 is tightly packed with information. Outline the points it covers and see how fully the paragraph anticipates the contents of the remainder of the selection.

2. The diction is formal and dignified. Show how sentence length and choice of vocabulary tend to make it so.

3. Two key words Locke uses are "sensation" and "experience." How does he define them? How much do they contribute by themselves to his definition of mind?

4. This is a philosophical essay, dealing in abstractions, and including many abstract terms. List some of them and show how they contribute to the tone and style.

5. In many sentences the subject is widely separated from the verb. Find at least two such sentences in Parts 3 and 4 and point out how this construction affects the tone of the essay.

6. Define and use each of the following words from Locke's essay: *doctrine*, *boundless*, *conversant*, *glimmering*, *compounded*, *extrinsical*, *intrinsic*, *obliterate*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Locke's famous definition of the mind as white paper includes in it a tacit appeal to the full use of our powers of observation and experience. How capably do you think we observe and learn from experience?

2. What does Locke say in Part 3 is the function of our senses?

3. According to Part 4, how do our minds operate?

4. For Locke, ideas are the products of sensations and reflections. Consider his example of the sensation of heat. How does he think it gives us the idea of heat?

5. Locke cites "thinking" as an example of reflection. How does he show that we think without having active minds?

6. What is the distinction between Locke's "sensations" and "reflections?" How, according to him, do both exist without the agency of a functioning mind?

7. What is Locke's full definition of "ideas" as expressed in Part 5?

8. What arguments does Locke offer in Parts 17-19 to prove that the human soul is unable to think independently? What is his purpose in offering these arguments?

9. How could the still current Greek word *phrenos*, defined as

"mind, spirit, temperament, heart, diaphragm," be said to have influenced Parts 17-19?

10. According to Parts 24 and 25, how does the mind receive knowledge?

11. There are no ideas in the mind except those imprinted by sensation or reflection, Locke concludes. How does this conclusion justify his statement that the mind, at birth, is a sheet of blank white paper?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. If everyone were born with a mind of blank "white paper," then everyone would be equal at birth. How would this notion affect ideas of government? Locke was one of the major influences on the Constitution of the United States. Can you explain in part how, on the basis of the selection you have just read?

2. If we do not grant Locke's assumption that the mind at birth is like a sheet of blank white paper, what happens to his analysis of mind?


#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Debt to Experience  
My Debt to Observation  
Differences between People  
If the Mind Is White Paper  
Democracy and Equality



## KANT AND THE MIND AS SHAPING AGENT

Will Durant

 THE *Critique* [of Pure Reason BY IMMANUEL KANT] COMES TO the point at once. "Experience is by no means the only field to which our understanding can be confined. Experience tells us what is, but not that it must be necessarily what it is and not otherwise. It therefore never gives us any really general truths; and our reason, which is particularly anxious for that class of knowledge, is roused by it rather than satisfied. General truths, which at the

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same time bear the character of an inward necessity, must be independent of experience, — clear and certain in themselves. That is to say, they must be true no matter what our later experience may be; true even before experience; true *à priori*. “How far we can advance independently of all experience, in *à priori* knowledge, is shown by the brilliant example of mathematics. Mathematical knowledge is necessary and certain; we cannot conceive of future experience violating it. We may believe that the sun will “rise” in the west to-morrow, or that some day, in some conceivable asbestos world, fire will not burn stick; but we cannot for the life of us believe that two times two will ever make anything else than four. Such truths are true before experience; they do not depend on experience past, present, or to come. Therefore they are absolute and necessary truths; it is inconceivable that they should ever become untrue. But whence do we get this character of absoluteness and necessity? Not from experience; for experience gives us nothing but separate sensations and events, which may alter their sequence in the future. These truths derive their necessary character from the inherent structure of our minds, from the natural and inevitable manner in which our minds must operate. For the mind of man (and here at last is the great thesis of Kant) is not passive wax upon which experience and sensation write their absolute and yet whimsical will; nor is it a mere abstract name for the series or group of mental states; it is an active organ which moulds and coördinates sensations into ideas, an organ which transforms the chaotic multiplicity of experience into the ordered unity of thought.

#### TRANSCENDENTAL ESTHETIC

The effort to answer this question, to study the inherent structure of the mind, or the innate laws of thought, is what Kant calls “transcendental philosophy,” because it is a problem transcending sense-experience. “I call knowledge transcendental which is occupied not so much with objects, as with our *à priori* concepts of objects” — with our modes of correlating our experience into knowledge. There are two grades or stages in this process of working up the raw material of sensation into the finished product of thought. The first stage is the coördination of sensations by applying to them the forms of perception — space and time; the second stage is the coördination of the perceptions so developed, by apply-

ing to them the forms of conception — the “categories” of thought. Kant, using the word *esthetic* in its original and etymological sense, as connoting sensation or feeling, calls the study of the first of these stages “Transcendental Esthetic”; and using the word *logic* as meaning the science of the forms of thought, he calls the study of the second stage “Transcendental Logic.” These are terrible words, which will take meaning as the argument proceeds; once over this hill, the road to Kant will be comparatively clear.

Now just what is meant by sensations and perceptions? — and how does the mind change the former into the latter? By itself a sensation is merely the awareness of a stimulus; we have a taste on the tongue, an odor in the nostrils, a sound in the ears, a temperature on the skin, a flash of light on the retina, a pressure on the fingers: it is the raw crude beginning of experience; it is what the infant has in the early days of its groping mental life; it is not yet knowledge. But let these various sensations group themselves about an object in space and time — say this apple; let the odor in the nostrils, and the taste on the tongue, the light on the retina, the shape-revealing pressure on the fingers and the hand, unite and group themselves about this “thing”: and there is now an awareness not so much of a stimulus as of a specific object; there is a perception. Sensation has passed into knowledge.

But again, was this passage, this grouping, automatic? Did the sensations of themselves, spontaneously and naturally, fall into a cluster and an order, and so become perception? Yes, said Locke and Hume; not at all, says Kant.

For these varied sensations come to us through varied channels of sense, through a thousand “afferent nerves” that pass from skin and eye and ear and tongue into the brain; what a medley of messengers they must be as they crowd into the chambers of the mind, calling for attention! No wonder Plato spoke of “the rabble of the senses.” And left to themselves, they remain rabble, a chaotic “manifold,” pitifully impotent, waiting to be ordered into meaning and purpose and power. As readily might the messages brought to a general from a thousand sectors of the battle-line weave themselves unaided into comprehension and command. No; there is a law-giver for this mob, a directing and coördinating power that does not merely receive, but takes these atoms of sensation and moulds them into sense.

Observe, first, that not all of the messages are accepted. Myriad forces play upon your body at this moment; a storm of stimuli beats down upon the nerve-endings which, amoebalike, you put forth to experience the external world: but not all that call are chosen; only those sensations are selected that can be moulded into perceptions suited to your present purpose, or that bring those imperious messages of danger which are always relevant. The clock is ticking, and you do not hear it; but that same ticking, not louder than before, will be heard at once if your purpose wills it so. The mother asleep at her infant's cradle is deaf to the turmoil of life about her; but let the little one move, and the mother gropes her way back to waking attention like a diver rising hurriedly to the surface of the sea. Let the purpose be addition, and the stimulus "two and three," brings the response, "five"; let the purpose be multiplication, and the same stimulus, the same auditory sensations, "two and three," bring the response, "six." Association of sensations or ideas is not merely by contiguity in space or time, nor by similarity, nor by recency, frequency or intensity of experience; it is above all determined by the purpose of the mind. Sensations and thoughts are servants, they await our call, they do not come unless we need them. There is an agent of selection and direction that uses them and is their master. In addition to the sensations and the ideas there is the mind.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 1? How does it clarify the ideas of the entire essay?
2. Key words in this essay are "a priori" and "experience." Define them as Kant does and show how they represent the opposite sides of the argument that Kant is trying to resolve.
3. Define "transcendental." How, in a large sense, does it mean the same thing as a priori?
4. The imagery of the final paragraph is homely and practical. What is the author's purpose in using this kind of imagery?
5. What does Durant wish to accomplish by putting the final word of this passage in italics?
6. Make a brief outline of the entire selection, then analyze how



Durant has organized this most difficult material into a series of logical, comparatively easy steps.

7. Define and use each of the following words from Durant's essay: *inherent, innate, correlating, etymological, myriad, impervious.*

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What does Kant mean by *a priori* knowledge? How is "two plus two equals four" *a priori*?

2. What is Kant's opinion of experience in contrast to *a priori* knowledge?

3. What, according to Kant, does experience not do?

4. "General truths must be independent of experience," says Kant. What does he mean by this? Can you give an example of it?

5. How, according to Kant, does the mind change sensations into perceptions? Use Durant's example of the apple to clarify your answer.

6. What, according to Kant, does the active, functioning mind do for the "rabble of the senses?"

7. Durant sums up Kant's great thesis in the words, "For the mind of man is not passive wax upon which experience and sensation write their absolute and yet whimsical will." Can you put this statement in your own words?

8. What, then, is the mind, according to Immanuel Kant? What is your own opinion of Kant's definition?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. After Kant's assertion of an active, functioning mind what change would you expect in character portrayal in literature?

2. Kant's definition of perceptions provides as much information as we need about his concept of an active, functioning mind. Still, it would be interesting to touch on his further definition of the mind as "an organ which transforms the chaotic multiplicity of experience (perceptions) into the ordered unity of thought (conception)." Assuming for example that Newton linked the perceptions of "apple" and of "falling," how would his law of gravitation be an example of Kantian conception?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Of Course My Mind Functions!

Is There an *A Priori* College Freshman?

Kant's Theory and My Roommate

What I Believe to Be *A Priori*

Locke vs. Kant (an imaginary debate)



## A VISIT FROM THE LANDLADY

Henry Fielding

(Tom Jones, in disgrace with his guardian, the excellent Squire Allworthy, has gone to far off London away from Allworthy and from Tom's true love, Sophia Western. Despite many London adventures, including one involving soldiers that occurs just before this narrative begins, Tom cannot forget Sophia for a moment. While mourning her absence he is paid a visit by his landlady.)

✿ WHEN JONES HAD TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS FRIEND THE LIEUTENANT, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented, himself with the thoughts of his Sophia till it was open daylight, he called for some tea; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him, or at least had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to show him all the respect in her power; for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she likewise began to discourse: — “La! sir,” said she, “I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep ’um too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of ’um last night, besides officers; nay, for matter o’ that, I had rather have the soldiers than officers: for nothing is ever good enough for those sparks: and I am sure, if you was to see the bills; la! sir, it is nothing. I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good squire’s family, where we take forty or fifty shillings of a night, besides horses. And yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of those officer fellows but looks upon himself

From *Tom Jones*, 1749.

to be as good as arrow a squire of £500 a year. To be sure it doth me good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying your honour, and your honour. Marry come up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling a head. Then there's such swearing among 'um, to be sure it frightens me out o' my wits: I thinks nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people. And here one of 'um has used you in so barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would secure him; they all hang together; for if you had been in danger of death, which I am glad to see you are not, it would have been all as one to such wicked people. They would have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'um; I would not have such a sin to answer for, for the whole world. But though you are likely, with the blessing, to recover, there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ lawyer Small, I darest be sworn he'll make the fellow fly the country for him; though perhaps he'll have fled the country before; for it is here to-day and gone tomorrow with such chaps. I hope, however, you will learn more wit for the future, and return back to your friends; I warrant they are all miserable for your loss: and if they was but to know what had happened — La, my seeming! I would not for the world they should. Come, come, we know very well what all the matter is; but if one won't, another will; so pretty a gentleman need never want a lady. I am sure, if I was you, I would see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, before I would go for a soldier for her. Nay, don't blush so" (for indeed he did to a violent degree). "Why, you thought, sir, I knew nothing of the matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia." — "How," says Jones, starting up, "do you know my Sophia?" — "Do I! ay, marry," cries the landlady; "many's the time hath she lain in this house." — "With her aunt, I suppose," says Jones. — "Why, there it is now," cries the landlady. "Ay, ay, ay, I know the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't." — "A sweet creature," cries Jones; "O heavens!"

Angels are painted fair to look like her.  
There's in her all that we believe of heav'n,  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

"And could I ever have imagined that you had known my Sophia!" — "I wish," says the landlady, "you knew half so much

of her. What would you have given to have sat by her bedside? What a delicious neck she hath! Her lovely limbs have stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie in." — "Here!" cries Jones: "hath Sophia ever laid here?" — "Ay, ay, here; there, in that very bed," says the landlady; "where I wish you had her this moment; and she may wish so too for anything I know to the contrary, for she hath mentioned your name to me." — "Ha!" cries he; "did she ever mention her poor Jones? You flatter me now: I can never believe so much." — "Why, then," answered she, "as I hope to be saved and may the devil fetch me if I speak a syllable more than the truth, I have heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive she thought a great deal more than she said." — "O my dear woman!" cries Jones, "her thoughts of me I shall never be worthy of. Oh, she is all gentleness, kindness, goodness! Why was such a rascal as I born, ever to give her soft bosom a moment's uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I, who would undergo all the plagues and miseries which any demon ever invented for mankind, to procure her any good; nay, torture itself could not be misery to me, did I but know that she was happy." — "Why, look you there now," says the landlady; "I told her you was a constant lover." — "But pray, madam, tell me when or where you knew anything of me; for I never was here before, nor do I remember ever to have seen you." — "Nor is it possible you should," answered she; "for you was a little thing when I had you in my lap at the squire's." — "How, the squire's?" says Jones: "what, do you know that great and good Mr. Allworthy then?" — "Yes, marry, do I," says she: "who in the country doth not?" — "The fame of his goodness indeed," answered Jones, "must have extended farther than this: but heaven only can know him — can know that benevolence which it copied from itself, and sent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such Divine goodness as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I, who was raised by him to such a height; taken in, as you must well know, a poor base-born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own son, to dare by my follies to disoblige him, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all; for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injustice by me. No, I deserve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, madam," says he, "I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier, especially with such a fortune as this in my pocket."

At which words he shook a purse which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, That to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances. "But hark," says she, "I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the devil's in all our volk; nobody hath any ears. I must go down-stairs; if you want any more breakfast the maid will come up. Coming!" At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room; for the lowest sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Despite his long, winding sentences in paragraphs 1 and 2, Fielding's style is easy to read. Show how his choice of words and his use of short phrasing within the sentences themselves contribute to this fluency.

2. Paragraph 2 serves as transition between Jones's getting up and the landlady's self-revealing dialogue. Comment on how the author's own observations brighten up this necessary but otherwise uninteresting paragraph.

3. Fielding's tone in this narrative is ironic. Define irony and point out some examples of it in this narrative.

4. Squire Allworthy, mentioned by Jones, is a genuinely fine man. Do you think Fielding helps his characterization of Allworthy by giving him so obviously symbolic a name?

5. The word "vouchsafed" in paragraph 1 is now given as obsolete in the dictionary. What does the word mean? Do you think obsolete words tend to make a narrative less real?

6. Define and use each of the following words from Fielding's narrative: *lulled*, *benevolence*, *disoblige*, *tenacious*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Eighteenth century diction apart, do Fielding's characters seem natural or more like caricatures?

2. Fielding's final paragraph is divided into incident and observa-



tion. What incident occurs in the final paragraph and how does it help reveal the landlady's character?

3. What is the author's observation in the final paragraph and how does it help reveal the landlady's character?

4. Why did the landlady visit Tom Jones? What does this reveal about her character?

5. What is the landlady's opinion of soldiers? How are her statements about them a reflection of her own character?

6. Sum up the landlady's character on the basis of Fielding's observations and the things she said and did during her brief visit to Tom Jones. How well do you think you know her?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Analyze Fielding's observations through this narrative. How modern do they seem to you? Why should this be so?

2. The landlady is characterized solely on the basis of experience (the things she does and says she has done) and observation (her own and the author's comments on her actions). How closely related is this type of character portrayal to Locke's philosophy of mind?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Odd Characters I Have Known

A Revealing Incident

Some Observations on Life

Behavior and Personality

A Surprise Visit (a story told through incident and observation)



## A VISIT FROM MOSCA DELLA ROVERE

Stendhal

(Gina, the Duchess of Sanseverina-Taxis, is a woman of commanding beauty and charm. The Prince of Parma loves her in vain. His prime minister, Count Mosca della Rovere, loves her with a devotion both surprising and touching in so worldly a gentleman. Fabrizio, the son of her sister-in-law, respects and admires her, but alas for Count Mosca's peace of mind, Fabrizio

From *The Charterhouse of Parma*, 1838, translated by the editor.

is as handsome as the Duchess is beautiful. The Prince spitefully sends Count Mosca a letter implying that the Duchess and Fabrizio love one another, and despite his better judgment Mosca pays Gina an unexpected visit.)

☛ SEVERAL HOURS LATER COUNT MOSCA RECEIVED A LETTER BY POST. The hour of its delivery had been timed and the moment the postman, who had been seen entering holding a little letter in his hand, left the prime minister's palace, Mosca was called to the palace of His Highness. Never had the favorite seemed crushed by a blacker sorrow. To enjoy this in full comfort the Prince called out upon seeing him:

"I have need to relax while chatting casually with my friend instead of working with my minister. I am enjoying a maddening headache this evening, and besides I am visited by black thoughts."

Need I talk about the abominable mood that agitated the prime minister, Count Mosca della Rovere, the moment he was permitted to leave his august master? Ranuccio Ernesto IV was quite skillful at the art of torturing a heart, and I could justifiably make a comparison here with the tiger who loves to toy with its prey.

The Count was driven home at a gallop. He cried out on entering that no living soul was permitted upstairs, had the guard on duty there relieved (to know of a human being within the sound of his voice was hateful) and ran to lock himself in his vast picture gallery. There he could at last give vent to his full fury. There he passed the evening in darkness walking about jerkily like a man beside himself. He tried to stifle his heart by concentrating the full force of his attention on considering what to do. Plunged into agonies which his cruelest enemy would have pitied, he said to himself: "The man whom I hate lives in the Duchess's house, spends every moment with her. Should I try questioning one of her women? Nothing would be more dangerous. She is so kind! She pays them so well! They adore her! (Good God, by whom is she not adored?) Here is the question," he went on in a rage.

"Should I let her discern the jealousy that devours me, or conceal it?

"If I am silent, nothing will be hidden from me. I know Gina. She is entirely a woman of impulse. Her conduct is unpredictable, even to herself. If she tries to plot out a course in advance she gets mixed up. Always at the moment of action a new idea comes to

her which she follows delightedly as being the best in the world, and which spoils everything.

"By saying nothing of my suffering, nothing is concealed from me and I can see everything that happens. . . .

"But by speaking I create different circumstances. I make her think. I prevent many of those horrible things that can happen . . . He might be sent away (the Count sighed) and then I have almost won. At that moment, though, she will be a bit distressed, and I shall calm her . . . What more natural than that distress? . . . For fifteen years she has loved him like a son. There lies all my hope: like a son . . . But she has not seen him since his flight to Waterloo. And he has returned to Naples a different man, especially for her. A *different man!*" he repeated with rage, "and this one is charming. Above all he has that innocent, tender air, that smiling glance which promises so much happiness! The Duchess is not used to finding such eyes at our court! . . . In their stead is a gloomy or sardonic expression. I myself, dogged by affairs of state, ruling only by my influence over a man who would like to make me ridiculous, what expressions must I often wear? Ah! However well I may groom myself, my expression still makes me seem old! Isn't my gaiety always tinged with irony? . . . I will say more, I must be honest here, doesn't my gaiety reflect my absolute power . . . and my malice? Don't I sometimes tell myself, especially when annoyed: 'I must be happier than the next man, for I possess what others lack, sovereign power in three-quarters of everything' . . . Ah, well, let's be fair. This way of thinking cannot help but spoil my smile . . . cannot help but give me an air of egotism . . . of sleekness . . . And how charming his smile is! He radiates the easy happiness of early youth and brings it to life."

Unfortunately for the Count the weather was warm that evening, stuffy, prefacing a storm, weather which, in a word, leads to violent decisions in countries like these. How to describe all the arguments, all the ways of looking at what had happened to him which put this passionate man to the torture for three mortal hours? Finally prudence won out, solely by his following this line of thinking: "I am probably mad. In thinking I reason I don't reason at all, just twist around looking for a less cruel position. I am by-passing some decisive reason without seeing it. Since I am blinded by too much grief, let us follow that rule approved by all wise men and named Prudence.

"Besides, once I have spoken the fatal word jealousy, my course is plotted forever. On the other hand, by saying nothing today I may speak tomorrow, can remain master of everything." The crisis was too terrible. Had it continued the Count would have gone mad. For a few moments he was consoled by fixing his attention on the anonymous letter. From whom could it have come? A search for names and a judgment on each offered him some diversion. Finally the Count recalled a flash of malice which had darted from the sovereign's eye when he came to say toward the end of the audience: "Yes, dear friend, let us agree, the most delicious pleasures and cares of ambition, even of unlimited power, are as nothing alongside the intimate joy of tenderness and love. I am a man first and then a prince, and when I have the good fortune to love, my mistress knows the man, not the prince." The Count compared that instant of malicious joy with this phrase in the letter: *It is thanks to your profound wisdom that we see this state so well governed.* "That is the Prince's sentence!" he cried. "From a courtier it would be needless and without tact. The letter comes from His Highness."

This problem resolved, the small joy caused by the pleasure of solving it was soon wiped out by the cruel vision of Fabrizio's charming graces, which returned once more. It was like an enormous weight that fell once more across the unfortunate man's heart. "What does it matter who wrote the anonymous letter!" he cried with fury. "Does that make its warning to me any less real? This whim can change my entire life," he said to excuse his being so frantic. "At the first opportunity, if she loves him in a certain way, she will leave with him for Belgirate, for Switzerland, for some corner of the world. She is rich, and besides, if she had to live on only a few louis a year what would it matter to her? Didn't she admit to me not eight days ago that her palace, so well appointed, so magnificent, bored her? So young a soul needs something new! And how easily this new delight has appeared! She will be enraptured before dreaming of any danger, before dreaming of having any pity for me! And I am so unhappy!" cried the Count, melting into tears.

He had sworn not to visit the Duchess this evening, but he could not hold out. His eyes had never before had such a thirst to see her. At midnight he presented himself at her palace. He found her

alone with her nephew. At ten o'clock she had sent everyone away and locked the door.

At seeing the tender intimacy that reigned between these two, and the Duchess's innocent joy, a frightful problem, an unforeseen one, loomed before the Count's eyes! During his long deliberation in the picture gallery he had not dreamed of this: how would he hide his jealousy?

Not knowing which pretext to hide behind, he pretended he had found the Prince excessively unfriendly to him that evening, contradicting all his statements, etc., etc. He was grieved to find the Duchess hardly listening to him and paying no attention at all to these circumstances which would have sent her into infinite speculations two evenings ago. The Count studied Fabrizio. His beautiful Lombardy face had never seemed so innocent, so noble. Fabrizio was paying more attention to the difficulties he spoke of than the Duchess was.

"In truth," he told himself, "his head combines extreme goodness with a certain expression of innocent, tender joy in a way that is irresistible. It seems to say: 'Only love and the happiness it gives are the important things of this world.' And even if you should hit on some instance where keenness is needed, his expression would light up and astound you.

"Everything seems simple to his eyes because everything is seen from a height. Good God! How to fight such an enemy? And after all, what is life without Gina's love? With what ecstasy she seems to listen to the charming sallies of that creature who is so youthful and who, for a woman, must seem unique in the world!"

A terrible idea gripped the Count like a cramp. "Shall I stab him right in front of her and kill myself afterwards?"

He walked about the room hardly able to govern his legs, gripping the handle of his dagger convulsively. Neither of them was paying attention to anything he did. He said he was going to give an order to his lackey and they did not even hear him. The Duchess was laughing tenderly at a word that Fabrizio had just spoken to her. The Count approached a lamp in the anteroom and examined whether the point of his dagger was well sharpened. "I must be gracious and display perfect manners in front of this young man," he told himself upon returning to the two of them.

He was going mad. It seemed to him that in leaning toward one



another they were kissing, there, before his very eyes. "It can't be happening in my presence," he told himself. "My mind is wandering. Calmly. If I show bad manners the Duchess might very well follow him to Belgirate out of mere pique. And there, or during the journey, chance might conjure up the word that defines what they feel for one another, and an instant afterwards all the consequences.

"Being alone together will make that word a decision. Meanwhile, what will become of me with the Duchess far away? And if, after overcoming many objections from the Prince, I show my old, care-ridden face at Belgirate, what role should I play before these people mad with happiness?

"Even here what am I but the inconvenient third party, the *terzo incomodo*, in that beautiful Italian language wholly made for love. What misery for a man of spirit to find himself playing this contemptible part and to be unable to get himself up and get out!"

The Count was about to break down or at least to betray his misery by the crumpling of his features when, pacing around the room, he found himself near the door. He took to flight, crying out in a genial, intimate way, "Good-bye, you two." He told himself, "I must avoid bloodshed."

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Stendhal uses a number of short phrases and sentences in this passage. What do they reflect about the Count's state of mind?

2. Stendhal uses ellipses (. . .) to suggest pauses in the Count's train of thinking. How effective a device is this? Does it actually reflect the way the mind works?

3. Despite the Count's apparent rambling, this is a very tightly knit passage. Examine how skillfully Stendhal uses, and re-uses, the Prince's letter.

4. The key phrases, *like a son* and *a different man* are both italicized by the author. How much of the conflict in the Count's mind is explained by the contradiction between them?

5. Paragraphs 5 and 7 are transitional. Comment on how Stendhal manages them without having to break off the interior monologue.

6. The final paragraph is built on a very broad and deliberate con-

tradition to make the Count seem even more complex, and more human. How convincing is it?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Stendhal's narrative: *august*, *unpredictable*, *sardonic*, *egotism*, *convulsively*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Sum up the entire action of this passage in a sentence or two. How does the activity of the mind enrich and even enlarge this narrative?

2. Gina, the Duchess, takes on a complexity of her own as viewed through the mind of Count Mosca. How, then, does introspection add insight into character?

3. Comment on Count Mosca's own character as shown by the variety of decisions that race through his mind. How three dimensional do these interior glimpses make him?

4. How natural does Stendhal's use of introspection seem to you?

5. Think back to your own introspections, say, in the moments before you fall asleep at night. How logical a sequence do they follow? Compare them with the straightforward, logical introspections of Stendhal.

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Granted there is such a thing as introspection, does it follow that there is such a thing as an active, functioning mind? What is your definition of an active, functioning mind?

2. Defend the statement that Stendhal's narrative presents, among other things, an example of Kant's concept of an active mind. How does Stendhal's introspection tie in with Durant's description of sensations gathered into perceptions? Contrast Stendhal's characterizations with Fielding's.

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

What I Think My Classmates Think about Me

The Tricks Imagination Plays

An Upsetting Visit (a story of the mind)

The Dangers of Introspection

Introspection and Intelligence



## ISLES FINDS A BODY

Peter Cheyney

(Julian Isles, private investigator, is sent by Mrs. Thelma Lyon to Dark Bahama. Almost immediately he encounters the mysterious Mrs. Nicola Steyning and things begin to happen.)

✿ DARKNESS FALLS SUDDENLY ON DARK BAHAMA. AT ONE MOMENT the sun is sparkling on the sea. A few moments later the shadows are falling and in half an hour it is almost night.

Isles, who had been asleep on his bed, got up; looked at his strap-watch. It was six o'clock. He rang room service, ordered a double dry Martini, went into the bathroom, took a cold shower and changed his clothes. When the drink came he went outside on to the balcony, sat in a wicker chair and looked out towards the sea. It was going to be a lovely night, he thought. Away in front of the island he could see the light at the top of the old pirate watch-tower on Swan Cay.

He went downstairs, had another drink and began to walk about the grounds. He was at the far end of the palm-sprinkled lawn that ran for half a mile behind the hotel when the first drops of rain came. Ten minutes afterwards a strong wind was blowing, keeping the rain up, but there were clouds over Dark Bahama. Isles thought there was going to be a storm. He was right.

He had barely time to get back to the hotel before it broke. The rain came down in sheets. It hit the grass, the asphalt paths about the hotel, and the windows, almost as if it were imbued with hatred.

Isles went back to the bar. When he ordered his drink the Negro bartender said:

"Mister Isles, ah got a message from the 'phone operator for you. She says that somebody called you here. They didn't say who they was. They just talked pretty quick and got offa the line."

Isles asked: "Was it a man or a woman?"

"I don't know," said the barman. "I asked the same question. She said it might have been either, Mister Isles. She said the

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message was that there is a telephone call comin' through to you at the call-box. The call-box is away down the road leadin' to the west of the island. It's about a quarter of a mile from here. The operator says that the message is comin' through for you at ten o'clock to-night."

Isles said: "All right. Thank you."

He finished his drink and went in to dinner. He thought that Mrs. Nicola Steyning — if it was Mrs. Nicola Steyning — wasn't wasting very much time.

At ten minutes to ten Isles got into the car he had hired from the hotel people and drove slowly down the road. The rain was descending in torrents and with it there was a peculiar wind that made an odd sighing noise as it swished through the palms on the roadside.

After a few minutes he saw the call-box — an incongruous modern attribute standing in a clump of palm trees. He pulled the car onto the side of the road, got out and turned up the collar of the oilskin he had borrowed from the hotel porter. He went into the box, left the door slightly ajar and lighted a cigarette. He stood there, smoking, thinking about himself and life.

Life, thought Isles, drawing the tobacco smoke down into his lungs, was an odd proposition. Someone had once said that life was what you made it. He wondered if that was true or whether it was life that made you. Maybe, he thought with a grin, it was a bit of both. He thought it might have been so in his case.

He remembered the old days when he had been at a public school and later at a university. He remembered the incessant urge he always found within himself in wanting to get away from the ordinary ways and boring routine of life. To get excitement — anything which broke the sequence of monotony. Well, he had got it all right. He remembered the old days when he had worked for John Vallon. He remembered the peculiar business that had sent him to South America; that had landed him in a filthy gaol with a three-years' sentence.

*Cherchez la femme!* Isles grinned. Well, if it was a woman who had got him into the gaol, another one had got him out. He had cried quits on that job. But, he thought, he had been lucky to get out.

He wondered what life would have been like with the girl he had married if she had gone on living; if the bomb that had killed

her three weeks after their marriage had fallen somewhere else. That was bad luck, thought Isles. They had hardly time enough to know each other. The devil with life was, he ruminated, that you were never certain as to whether any incident was lucky or unlucky. You never knew until you had gone the whole way.

The telephone bell jangled. Isles, the cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, picked up the receiver.

He said: "Yes?"

He was answered by a peculiar voice — so peculiar that he was both amazed and intrigued. It might have been the voice of an old man or an old woman, and it might have been the voice of a young woman. Isles thought it might have been anybody's voice.

The voice said: "Mr. Isles, perhaps you were expecting a telephone call. Perhaps you'd heard something about the possibility of a telephone call?"

Isles said: "Yes. I'm all ears!"

The voice said: "Are you on foot or have you a car?"

"I have a car on the other side of the road," said Isles.

"Very well. . . . If you drive back the way you came from the hotel and carry on straight past it, you'll come to a fork in the road. Your right-hand fork runs straight down the front of the island through the town. Your left-hand fork leads towards the middle of the island. You take the left-hand fork. If you watch the mileage register on your car and drive for two miles, you'll come to a small dirt road leading off at an angle. Not a very attractive road at first. It runs through a plantation, but if you drive down it for half a mile through a clearing you'll find a small road leading to wooden gates. Open the gates and drive down the carriage drive. It's a long carriage drive. You'll find the house at the end — a white, two-storeyed building with a veranda right around it. I'd say it would take you a quarter of an hour to get there. When you arrive ring the door bell which is at the side of the house. I'll be waiting for you. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Isles. "You wouldn't by any chance like to tell me your name?"

The voice said: "Mr. Isles, at the moment I don't see that that would help, and I don't want to say more than I'm forced to — well, not on this telephone."

"Very well." Isles hung up, went outside, started the car and turned it. He drove away.



In a quarter of an hour he found himself before the wide double gates of the house. Inside, he could make out the vague shape of a carriage drive curving into the blackness.

As he opened the gates, the rain began to slacken off. He got back into the car and drove along the carriage drive. On each side of him was thick plantation, palm trees, foliage, shrubbery. The air smelt fresh and clean, but Isles had an idea in his head that he didn't like the place. He didn't know why. He told himself that he didn't like the island very much. A lovely place — Dark Bahama — but there was something — some odd thing which he couldn't quite place. He grinned. He thought maybe he was getting a little fastidious; getting to the time of life when one began to imagine things.

He stopped the car in the clearing in front of the house. The wide, paved paths that ran round it were neat and tidy. The small lawn which he could see on one side where the trees had been cleared was well kept. He switched off his lights, got out of the car and went round to the side of the house, up the six wooden steps — white painted — that bisected the veranda and led to the front door.

He put his finger on the bell-push and waited. He continued to wait. Five minutes went by. Nothing happened. Isles put his hand on the door knob, twisted it and pushed. The door opened. He went inside and stood in the hallway.

The hall was square, well carpeted and furnished after the Colonial style. There was a lamp on a small table in the far corner which illuminated the hall. In the left-hand corner, farthest away from him, was a wide staircase with an off-white carpet and wide, enameled banister rails. On the right of the staircase was a wide passage leading towards the back of the house.

Farther towards him on the right-hand side of the hall were double doors. He tried the doors and went into the room. There was an electric light switch by the door. He switched it on. The room was a dining-room. It was spacious, cool, distinguished. There was a long table down the centre of the room. The table-lamps on the table which had sprung to life when he had turned the main switch shone on the polished wood.

Isles sighed, closed the doors and went back into the hallway. He thought it was peculiar. He thought that if this situation had been written into some romantic novel it would have seemed mys-

terious. To him, for some reason which he could not understand, it seemed almost normal.

He moved along into the entrance of the passage leading towards the rear of the house, found a light switch and turned it on. He walked down the passage. There was a door facing him at the end; two doors on his right and one on the left which would lie approximately under the turn of the stairway above it. He walked down to the end of the passage, opened the doors and switched on the light. The room was a wide drawing-room, furnished in off-white furniture and rugs, with a cherry-colored frieze at the top of the cream-painted walls. There were two big chairs — one on each side of the old Colonial fireplace — and by the side of one of the chairs was a cigarette ash-tray supported on a bronze stand. Isles walked across the room and looked into the ash-tray. There were two half-smoked cigarettes in it. He picked them up. One of them, he thought, was a trifle warmer than the other, but that could be imagination.

He came out of the room, turned to his right and went through the smaller door — the one under the stairway. Strangely enough, this led into a small passage with a door at the end so that the passage ran under the stairway, but the room was beyond it. He went in and switched on the light. He stood with his back to the door, looking into the room. It might have been a library, a study or a small sitting-room. It had a large desk in one corner of the room, long book-shelves on the opposite wall. There was a settee set at an angle before french windows opposite him. The curtains were not drawn. A white fur rug lay across the settee.

Lying in front of the settee, with his head towards Isles, was the figure of a man. Isles thought the figure didn't look so good. Because the light-green carpet underneath the head was thickly stained with blood. Isles sighed once more; he thought to himself: Here it is again. Always you start some quite sweet, innocent-looking job and before you get well into it you encounter something like this. This was the sort of thing that happened to him.

He walked across the room and stood looking downwards at the man. The lower part of the face was intact, but above the bridge of the nose from the line of the eyes the sight wasn't pretty. Isles thought that he had been shot at close range with a fairly heavy-calibred pistol or automatic. The bullet had smashed through the forehead and taken off the back of the head. Isles thought it must have been at very close range.

The bottom of the face was youthful. Incongruously, one side of it was shaven, the other not. Isles thought that was a little odd, because the man had certainly not been interrupted whilst he was shaving — not unless he was shaving fully dressed. He was wearing an ivory silk shirt and a blue tie, with a cream alpaca jacket, slacks, white shoes, white silk socks. There was a lawn handkerchief of very good quality in his left-hand pocket. When he knelt down he realised that the handkerchief was scented with a man's scent — made in Paris — called "Moustachio."

He got up and looked round the room. There was a telephone on the table in the corner. There was an ashtray with three unsmoked cigarettes. Isles looked at these, opened the silver cigarette box on one table and found the brands were identical. In the corner of the room opposite the door was a drink wagon filled with bottles.

Isles went over to it. No glasses had been used. He took out his handkerchief, picked up an open bottle of brandy, poured a slug into a glass, added some soda, took the glass to an armchair and sat down. He noticed there was no ice bucket on the drink wagon, which was strange in a place like Dark Bahama, where everybody used ice all the time.

Isles sat there, sipping his drink, thinking about Mrs. Thelma Lyon, the peculiar voice that had telephoned him at the call-box, and the scene in front of him. One or two things were quite obvious. It was Mrs. Lyon who had informed him that he might receive a telephone call. Therefore, there must be a connection between her and the voice that had spoken to him. But Mrs. Lyon could easily deny she had ever said this would happen, and the voice could deny that it had made the telephone call. Isles thought it might easily be a frame-up. Why shouldn't it be?

Another thing that was obvious was that somebody had been waiting for him to arrive on the island. Because the message telephoned through to the hotel whilst he was out walking in the grounds had been telephoned a few hours after his arrival.

He finished the drink, went over to the drink wagon and poured himself another. He recorked the bottle, cleaned it with his handkerchief and, when he had finished the drink, cleaned the glass. He went back to his chair. He wondered exactly what he was supposed to do. He wondered, supposing Mrs. Lyon were in the room, what she would advise him to do. He wondered what had

happened to the voice; whether the voice had really intended to meet him or not. Isles had an idea that this wasn't so. This, he thought, was a frame-up. Because he was going to do one of two things. He was either going to get in touch with the police or he was going to get out. But supposing he did get out — well, Dark Bahama was a small place. There weren't an awful lot of telephone calls. Any intelligent telephone operator would think it peculiar that a call should be put through to a call-box on a deserted road on the island. Any intelligent operator would have made a mental note of that call, and maybe heard what had been said, in which case he would probably be in for it. Everybody knew who the new arrivals were and there were only seven people on his plane. Isles thought it might be amusing to try and have it both ways, not for any particular reason but that to do something incongruous invariably made things happen. Of course you didn't know what things would happen, but something would turn up.

He got up and walked over to the telephone. When the operator answered he said: "I want to talk to the police — someone important."

She said: "Do you want the Chief Commissioner's office at the Police Barracks?"

"Why not?" asked Isles politely.

"Hold on a minute, please. I take it this is an urgent call?"

Isles agreed. Two minutes afterwards he heard the click of the connection.

A voice said: "This is Bahamas Constabulary — Dark Bahama Police Barracks."

Isles asked: "Who is speaking?"

"This is the Inspector on duty."

Isles said: "There's been a murder. I'm sitting with the corpse now. I don't know what the name of the house is because I'm a stranger here, but I'll describe it to you, and tell you where it is. Would you like to make a note?"

"Very good," said the Inspector.

Isles began to describe his route to the house.

The Inspector interrupted: "It's all right. . . . I know the house. So it's there?"

Isles said: "Yes, it's here. I'm sitting in something that looks like a secondary sitting-room in the house. A man's been murdered. What do I do now?"

The Inspector said: "I shouldn't do anything, sir, except stay where you are. Don't touch anything, please. In five minutes' time I'll send a wagon with a police officer. Just wait till he comes, will you?"

Isles said: "Very well." He hung up. He had another look at the corpse. He thought it was rather a pity that a young man with such a long, slender, straight body should meet such a sticky end — literally sticky.

Then he went back to the drinks wagon and poured himself another brandy and soda. He sat down in the armchair and waited. He thought it was nice that the drinks were free.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Paragraph 1 sets a romantic mood. What words and phrases suggest it?
2. Paragraph 1 also suggests the swift pace that is to come. How does it do so?
3. The tone of this narrative is deliberately light and casual. What turns of phrase and what actions make for such a tone?
4. The final paragraph is purely a device to achieve a certain effect. What is the effect and why should the author wish to achieve it?
5. Define and use each of the following words from Cheyney's narrative: *imbued*, *incongruous*, *incessant*, *ruminated*, *fastidious*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How realistic does Cheyney's use of introspection seem to you?
2. If Cheyney had not used introspection, how well would you know Isles?
3. How profound and searching are Isles' introspections? Do your own introspections delve any more deeply? On the basis of your answer, what generalizations can you make about character analysis in popular fiction?
4. Think of other popular arts that use introspection, especially the use of the first person narrator in TV and the movies. How do these self-examinations enrich the stories and make them more entertaining?



## FOR SPECULATION

1. Compare Stendhal's introspective technique with that in Cheyney's narrative. Craftsmanship apart, would you say that their techniques were similar?

2. How would you account for the persistence of a nineteenth century concept of mind in twentieth century popular literature? What does this tell you about popular literature and, by extension, about other popular entertainment media? What does this tell you about the mass audience?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Way My Mind Wanders

The Mind of My Favorite TV Character

The Mind of the Average College Student

Introspections of a Dating Couple: a dialogue between two minds

Night Thoughts

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## The Stream of Consciousness

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☛ Imagine yourself performing some simple errand, like going to the drugstore for a tube of toothpaste. Your mind, if it functioned the way the nineteenth century Romantic thought it did, would work somewhat as follows: "I am going to the drugstore for a tube of toothpaste. I need the toothpaste because I have none left at home. Toothpaste keeps my teeth clean. I will buy the large economy size because that friendly TV announcer advised me to. . . ." Then, the subject of toothpaste resolved, your mind would turn blank until you reached the drugstore.

But you know from experience that your mind does not stay on a single track in any such neat fashion. Nor does it blank out when a topic is exhausted. You know that even when going on prosaic errands after toothpaste your mind wanders off in all directions, ceaselessly, as it does when you listen to a lecture or to music, or read a weighty book. You know therefore, that the straight-line introspection of Stendhal and Cheyney is only part of the story.

That the mind wanders is obvious. That its activity is ceaseless is obvious too. Yet it took more than a hundred years from the time of Kant until the ceaseless, wandering quality of mental activity was formally recognized. The man who stated this fact about thinking was William James, who in "The Stream of Consciousness" uses the impersonal language of reason to describe the mind as a torrent of activity. Ernest Dimnet's "What Are You Thinking?" puts James's theory in the form of a simple case for Everyman. Dimnet carries the stream of consciousness straight into the world of the average reader. And he does so with such a deceptively simple realism that James's concept of mind seems the most plausible and convincing ever proposed. Virginia Woolf's story "The New Dress" illustrates how the stream of consciousness in the hands of a great writer lets us come to know ourselves and one another in a fuller dimension. Her rounded portrait of Mabel

Waring shows us that if introspection digs deep, the stream of consciousness runs deeper still.



## THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

William James

✿ WITHIN EACH PERSONAL CONSCIOUSNESS, THOUGHT IS SENSIBLY continuous. I can only define "continuous" as that which is without breach, crack, or division. I have already said that the breach from one mind to another is perhaps the greatest breach in nature. The only breaches that can well be conceived to occur within the limits of a single mind would either be interruptions, time-gaps during which the consciousness went out altogether to come into existence again at a later moment; or they would be breaks in the quality, or content, of the thought, so abrupt that the segment that followed had no connection whatever with the one that went before. The proposition that within each personal consciousness thought feels continuous, means two things:

1. That even where there is a time-gap the consciousness after it feels as if it belonged together with the consciousness before it, as another part of the same self;

2. That the changes from one moment to another in the quality of the consciousness are never absolutely abrupt.

The case of the time-gaps, as the simplest, shall be taken first. And first of all, a word about time-gaps of which the consciousness may not be itself aware.

[In a previous essay] we saw that such time-gaps existed, and that they might be more numerous than is usually supposed. If the consciousness is not aware of them, it cannot feel them as interruptions. In the unconsciousness produced by nitrous oxide and other anaesthetics, in that of epilepsy and fainting, the broken edges of the sentient life may meet and merge over the gap, much as the feelings of space of the opposite margins of the "blind spot" meet and merge over that objective interruption to the sensitiveness of the

From *Principles of Psychology*, 1890.

eye. Such consciousness as this, whatever it be for the onlooking psychologist, is for itself unbroken. It *feels* unbroken; a waking day of it is sensibly a unit as long as that day lasts, in the sense in which the hours themselves are units, as having all their parts next each other, with no intrusive alien substance between. To expect the consciousness to feel the interruptions of its objective continuity as gaps, would be like expecting the eye to feel a gap of silence because it does not hear, or the ear to feel a gap of darkness because it does not see. So much for the gaps that are unfelt.

With the felt gaps the case is different. On waking from sleep, we usually know that we have been unconscious, and we often have an accurate judgment of how long. The judgment here is certainly an inference from sensible signs, and its ease is due to long practice in the particular field. The result of it, however, is that the consciousness is, for *itself*, not what it was in the former case, but interrupted and discontinuous, in the mere sense of the words. But in the other sense of continuity, the sense of the parts being inwardly connected and belonging together because they are parts of a common whole, the consciousness remains sensibly continuous and one. What now is the common whole? The natural name for it is *myself*, *I*, or *me*.

When Paul and Peter wake up in the same bed, and recognize that they have been asleep, each one of them mentally reaches back and makes connection with but one of the two streams of thought which were broken by the sleeping hours. As the current of an electrode buried in the ground unerringly finds its way to its own similarly buried mate, across no matter how much intervening earth; so Peter's present instantly finds out Peter's past, and never by mistake knits itself on to that of Paul. Paul's thought in turn is as little liable to go astray. The past thought of Peter is appropriated by the present Peter alone. He may have a knowledge, and a correct one too, of what Paul's last drowsy states of mind were as he sank into sleep, but it is an entirely different sort of knowledge from that which he has of his own last states. He remembers his own states, whilst he only conceives Paul's. Remembrance is like direct feeling; its object is suffused with a warmth and intimacy to which no object of mere conception ever attains. This quality of warmth and intimacy and immediacy is what Peter's present thought also possesses for itself. So sure as this present is *me*, is mine, it says, so sure is anything else that comes with the same

warmth and intimacy and immediacy, me and mine. What the qualities called warmth and intimacy may in themselves be will have to be matter for future consideration. But whatever past feelings appear with those qualities must be admitted to receive the greeting of the present mental state, to be owned by it, and accepted as belonging together with it in a common self. This community of self is what the time-gap cannot break in twain, and is why a present thought, although not ignorant of the time-gap, can still regard itself as continuous with certain chosen portions of the past.

Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits. Such words as "chain" or "train" do not describe it fitly as it presents itself in the first instance. It is nothing jointed; it flows. A "river" or a "stream" are the metaphors by which it is most naturally described. In talking of it hereafter, let us call it *the stream of thought, of consciousness, or of subjective life.*

But now there appears, even within the limits of the same self, and between thoughts all of which alike have this same sense of belonging together, a kind of jointing and separateness among the parts, of which this statement seems to take no account. I refer to the breaks that are produced by sudden contrasts in the *quality* of the successive segments of the stream of thought. If the words "chain" and "train" had no natural fitness in them, how came such words to be used at all? Does not a loud explosion rend the consciousness upon which it abruptly breaks, in twain? Does not every sudden shock, appearance of a new object, or change in a sensation, create a real interruption, sensibly felt as such, which cuts the conscious stream across at the moment at which it appears? Do not such interruptions smite us every hour of our lives, and have we the right, in their presence, still to call our consciousness a continuous stream?

This objection is based partly on a confusion and partly on a superficial introspective view.

The confusion is between the thoughts themselves, taken as subjective facts, and the things of which they are aware. It is natural to make this confusion, but easy to avoid it when once put on one's guard. The things are discrete and discontinuous; they do pass before us in a train or chain, making often explosive appearances and rending each other in twain. But their comings



and goings and contrasts no more break the flow of the thought that thinks them than they break the time and the space in which they lie. A silence may be broken by a thunder-clap, and we may be so stunned and confused for a moment by the shock as to give no instant account to ourselves of what has happened. But that very confusion is a mental state, and a state that passes us straight over from the silence to the sound. The transition between the thought of one object and the thought of another is no more a break in the *thought* than a joint in a bamboo is a break in the wood. It is a part of the consciousness as much as the joint is a part of the *bamboo*.

The superficial introspective view is the overlooking, even when the things are contrasted with each other most violently, of the large amount of affinity that may still remain between the thoughts by whose means they are cognized. Into the awareness of the thunder itself the awareness of the previous silence creeps and continues; for what we hear when the thunder crashes is not thunder *pure*, but *thunder-breaking-upon-silence-and-contrasting-with-it*. Our feeling of the same objective thunder, coming in this way, is quite different from what it would be were the thunder a continuation of previous thunder. The thunder itself we believe to abolish and exclude the silence; but the *feeling* of the thunder is also a feeling of the silence as just gone; and it would be difficult to find in the actual concrete consciousness of man a feeling so limited to the present as not to have an inkling of anything that went before. Here, again, language works against our perception of the truth. We name our thoughts simply, each after its thing, as if each knew its own thing and nothing else. What each really knows is clearly the thing it is named for, with dimly perhaps a thousand other things. It ought to be named after all of them, but it never is. Some of them are always things known a moment ago more clearly; others are things to be known more clearly a moment hence. Our own bodily position, attitude, condition, is one of the things of which some awareness, however inattentive, invariably accompanies the knowledge of whatever else we know. We think; and as we think we feel our bodily selves as the seat of the thinking. If the thinking be our thinking, it must be suffused through all its parts with that peculiar warmth and intimacy that make it come as ours. . . .

Take a look at the brain. We believe the brain to be an organ

whose internal equilibrium is always in a state of change, — the change affecting every part. The pulses of change are doubtless more violent in one place than in another, their rhythm more rapid at this time than at that. As in a kaleidoscope revolving at a uniform rate, although the figures are always rearranging themselves, there are instants during which the transformation seems minute and interstitial and almost absent, followed by others when it shoots with magical rapidity, relatively stable forms thus alternating with forms we should not distinguish if seen again; so in the brain the perpetual rearrangement must result in some forms of tension lingering relatively long, whilst others simply come and pass. But if consciousness corresponds to the fact of rearrangement itself, why, if the rearrangement stop not, should the consciousness ever cease? And if a lingering rearrangement brings with it one kind of consciousness, why should not a swift rearrangement bring another kind of consciousness as peculiar as the rearrangement itself? The lingering consciousnesses, if of simple objects, we call "sensations" or "images," according as they are vivid or faint; if of complex objects, we call them "percepts" when vivid, "concepts" or "thoughts" when faint. For the swift consciousnesses we have only those names of "transitive states," or "feelings of relation," which we have used. As the brain-changes are continuous, so do all these consciousnesses melt into each other like dissolving views. Properly they are but one protracted consciousness, one unbroken stream.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. In this selection the diction is formal and scientific. What words and phrases characterize the diction?
2. Vital to an understanding of this essay are definitions of certain key words. Define as simply as possible what James means by "conscious," "time-gap," "felt gap."
3. What is the topic sentence of the final paragraph? How is it related to the main idea of this essay?
4. Make an outline of paragraph 6 and show how it ties together the major ideas of the essay.
5. A sentence in paragraph 3 reads: "To expect the consciousness to feel the interruptions of its objective continuity as gaps, would be

like expecting the eye to feel a gap of silence because it does not hear, or the ear to feel a gap of darkness because it does not see." Explain and amplify.

6. Define and use each of the following words from James's essay: *intrusive*, *sentient*, *inference*, *unerringly*, *suffused*, *affinity*, *kaleidoscope*, *interstitial*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What does James mean by time-gaps of which the mind is not aware? How does he contrast them with felt gaps?

2. What is James saying in his illustration involving Paul and Peter?

3. According to James, thought is continuous despite: (1) time-gaps, and (2) time changes. How does James show that thought is continuous despite time-gaps? Does his demonstration agree with your own experience?

4. How does James show that thought is continuous despite time changes, such as the change from sleeping to waking?

5. According to James, the belief that there are interruptions in thought is based on two errors. These errors result from: (1) confusion, and (2) a superficial introspective view. What is the confusion that tends to suggest interruptions in thought?

6. What does James mean by a superficial introspective view? How does it suggest that there are interruptions in thought?

7. What parallel does James draw between the function of the brain and the function of the consciousness?

8. What, in your own words, does James mean by the term "stream of consciousness"? Can you furnish a specific example of how it functions?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. James's essay is scientific both in tone and diction. How scientific do you think his theory of the stream of consciousness is?

2. How is Stendhal's use of ellipses refuted by the discoveries of James? Would it be valid to claim that the stream of consciousness is based on introspection but is a step beyond it?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Stream of Consciousness in the Classroom

A Personal Experience Involving the Stream of Consciousness

Dreams and the Stream of Consciousness

James versus Locke (an imaginary debate)

The Stream of Consciousness (a short story)



## WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

*Ernest Dimnet*

☛ A FAMILIAR SCENE. FIVE O'CLOCK LATE IN OCTOBER. THE SUNSET over the reddening garden. You are standing near the doorsill, looking, and not looking, thinking. Somebody steals by and you hear the words whispered "a penny for your thoughts." What is your answer?

Later in the day you are deep, or seem to be deep, in a book. But your face does not look as it usually does when you are happy in your reading: your contracted brow reveals intense concentration, too intense for mere reading. In fact, you are miles away, and to the questions: "What are you thinking? What book is that?" you answer very much as you did when caught in that reverie, during the afternoon: "Oh! Thinking of nothing"; or, "Thinking of all sorts of things." Indeed, you were thinking of so many things that it was as if you had been thinking of nothing. Once more you were conscious of something experienced many times before: our mind is not like a brilliantly lit and perfectly ordered room; it is much more like an encumbered garret inhabited by moths born and grown up in half lights: our thoughts; the moment we open the door to see them better the drab little butterflies vanish.

The consciousness of this phenomenon is discouraging, of course. This accounts for the fact that, when offered a penny for our thoughts, we generally look, not only puzzled, but embarrassed, and anxious to be let alone not only by the questioner: but by the question as well. We are like the puppy who is willing to bark once at his own image in the mirror and to snap eagerly behind it, but who, after the second trial, looks away in disgust. Yet, with some curiosity and some practice, it is not impossible to have, at least, a peep at one's mind. It should not be attempted when we are too abstracted, that is to say, when our consciousness is completely off its guard but there are favorable occasions. When we are reading the newspaper and the quickly changing subjects begin to tire, without quite exhausting us; when the motion of the train

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or of the car sets our thoughts to a certain rhythm which may soon become abstraction or drowsiness, but still is only a slackening of the mental processes; when the lecture we hear is neither good enough to rivet our attention, nor bad enough to irritate us; then, and every time we are in a mental lull, is our chance to get a glimpse of our mind as it really works and as it reveals our innermost nature. By a sudden stiffening of our consciousness, a quick face-about inwards, we can, as it were, solidify a section of mental stream which, during three or four seconds, will lie ready for our inspection. If one succeeds in doing it once, one will certainly feel like doing it again, for no examination of conscience is so strikingly illuminating as that one, and the more frequent it will be, the easier, at least during certain periods, it will also become.

Why not do it now? A penny for your thoughts! What are you thinking of? . . .

You look up, surprised at what you regard as an exhibition of very poor taste in a writer.

— "*Thinking? Why, I am thinking of your book. You may not be as interested in writing, as I am in reading it. I love this subject.*"

— "Yes, I saw you were remarkably attentive; that's why I interrupted you. Had you been wandering, it would have been useless. So you love this subject?"

— "*I do indeed, and wish you would go on. Books should not talk.*"

— "When you say you love this subject, you mean it interests you, it excites something in you; in short, it makes you think."

— "*Quite.*"

— "Of course, these thoughts which occur to you as you read are your own, they are no mere reflections of what I am saying, and that is the chief reason for which you enjoy them as they rise from behind my sentences. Is it not so?"

— "*Very likely, Sir. I begin to like this conversation.*"

— "Yes, it is about you; I knew you would like it. So, these thoughts which are your own and not mine are exterior to this book. Don't you think they could be called a sort of distraction?"

— "*It would be rather unfair, Sir. I assure you I am following you closely; yet, I must admit that I am not trying to memorize what you say: it would spoil all the pleasure I find in this. I am even willing to admit that my pleasure is my own and therefore*



might be called, as you say, a sort of distraction. In fact, I was thinking . . .”

— “Ah! here we are! You were thinking . . . ?”

— “Well, I was thinking of a farm, up in Maine, where there used to be a garret like the one you spoke of. In summer, when we were there, the smell of winter apples was still in it, and I loved it. I would sit there for hours, as a boy, thinking. You see, after all, I was thinking of thinking. As a matter of fact, often when I see the picture which gives me the deepest impression of happy thinking — the portrait of Erasmus writing — I think of the old garret. I have no doubt that I thought of Erasmus, a few minutes ago, for I was positively annoyed, for a moment, at the recollection of a man who once stood before that picture and asked me: who is this old fellow looking down his long nose? I hate a fool. The memory of this one actually made me fidget in my chair, and I had to make an effort to think of something else.”

— “You see that I was not far wrong; you have been thinking of a number of things which were not in this book.”

— “Yes, but they came because of the book, and I should not be surprised if I were to think of your book, remember whole passages of it, I mean, tomorrow while doing important work at my office.”

— “Thank you. Have you been thinking of that too?”

— “Why, it would be difficult not to. What I shall be signing to-morrow involves a sum I might take five years to make. However, I am almost sure that everything will go well and I can buy poor Jim the partnership he wants.”

— “In the meantime here’s the penny I owe you. For I begin to know your thoughts pretty well. Naturally they are, every one of them, about you, and that is as it should be. There are, of course, in your mind, thoughts hidden so deep that no amount of digging up could reveal them, but there is no doubt that they would be even nearer your ego than those you have discovered in the course of our conversation. Sometimes, very unexpectedly, we become aware of the tingling of our arteries in our heads, even of the fact that we are alive; this consciousness is of no use whatever to us, unless it somehow concurs in keeping us alive, but we are lavish when our Self is at stake. Do not imagine that I am reproaching you.”

— "You would be ungrateful, for let me repeat that I have seldom read anything so attentively as this book."

— "Certainly. Yet, you must also admit that while you were interested in this book you were interested in something else. It is so with everybody. Have you ever heard that Sir Walter Scott, when he had found the nucleus of a new novel by which his imagination would naturally be engrossed, would, however, read volume after volume that had no reference to his subject, merely because reading intensified the working of his brain? These books did for his power of invention what the crowds in the city did for Dickens's. When you say that you were reading this book attentively, you mean that your intellect was expending some share of your consciousness — let us say one fifth or, at best, one third of it — on the book. But your intellect is only a sort of superior clerk doing outside jobs for you. You, yourself, did not cease for all that, doing the work of your Self, infinitely more important to you than any theory. What is important to you is the garret in which you used to muse away hours with the smell of apples floating around you, the picture of Erasmus which you love, your undying indignation at the man who did not appreciate that picture, your son's future and an exceptional chance of improving it. All the time you were imagining that the *Art of Thinking* was making you think, you were thinking of Jim, Erasmus, the fool, the garret and business, undoubtedly too, of dozens of other things we have not been able to trace back to your consciousness. Those thoughts, which you are tempted to call distractions, are what your Self is thinking, in spite of the book, and, to tell the truth, the book is your distraction. Even writing can be the same thing. — Shall I tell you what my Self thinks while the superior clerk holds my pen? It thinks that I should do my work with perfect happiness if, two hours ago, I had not seen a poor stray cat wandering in the drizzle with two frightened kittens at her side. I love cats as much as you hate fools."

Introspection, as it is called, looking inwards, while the mind is active, will always disclose similar things. Psychologists speak of the "mental stream," and this expression alone has meant an immense progress in the domain of interior observation as compared with the misleading division of the soul into separate faculties. In reality, the flux in our brain carries along images — remembered or

modified — feelings, resolves, and intellectual, or partly intellectual conclusions, in vague or seething confusion. And this process never stops, not even in our sleep, any more than a river ever stops in its course. But the mental stream is more like a mountain brook, constantly hindered in its course, and whirling as often as it flows. When we look in we are conscious of the perpetual motion, but, if we do more than merely peep and at once look away, we promptly notice the circular displacement and reappearance of whole psychological trains.

These trains are invariably produced by some image in whose wake they follow. The gentleman with whom I just had such an enlightening conversation had his mind full of a multitude of images — inconsiderable reflections, as swift and also as broken and impossible to arrest as the wavelets in a stream — but he was conscious, or semi-conscious of only a few. What were they? A room in a country-house, the picture of Erasmus by Holbein, a fool, Jim. To change our simile — the more we use, the nearer we shall be to the endlessly changing reality — these representations were like the larger and brighter fragments in a kaleidoscope. To these the mind of the gentleman would every few minutes revert.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Since Dimnet's essay is a popularized version of James's stream of consciousness, the style is light and easy to read. What devices does Dimnet use to achieve readability?
2. Make a list of some of the colorful images Dimnet uses to brighten his prose.
3. Mark off the introduction. How many paragraphs long is it? Why is a long introduction suitable to a popularized essay?
4. How much does paragraph 3 have to do with the central meaning of the essay?
5. What is the topic sentence of the next to the last paragraph? How does it sum up the contents of the preceding dialogue?
6. Why is dialogue a useful device in a popularized essay?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Dimnet's essay: *encumbered*, *phenomenon*, *engrossed*, *kaleidoscope*, *revert*.

## FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What circumstances in paragraph 1 tend to set off the stream of consciousness?
2. What does Dimnet mean by saying the mind is like an "encumbered garret?"
3. Who or what is the speaker whose words are given in italics? Why are italics appropriate for this "speaker?"
4. List the things the "speaker" is thinking of. How logical a chain of thought do you get?
5. What conclusions does Dimnet reach in the final two paragraphs?
6. Contrast Dimnet's "self" with his "superior clerk." Which of the two corresponds to James' view of the mind?

## FOR SPECULATION

1. Compare the wandering of Dimnet's "speaker's" mind with your own mind while reading a particularly difficult essay. What insights does this give you into your own character?
2. In Dimnet's essay, the "speaker's" stream of consciousness (in italics) is shown to be anything but a straight line of thought. Contrast it with the introspection in Stendhal and in Cheyney. Which technique seems more real, more really three dimensional?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Things I Remember

My Stream of Consciousness Is My True Self

Stream of Consciousness in the Classroom

Stream of Consciousness at Different Times of the Day


Stream of Consciousness at Different Times of Life

The Superior Clerk versus the Self



## THE NEW DRESS

Virginia Woolf

 MABEL HAD HER FIRST SERIOUS SUSPICION THAT SOMETHING WAS wrong as she took her cloak off and Mrs. Barnet, while handing her the mirror and touching the brushes and thus drawing her

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attention, perhaps rather markedly, to all the appliances for tidying and improving hair, complexion, clothes, which existed on the dressing table, confirmed the suspicion — that it was not right, not quite right, which growing stronger as she went upstairs and springing at her, with conviction as she greeted Clarissa Dalloway, she went straight to the far end of the room, to a shaded corner where a looking-glass hung and looked. No! It was not right. And at once the misery which she always tried to hide, the profound dissatisfaction — the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people — set upon her, relentlessly, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott; for oh these men, oh these women, all were thinking — “What’s Mabel wearing? What a fright she looks! What a hideous new dress!” — their eyelids flickering as they came up and then their lids shutting rather tight. It was her own appalling inadequacy; her cowardice; her mean, water-sprinkled blood that depressed her. And at once the whole of the room where, for ever so many hours, she had planned with the little dressmaker how it was to go, seemed sordid, repulsive; and her own drawing-room so shabby, and herself, going out, puffed up with vanity as she touched the letters on the hall table and said: “How dull!” to show off — all this now seemed unutterably silly, paltry, and provincial. All this had been absolutely destroyed, shown up, exploded, the moment she came into Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing-room.

What she had thought that evening when, sitting over the teacups, Mrs. Dalloway’s invitation came, was that, of course, she could not be fashionable. It was absurd to pretend it even — fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least — but why not be original? Why not be herself, anyhow? And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother’s, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire, and had thought how much prettier, more dignified, and more womanly they were then, and so set herself — oh, it was foolish — trying to be like them, pluming herself in fact, upon being modest and old-fashioned and very charming, giving herself up, no doubt about it, to an orgy of self-love, which deserved to be chastised, and so rigged herself out like this.

But she dared not look in the glass. She could not face the whole horror — the pale yellow, idiotically old-fashioned silk dress



with its long skirt and its high sleeves and its waist and all the things that looked so charming in the fashion book, but not on her, not among all these ordinary people. She felt like a dress-maker's dummy standing there, for young people to stick pins into.

"But, my dear, it's perfectly charming!" Rose Shaw said, looking her up and down with that little satirical pucker of the lips which she expected — Rose herself being dressed in the height of the fashion, precisely like everybody else, always.

"We are all like flies trying to crawl over the edge of the saucer," Mabel thought, and repeated the phrase as if she were crossing herself, as if she were trying to find some spell to annul this pain, to make this agony endurable. Tags of Shakespeare, lines from books she had read ages ago, suddenly came to her when she was in agony, and she repeated them over and over again. "Flies trying to crawl," she repeated. If she could say that over often enough and make herself see the flies, she would become numb, chill, frozen, dumb. Now she could see flies crawling slowly out of a saucer of milk with their wings stuck together; and she strained and strained (standing in front of the looking-glass, listening to Rose Shaw) to make herself see Rose Shaw and all the other people there as flies, trying to hoist themselves out of something, or into something, meagre, insignificant, toiling flies. But she could not see them like that, not other people. She saw herself like that — she was a fly, but the others were dragonflies, butterflies, beautiful insects, dancing, fluttering, skimming, while she alone dragged herself up out of the saucer. (Envy and spite, the most detestable of the vices, were her chief faults.)

"I feel like some dowdy, decrepit, horribly dingy old fly," she said, making Robert Haydon stop just to hear her say that, just to reassure herself by furbishing up a poor weak-kneed phrase and so showing how detached she was, how witty, that she did not feel in the least out of anything. And, of course, Robert Haydon answered something quite polite, quite insincere, which she saw through instantly, and said to herself, directly he went (again from some book), "Lies, lies, lies!" For a party makes things either much more real, or much less real, she thought; she saw in a flash to the bottom of Robert Haydon's heart; she saw through everything. She saw the truth. *This* was true, this drawing-room, this self, and the other false. Miss Milan's little work-room was really terribly hot, stuffy, sordid. It smelt of clothes and cabbage cooking; and

yet, when Miss Milan put the glass in her hand, and she looked at herself with the dress on, finished, an extraordinary bliss shot through her heart. Suffused with light, she sprang into existence. Rid of cares and wrinkles, what she had dreamed of herself was there — a beautiful woman. Just for a second (she had not dared look longer, Miss Milan wanted to know about the length of the skirt), there looked at her, framed in the scrolloping mahogany, a grey-white, mysteriously smiling, charming girl, the core of herself, the soul of herself; and it was not vanity only, not only self-love that made her think it good, tender, and true. Miss Milan said that the skirt could not well be longer; if anything the skirt, said Miss Milan, puckering her forehead, considering with all her wits about her, must be shorter; and she felt, suddenly, honestly, full of love for Miss Milan, much, much fonder of Miss Milan than of anyone in the whole world, and could have cried for pity that she should be crawling on the floor with her mouth full of pins, and her face red and her eyes bulging — that one human being should be doing this for another, and she saw them all as human beings merely, and herself going off to her party, and Miss Milan pulling the cover over the canary's cage, or letting him pick a hemp-seed from between her lips, and the thought of it, of this side of human nature and its patience and its endurance and its being content with such miserable, scanty, sordid, little pleasures filled her eyes with tears.

And now the whole thing had vanished. The dress, the room, the love, the pity, the scrolloping looking-glass, and the canary's cage — all had vanished, and here she was in a corner of Mrs. Dalloway's drawing-room, suffering tortures, woken wide awake to reality.

But it was all so paltry, weak-blooded, and petty-minded to care so much at her age with two children, to be still so utterly dependent on people's opinions and not have principles or convictions, not to be able to say as other people did, "There's Shakespeare! There's death! We're all weevils in a captain's biscuit" — or whatever it was that people did say.

She faced herself straight in the glass; she pecked at her left shoulder; she issued out into the room, as if spears were thrown at her yellow dress from all sides. But instead of looking fierce or tragic, as Rose Shaw would have done — Rose would have looked like Boadicea — she looked foolish and self-conscious, and simpered like a schoolgirl and slouched across the room, positively slinking.

as if she were a beaten mongrel, and looked at a picture, an engraving. As if one went to a party to look at a picture! Everybody knew why she did it — it was from shame, from humiliation.

"Now the fly's in the saucer," she said to herself, "right in the middle, and can't get out, and the milk," she thought, rigidly staring at the picture, "is sticking its wings together."

"It's so old-fashioned," she said to Charles Burt, making him stop (which by itself he hated) on his way to talk to someone else.

She meant, or she tried to make herself think that she meant, that it was the picture and not her dress, that was old-fashioned. And one word of praise, one word of affection from Charles would have made all the difference to her at the moment. If he had only said, "Mabel, you're looking charming tonight!" it would have changed her life. But then she ought to have been truthful and direct. Charles said nothing of the kind, of course. He was malice itself. He always saw through one, especially if one were feeling particularly mean, paltry, or feeble-minded.

"Mabel's got a new dress!" he said, and the poor fly was absolutely shoved into the middle of the saucer. Really, he would like her to drown, she believed. He had no heart, no fundamental kindness, only a veneer of friendliness. Miss Milan was much more real, much kinder. If only one could feel that and stick to it, always. "Why," she asked herself — replying to Charles much too pertly, letting him see that she was out of temper, or "ruffled" as he called it ("Rather ruffled?" he said, and went on to laugh at her with some woman over there) — "Why," she asked herself, "can't I feel one thing always, feel quite sure that Miss Milan is right, and Charles wrong and stick to it, feel sure about the canary and pity and love and not be whipped all round in a second by coming into a room full of people?" It was her odious, weak, vacillating character again, always giving at the critical moment and not being seriously interested in conchology, etymology, botany, archeology, cutting up potatoes and watching them fructify like Mary Dennis, like Violet Searle.

Then Mrs. Holman, seeing her standing there, bore down upon her. Of course a thing like a dress was beneath Mrs. Holman's notice, with her family always tumbling downstairs or having the scarlet fever. Could Mabel tell her if Elmthorpe was ever let for August and September? Oh, it was a conversation that bored her unutterably! — it made her furious to be treated like a house agent

or a messenger boy, to be made use of. Not to have value, that was it, she thought, trying to grasp something hard, something real, while she tried to answer sensibly about the bathroom and the south aspect and the hot water to the top of the house; and all the time she could see little bits of her yellow dress in the round looking-glass which made them all the size of boot-buttons or tadpoles; and it was amazing to think how much humiliation and agony and self-loathing and effort and passionate ups and downs of feeling were contained in a thing the size of a three-penny bit. And what was still odder, this thing, this Mabel Waring, was separate, quite disconnected; and though Mrs. Holman (the black button) was leaning forward and telling her how her eldest boy had strained his heart running, she could see her, too, quite detached in the looking-glass, and it was impossible that the black dot, leaning forward, gesticulating, should make the yellow dot, sitting solitary, self-centred, feel what the black dot was feeling, yet they pretended.

"So impossible to keep boys quiet" — that was the kind of thing one said.

And Mrs. Holman, who could never get enough sympathy and snatched what little there was greedily, as if it were her right (but she deserved much more for there was her little girl who had come down this morning with a swollen knee-joint), took this miserable offering and looked at it suspiciously, grudgingly, as if it were a half-penny when it ought to have been a pound and put it away in her purse, must put up with it, mean and miserly though it was, times being hard, so very hard; and on she went, creaking, injured Mrs. Holman, about the girl with the swollen joints. Ah, it was tragic, this greed, this clamour of human beings, like a row of cormorants, barking and flapping their wings for sympathy — it was tragic, could one have felt it and not merely pretended to feel it!

But in her yellow dress tonight she could not wring out one drop more; she wanted it all, all for herself. She knew (she kept on looking into the glass, dipping into that dreadfully showing-up blue pool) that she was condemned, despised, left like this in a back-water, because of her being like this a feeble, vacillating creature; and it seemed to her that the yellow dress was a penance which she had deserved, and if she had been dressed like Rose Shaw, in lovely, clinging green with a ruffle of swansdown, she would have deserved that; and she thought that there was no escape for her —



none whatever. But it was not her fault altogether, after all. It was being one of a family of ten; never having money enough, always skimping and paring; and her mother carrying great cans, and the linoleum worn on the stair edges, and one sordid little domestic tragedy after another — nothing catastrophic, the sheep farm failing, but not utterly; her eldest brother marrying beneath him but not very much — there was no romance, nothing extreme about them all. They petered out respectably in seaside resorts; every watering-place had one of her aunts even now asleep in some lodging with the front windows not quite facing the sea. That was so like them — they had to squint at things always. And she had done the same — she was just like her aunts. For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like Sir Henry Lawrence, some empire builder (still the sight of a native in a turban filled her with romance), she had failed utterly. She had married Hubert, with his safe, permanent underling's job in the Law Courts, and they managed tolerably in a smallish house, without proper maids, and hash when she was alone or just bread and butter, but now and then — Mrs. Holman was off, thinking her the most dried-up, unsympathetic twig she had ever met, absurdly dressed, too, and would tell everyone about Mabel's fantastic appearance — now and then, thought Mabel Waring, left alone on the blue sofa, punching the cushion in order to look occupied, for she would not join Charles Burt and Rose Shaw, chattering like magpies and perhaps laughing at her by the fireplace — now and then, there did come to her delicious moments, reading the other night in bed, for instance, or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at Easter — let her recall it — a great tuft of pale sand-grass standing all twisted like a shock of spears against the sky, which was blue like a smooth china egg, so firm, so hard, and then the melody of the waves — "Hush, hush," they said, and the children's shouts paddling — yes, it was a divine moment, and there she lay, she felt, in the hand of the Goddess who was the world; rather a hard-hearted, but very beautiful Goddess, a little lamb laid on the altar (one did think these silly things, and it didn't matter so long as one never said them). And also with Hubert sometimes she had quite unexpectedly — carving the mutton for Sunday lunch, for no reason, opening a letter, coming into a room — divine moments, when she said to herself (for she would never say this to anybody else), "This is it. This has happened. This is it!" And the other way



about it was equally surprising — that is, when everything was arranged — music, weather, holidays, every reason for happiness was there — then nothing happened at all. One wasn't happy. It was flat, just flat, that was all.

Her wretched self again, no doubt! She had always been a fretful, weak, unsatisfactory mother, a wobbly wife, lolling about in a kind of twilight existence with nothing very clear or very bold, or more one thing than another, like all her brothers and sisters, except perhaps Herbert — they were all the same poor water-veined creatures who did nothing. Then in the midst of this creeping, crawling life, suddenly she was on the crest of a wave. That wretched fly — where had she read the story that kept coming into her mind about the fly and the saucer? — struggled out. Yes, she had those moments. But now that she was forty, they might come more and more seldom. By degrees she would cease to struggle any more. But that was deplorable! That was not to be endured! That made her feel ashamed of herself!

She would go to the London Library tomorrow. She would find some wonderful, helpful, astonishing book, quite by chance, a book by a clergyman, by an American no one had ever heard of; or she would walk down the Strand and drop, accidentally, into a hall where a miner was telling about the life in the pit, and suddenly she would become a new person. She would be absolutely transformed. She would wear a uniform; she would be called Sister Somebody; she would never give a thought to clothes again. And forever after she would be perfectly clear about Charles Burt and Miss Milan and this room and that room; and it would be always, day after day, as if she were lying in the sun or carving the mutton. It would be it!

So she got up from the blue sofa, and the yellow button in the looking-glass got up too, and she waved her hand to Charles and Rose to show them she did not depend on them one scrap, and the yellow button moved out of the looking-glass, and all the spears were gathered into her breast as she walked towards Mrs. Dalloway and said, "Good night."

"But it's too early to go," said Mrs. Dalloway, who was always so charming.

"I'm afraid I must," said Mabel Waring. "But," she added in her weak, wobbly voice which only sounded ridiculous when she tried to strengthen it, "I have enjoyed myself enormously."

"I have enjoyed myself," she said to Mr. Dalloway, whom she met on the stairs.

"Lies, lies, lies!" she said to herself, going downstairs, and "Right in the saucer!" she said to herself as she thanked Mrs. Barnet for helping her and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make an outline of paragraph 1, and then analyze how much of the situation, the conflict, and the characterization it presents.
2. What writing techniques does the author use in paragraph 1 to produce this economy of development?
3. Paragraph 2 uses a flashback. How does it add to the characterization of Mabel Waring?
4. What is the key word in paragraph 2?
5. The key word "flies" reappears throughout the story. With what various connotations does Mrs. Woolf use it?
6. Observe how frequently the author uses repetition: "It was not right, not quite right," "Oh these men, oh these women," and so forth. What effects does she achieve by it?
7. Mrs. Woolf uses words in series, especially adverbs and adjectives, to suggest the affectation and the nervousness of her heroine. Point out several such series and show how they reveal Mabel Waring's character.
8. Define and use each of the following words from Mrs. Woolf's story: *relentlessly*, *chastised*, *furbishing*, *vacillating*, *fructify*, *deplorable*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What kind of person is Mabel Waring? How can you tell from the things she does? From the things she thinks?
2. What do the others at the party really think of Mabel's dress?
3. What does Mabel think of her dress? Is she justified?
4. What is Mabel's marriage like?
5. How does the heroine's last name add a touch of irony to the story?
6. Paragraphs 5 and 6 use the stream of consciousness technique. How natural does it seem? Has James or Dimnet helped to make it more natural?

7. How does the final paragraph of "The New Dress" subtly reveal the tragedy? Do you think the author consciously connects Mabel's final words, "Lies, lies, lies!" with "flies?" What purpose might she have in doing so?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What additional levels of meaning do you see in the fiction of Virginia Woolf? What is she saying about fashionable modern society?

2. Comment on how the flies, Mabel's past, her marriage, are all integrated into a pattern of character analysis. Compare Mrs. Woolf's technique with Stendhal's. Which is richer and more complex?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Gossip

Going to a Party

The Psychology of New Clothes

Friendship and Imagination

Inferiority Complex (a story)

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## The Science of Mind

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✿ It was an age of science that first conceived of mind as separate and real. Now another such age, our own, has developed a richer and more illuminating concept. First evolved by the Viennese psychologist Sigmund Freud in the 1890's, this view holds that mind is not a separate entity in the eighteenth century sense, but that it is inseparable from the rest of the human organism, develops with it, and interacts with it. It also holds that much of our mental activity is concealed from our own view, as a large part of an iceberg lies beneath the surface of the sea. Today the conscious, pre-conscious, and unconscious levels of the mind which Freud was the first to describe have become as real to many people as shelves to put things on.

Every science creates new terms, but fortunately A. A. Brill's essay reprinted here explains the basic terminology of psychoanalysis with admirable clarity. Since the language and thinking developed by Freud and his followers is so widespread today, it should be of real value to have some acquaintance with them.

One important aspect of mind which Freud helped to make clear is the immense amount of energy we spend on rationalizing and defending the things we have done or want to do, or the notions of ourselves which rightly or wrongly form part of our own self-picture. Two psychologists, Shaffer and Shoben, in "Some Varieties of Defense Mechanisms," admirably summarize the elaborate devices of justification which all of us use. The first of these devices which they list offers interesting insight into the popular arts. The next two are of particular interest if read in context with Elizabeth Bowen's story, "A Queer Heart," which brilliantly illustrates the way serious fiction embodies the ideas of its time in specific situations which make them come alive in human, concrete, and personal terms. As you read "A Queer Heart," you may ask yourself not only how it portrays defense

mechanisms, but whether it presents more intricate relationships between people than was possible before Freud and his recognition of the complexities of the human mind.



## PSYCHOANALYSIS AND SIGMUND FREUD

A. A. Brill

✿ (1) IN ORDER TO GIVE A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF psychoanalysis, it will be necessary to go back a few years. While Freud still worked in Brücke's laboratory, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Josef Breuer, a prominent general practitioner of high scientific standing. Although Breuer was 14 years older than Freud, they soon became friends and frequently discussed their scientific views and experiences. Knowing Freud's interest in neurology and psychiatry, Breuer gave him an account of a very interesting case of hysteria which he had studied and cured by hypnosis from 1880 to 1882. As this unique case was of the greatest importance to the development of psychoanalysis, it will be worth while to give a few details.

(2) The patient concerned was a young girl of unusual education and talent, who had become ill while nursing her father to whom she was very much attached. Dr. Breuer states that when he took her as a patient she presented a variegated picture of paralyses with contractures, inhibitions and states of psychic confusion. Through an accidental observation Breuer discovered that the patient could be freed from such disturbances of consciousness if she could be enabled to give verbal expression to the affective phantasies which dominated her. Breuer elaborated this experience into a method of treatment. He hypnotized her and urged her to tell him what oppressed her at the time, and by this simple method he freed her from all her symptoms. The significance of the case lay in this fact, that in her waking state the patient knew nothing about the origin of her symptoms, but once hypnotized, she immediately knew the connection between her symptoms and some

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of her past experiences. All her symptoms were traceable to experiences during the time when she had nursed her sick father. Moreover, the symptoms were not arbitrary and senseless, but could be traced to definite experiences and forgotten reminiscences of that emotional situation.

(3) A common feature of all the symptoms consisted in the fact that they had come into existence in situations in which an impulse to do something had to be foregone because other motives suppressed it. The symptom appeared as a substitute for the unperformed act. As a rule, the symptom was not the result of one single "traumatic" scene, but of a sum of many similar situations. If the patient in a state of hypnosis recalled hallucinatorily the act which she had suppressed in the past, and if she now brought it to conclusion under the stress of a freely generated affect, the symptom was wiped away never to return again. It was remarked that the causes which had given origin to the symptom resembled the traumatic factors described by Charcot<sup>1</sup> in his experimental cases. What was still more remarkable was that these traumatic causes with their concomitant psychic feelings had been entirely lost to the patient's memory, as if they had never happened, while their results — that is, the symptoms, had continued unchanged, as if unaffected by the wear and tear of time, until attacked by Breuer through hypnosis.

(4) Although Breuer, as was mentioned above, told Freud about this wonderful discovery, he did not publish his findings. Freud could not understand why. The discovery seemed to him of inestimable value. But following his return from Nancy in 1889 with the cognition of hypnotic suggestive therapy, Freud decided to test Breuer's method in his own cases, and found ample corroboration of its efficacy during a period of many years. He then urged Breuer to report with him the results of his method, and in 1893 they jointly issued a preliminary communication, *On the Psychic Mechanisms of Hysterical Phenomena*.

(5) As can be seen, Breuer was the spiritual creator of this method of treatment and Freud always gave him full credit for it, although they differed from the very beginning in their basic interpretation of the symptoms. They called their treatment the "cathartic method" because they concluded that the efficacy of it rested on the mental and emotional purging, catharsis, which the

<sup>1</sup> A French physician, a pioneer in the treatment of nervous disorders.

patient went through during the treatment. The other conclusion drawn by the authors was that hysteria was a disease of the past, and that, as Freud put it later, the symptom was, as it were, a monument to some disagreeable and forgotten (repressed) episode from the patient's life. The patient, however, did not know the meaning of the monument any more than the average German would know the meaning of the Bunker Hill monument. This concept for the first time showed the importance of distinguishing between conscious and unconscious states, which was later amplified and developed by Freud as the psychology of the unconscious. New meaning was given to the affective or emotional factors of life, their fluctuations and dynamism. The symptom was the result of a dammed-up or strangulated affect. The patient could not give vent to the affect because the situation in question made this impossible, so that the idea was intentionally repressed from consciousness and excluded from associative elaboration. As a result of this repression, the sum of energy which could not be discharged took a wrong path to bodily innervation, and thus produced the symptom. In other words, the symptom was the result of a conversion of psychic energy into a physical manifestation, such as pain or paralysis. Thus, a pain in the face, diagnosed as neuralgia, might be due to an insult which would ordinarily evoke the thought, "I feel as if he had slapped me in the face." As this insult could not be retaliated against, the strangulated energy remained in a state of repression and gave rise to "neuralgia." The cure or the discharge was effected through what the authors called the process of abreaction. The hypnotized patient was led back to the repressed episodes and allowed to give free vent in speech and action to the feelings which were originally kept out of consciousness.<sup>2</sup>

(6) Breuer's and Freud's discoveries were not received as sympathetically as the authors expected. Their psychogenetic views of hysteria were interesting, but too revolutionary to be accepted by their older colleagues. On the other hand, in spite of much discussion, there was as yet, no real antagonism. That did not arise until later, when Freud began to stress the sexual factor in the neuroses. In his report of Anna O., Breuer stated: "The sexual element in her make-up was astonishingly undeveloped." Throughout their book the sexual elements, of which there were many in

<sup>2</sup> To ab-react literally means to re-act or work off something repressed, thereby unburdening oneself of unconscious, strangulated feelings.

every case, were treated no differently than the other factors in the patients' lives. How Freud happened to become interested in sex and then stress its importance in the etiology of the neuroses he tells us later.

(7) Very soon after the appearance of the *Studies in Hysteria*, Breuer withdrew from the field. He was, after all, unprepared for this specialty, and inasmuch as he enjoyed a stable and lucrative practice and a high reputation as a family physician, the storm which began to gather as his collaborator advanced deeper into the etiology of the neuroses more or less frightened him. Freud, therefore, continued alone to elaborate and perfect the instrument left by his erstwhile friend and collaborator; and as a result, the cathartic method underwent numerous modifications, the most important of which was the giving-up of hypnotism in favor of *free association*. As pointed out above, not everybody could be hypnotized, and since hypnotism was absolutely indispensable to the cathartic treatment at that time, many a worthy patient had had to be given up just because he or she could not be hypnotized. Freud was also dissatisfied with the therapeutic results of catharsis based on hypnotism. Although cures were often very striking, they were often of very short duration and depended mainly on the personal relation between the patient and physician. Moreover, Freud always entertained a feeling of antipathy to the application of hypnotism and suggestion to patients. Speaking of his visit to Bernheim in 1889, he states: "But I can remember even then a feeling of gloomy antagonism against this tyranny of suggestion. When a patient who did not prove to be yielding was shouted at: 'What are you doing? Vous vous contresuggestionnez!', I said to myself that this was an evident injustice and violence."

(8) Yet his visit to Bernheim later helped him out of the dilemma of not being able to hypnotize some patients. He recalled the following experiment which he had witnessed there, the object of which was to overcome the post-hypnotic amnesia: On being awakened, the patient could not remember anything that had transpired during hypnosis, but when he was urged to make an effort to recall what had been said to him, he eventually remembered everything. Freud applied the same method to those patients whom he could not hypnotize. He urged them to tell him everything that came to their minds, to leave out nothing, regardless of whether they considered it relevant or not. He persuaded them to

give up all conscious reflection, abandon themselves to calm concentration, follow their spontaneous mental occurrences, and impart everything to him. In this way he finally obtained those free associations which lead to the origin of the symptoms. As he developed this method, he found that it was not as simple as he had thought, that these so-called free associations were really not free, but were determined by unconscious material which had to be analyzed and interpreted. He therefore designated this new technique psychoanalysis. The cathartic method, however, was ever preserved as a sort of nucleus of psychoanalysis despite the expansions and modifications which Freud gradually made as he proceeded with the new technique.

(9) In the course of working with free associations, Freud gained a tremendous amount of insight into the play of forces of the human mind which he could not have obtained through the former therapeutic procedure. The question as to how the patient could have forgotten so many outer and inner experiences, which could be recalled only in a state of hypnosis and which were difficult to bring to consciousness by means of free association, soon became revealed to him. The forgotten material represented something painful, something disagreeable, or something frightful, obnoxious to the ego of the patient, which he did not like to think of consciously. In order to make it conscious, the physician had to exert himself mightily to overcome the patient's resistance, which kept these experiences in a state of repression and away from consciousness. The neurosis proved to be the result of a psychic conflict between two dynamic forces, impulse and resistance, in the course of which struggle the ego withdrew from the disagreeable impulse. As a result of this withdrawal, the obnoxious impulse was kept from access to consciousness as well as from direct motor discharge, but it retained its impulsive energy.

(10) This unconscious process actually is a primary defense mechanism, comparable to an effort to fly away from something. But in order to keep the disagreeable idea from consciousness, the ego has to contend against the constant thrust of the repressed impulse which is ever searching for expression. But despite constant exertion by the ego, the repressed, obnoxious impulse often finds an outlet through some by-path, and thus invalidates the intention of the repression. The repressed impulsive energy then settles by this indirect course on some organ or part of the body, and this innerva-



tion constitutes the symptom. Once this is established, the patient struggles against the symptom in the same way as he did against the originally repressed impulses.

(11) To illustrate these mechanisms let us consider the case of an hysterical young woman. For some months she was courted by a young man proclaiming his ardent love for her. Suddenly one day he made an unsuccessful sexual assault upon her, and then disappeared, leaving her in a state of deep depression. She could not confide in her mother, because from the very beginning of the affair the mother had forbidden her to see the young man. Three years later I found her suffering from numerous hysterical conversion symptoms, and attacks of an epileptic character which had existed for some two and a half years. Analysis showed that the attacks represented symbolically what had taken place at the time of the abortive sexual assault. Every detail of the so-called epileptiform attack — every gesture, every movement — was a stereotyped repetition of the sexual attack which the patient was reproducing unconsciously. The other symptoms, too, were directly traceable to the love affair.

(12) The whole process of this disease can readily be understood if we bear in mind the various steps of this love situation. The young woman was healthy and, biontically speaking, ready for mating; her primitive instinct of sex was striving for fulfillment. Consciously, she could think of love only in the modern sense of the term, in which the physical elements are deliberately kept out of sight. Her middle-class, religious environment precluded any illicit sexual activity as far as she was consciously concerned. But, behind it all, the sexual impulses were actively reaching out for maternity. She was sincerely in love with the man, but naturally thought of love as marriage, with everything that goes with it. The sudden shock of coming face to face with the physical elements of sex left a terrific impression on her mind: on the one hand, consciously, she rejected vehemently the lover's physical approaches, and on the other hand, unconsciously, she really craved them. For weeks afterwards she vividly lived over in her mind everything that had happened to her, and, now and then, even fancied herself as having yielded — a thought which was immediately rejected and replaced by feelings of reproach and disgust. Last, but not least, she actually missed the love-making, which she had enjoyed for months prior to the attempted assault. As she could not unburden



herself to anyone, she tried very hard to forget everything, and finally seemingly succeeded. But a few weeks later she began to show the symptoms which finally developed into the pathogenic picture which was diagnosed as epilepsy or hystero-epilepsy. These symptoms were the symbolization, or, if you will, a dramatization of the conflict between her primitive self and her ethical self, between what Freud now calls the *Id* and the *Ego*.

(13) To make ourselves more explicit, it will be necessary to say something about the elements of the psychic apparatus. According to Freud's formulation the child brings into the world an unorganized chaotic mentality called the *Id*, the sole aim of which is the gratification of all needs, the alleviation of hunger, self-preservation, and love, the preservation of the species. However, as the child grows older, that part of the *id* which comes in contact with the environment through the senses learns to know the inexorable reality of the outer world and becomes modified into what Freud calls the *ego*. This *ego*, possessing awareness of the environment, henceforth strives to curb the lawless *id* tendencies whenever they attempt to assert themselves incompatibly. The neurosis, as we see it here, was, therefore, a conflict between the *ego* and the *id*. The *ego*, aware of the forces of civilization, religion and ethics, refused to allow motor discharge to the powerful sexual impulses emanating from the lawless *id*, and thus blocked them from attainment of the object towards which they aimed. The *ego* then defended itself against these impulses by repressing them. The young lady in question seemingly forgot this whole episode. Had the repression continued unabated, she would have remained healthy. But the repressed material struggled against this fate, finally broke through as a substitutive formation on paths over which the *ego* had no control, and obtruded itself on the *ego* as symptoms. As a result of this process, the *ego* found itself more or less impoverished, its integrity was threatened and hurt, and hence it continued to combat the symptom in the same way as it had defended itself against the original *id* impulses.

(14) This whole process constitutes the picture of the neuroses, or rather of the transference neuroses, which comprise hysteria, anxiety hysteria, and the compulsion neuroses, in contradistinction to the so-called narcissistic neuroses, melancholic depressions, and to the psychoses, schizophrenia, paranoid conditions and paranoia proper, in which the underlying mechanisms are somewhat dif-

ferent. In a psychosis, as will be shown later, the illness results from a conflict between the ego and the outer world, and in the narcissistic neurosis from a conflict between the ego and the super-ego. For just as the ego is a modified portion of the id as a result of contact with the outer world, the super-ego represents a modified part of the ego, formed through experiences absorbed from the parents, especially from the father. The super-ego is the highest mental evolution attainable by man, and consists of a precipitate of all prohibitions and inhibitions, all the rules of conduct which are impressed on the child by his parents and by parental substitutes. The feeling of conscience depends altogether on the development of the super-ego.

(15) From the description given here of the mechanism of the neurosis, scant as it is, one can already see the great rôle attributed by Freud to the unconscious factor of the mind. Psychoanalysis has been justly called the "psychology of depths" because it has emphasized the rôle of the unconscious mental processes. Unlike those psychologists and philosophers who use such terms as conscious, co-conscious, and sub-conscious in a very loose and confused manner, Freud conceives consciousness simply as an organ of perception. One is conscious or aware of those mental processes which occupy one at any given time. In contrast to this, the unconscious is utterly unknown and cannot be voluntarily recalled. No person can bring to light anything from his unconscious unless he is made to recall it by hypnosis, or unless it is interpreted for him by psychoanalysis. Midway between conscious and unconscious there is a fore-conscious or pre-conscious, which contains memories of which one is unaware, but which one can eventually recall with some effort.

(16) This structure of a conscious fore-conscious, and an actual unconscious, is based on the attempt which Freud made to conceive the psychic apparatus as a composition of a number of forces or systems. It is a theoretical classification, which seems, however, to work well in practice. Bearing in mind these spatial divisions, we can state that whereas the dream is the royal road to the unconscious, most of the mechanisms discussed in the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* belong to the fore-conscious system. This work was written after Freud became convinced that there is nothing arbitrary or accidental in psychic life, be it normal or abnormal. For the very unconscious forces which he found in the

neuroses he also found in the common faulty actions of everyday life, like ordinary forgetting of familiar names, slips of the tongue, mistakes in reading or writing, which had hitherto been considered accidental and unworthy of explanation. Freud shows in the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* that a rapid reflection or a short analysis always demonstrates the disturbing influence behind such slips, and conclusively proves that the same disturbances, differing only in degree, are found in every person, and that the gap between the neurotic and the so-called normal is, therefore, very narrow.

(17) The dream, according to Freud, represents the hidden fulfillment of an unconscious wish. But the wishes which it represents as fulfilled are the very same unconscious wishes which are repressed in neuroses. Dreaming is a normal function of the mind; it is the guardian of sleep insofar as it strives to release tensions generated by unattainable wishes — tensions which, if not removed, might keep the person from sleeping. The dream is not always successful in its efforts; sometimes it oversteps the limits of propriety; it goes too far; and then the dreamer is awakened by the super-ego.

(18) Without going further into the psychology of the dream, enough has been said to show that these twin discoveries — that non-conscious psychic processes are active in every normal person, expressing themselves in inhibitions and other modifications of intentional acts, and that the dreams of mentally healthy persons are not differently constructed from neurotic or psychotic symptoms — gave rise not only to a New Psychology, but to fruitful investigations in many other fields of human knowledge. The ability to interpret the dreams of today made it possible also to interpret the dreams of yesterday. Freudian literature, therefore, abounds in studies throwing new light on mythology, folklore, fairy tales, and ethnology; and psychoanalysis has become as important to the non-medical sciences as to the therapy of the neuroses.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Because of the packed, technical information in this essay the paragraphs have been numbered. Summarize each paragraph in a single sentence.

2. The diction of this essay is most formal. List some of the words which contribute to its formality.

3. Sentence 1 suggests that Brill's approach to his subject will be chronological. Does the rest of his essay carry out this suggestion?

4. Define the following key words and phrases: *hysteria*, paragraphs 1-4; *catharsis*, paragraph 5; *free association*, paragraph 7; *psychoanalysis*, paragraph 8; *repression*, paragraphs 10-12; *id*, *ego*, paragraphs 12, 13; *neurosis*, paragraph 13; *psychosis*, paragraph 14; *super-ego*, paragraph 14.

5. Put the following sentence in your own words: "The dream, according to Freud, represents the hidden fulfillment of an unconscious wish" (paragraph 14). Once the terminology is mastered, how understandable do you find sentences like this one?

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How is the treatment of the patient in paragraph 2 an example of catharsis?

2. What advantage did Freud find in using free association instead of hypnotism? (paragraph 7)

3. What do you understand by free association? Does it relate in any way with the stream of consciousness?

4. How is the case study in paragraph 11 an example of repression?

5. Paragraphs 15 and 16 present Freud's views on the importance of the "unconscious factor of the mind." Can you put them in your own words?

6. Can you defend the statement that Freud's psychoanalysis is a science of the mind?

7. Brill speaks of the hostility aroused by Freud's new science. Why do you think this hostility appeared?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Why does a new science always develop a new terminology? What result does it achieve through the use of such a terminology?

2. In what ways does Freud's concept of mind mark an advance over James's? Why should our century have given birth to Freud's concept of mind?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Dreams

Football Yells and Free Association

My Ego and My Id

Art and the Unconscious

Freud and the Twentieth Century



## SOME VARIETIES OF DEFENSE MECHANISMS

*Laurance F. Shaffer and Edward J. Shoben, Jr.*

### *Identification*

IDENTIFICATION IS A METHOD OF TENSION REDUCTION THROUGH the achievement of another person or of a group of people. An individual employing this mechanism is said to "identify himself" with the person, organization, or activity concerned. Identification appears early in life in the relationship between a child and a parent. Since a young child achieves many of his adjustments only through the help of his parents, he establishes a habit of regarding their qualities as assets of his own. A boy's strongest identification is usually with his father, who satisfies many of his needs for strength and knowledge. Many traits, ranging from inconsequential mannerisms to important social attitudes, are learned through the operation of the identification mechanism. In that sense, identification is one of the basic factors in character formation.

Group participation often illustrates the motive-satisfying values of identification. Men join clubs, fraternities, and lodges through which individual aspirations are achieved collectively. Such societies are often valued in proportion to their exclusiveness, which satisfies motives for recognition and self-esteem. A youth identifies with his school and favorite baseball team, a business man with his organization, a housewife with her home and family. The extent to which people speak of "my group," and refer to it as "we," indicates the individually-centered nature of the satisfactions derived from group identification. People also identify themselves with their possessions. Men take pride in their homes, automobiles, or clothing, and gain tension reduction from exhibiting these material objects or merely from contemplating their excellence.

Like other defense mechanisms, identification is not adopted deliberately, nor is a person usually aware of its adjustive significance to him. It is a deeply ingrained habit arising through trial-and-error learning. For most people, identification is a constructive and integrative mechanism, but it is an adjustment nonetheless.

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While usually a superior adjustment, identification may in some instances be associated with personal difficulties. If a person is too fawningly imitative of acquaintances who have prestige, and is too eager to join societies and support causes, you may suspect that he is using identification as an anxiety-reducing mechanism in the same way that he might use compensation or attention-getting. Unfortunate identifications may lead to maladjustments. Instances in which a boy has drifted into delinquency because of his identification with an antisocial person are frequent and obvious. Conflicts of identifications are more subtle. If a boy's father is dead or divorced, or if circumstances or the father's attitudes prevent frequent and warm contacts with his son, the boy may form a strong identification with his mother and adopt many feminine characteristics. Later, his gang of boy peers will demand different attitudes and identifications and will reject him if he continues his feminine outlook. Conflict and anxiety will result, which may be resolved by aggressive compensatory behavior. The neighbors interpret the boy's trouble as due to the lack of a father's "strong hand"; more often it is caused by a lack of father identification.

### *Reaction Formation*

A conflict sometimes may be resolved by strengthening one of the conflicting motives. A mechanism serving that purpose is reaction formation, which is defined as the adoption of an attitude opposite to one that produces anxiety. Like other varieties of defense, reaction formation can be seen in many small incidents of everyday life. The proverbial behavior of a boy passing a graveyard at night is to whistle in the dark, thereby expressing a nonchalance that is the opposite of his real feelings and helping him to inhibit a tendency to flee in terror. Some timid persons whose past experience has caused them to feel anxiety in relationships with other people hide behind a gruff façade and assume a hostility against others that protects them from fear.

Quite a number of the adjustment mechanisms have been demonstrated by experimental as well as by clinical evidence. Some of the experiments have used animals as subjects and show that the common mechanisms are not limited to human behavior. An experimental observation of reaction formation will serve as an example. In one part of a study of responses to conflict, Mowrer placed rats in a compartment in which they received a gradually

increasing electric shock through a grill of metal rods that constituted the floor. The rats could end the shock by pressing a metal pedal at one end of the box. As the shock increased, the rats became more active and eventually would touch the pedal. In a few trials all rats learned to press the pedal promptly to terminate the shock. Then, the pedal itself was charged so that the rat received an electric shock upon touching it. Subsequent trials yielded an interesting observation. As the shock from the floor grill became stronger, some rats would move to the end of the box opposite to the pedal. These rats acted as though they "wanted" to press the pedal, but retreated from it so as to protect themselves from performing a desired but punishing act. Their behavior was analogous to the mechanism of reaction formation, in which a person expresses the opposite of an impulse which he really feels, but which also arouses anxiety. The rats that fled from the pedal might be described as "resisting a temptation."

A person who has strong motivation in a socially disapproved direction often displays reaction formation. He may have aggressive or sexual motives which his training has led him to view with anxiety. Less common and more remotely derived urges, as for alcohol or gambling, sometimes operate similarly.

Morgan described a young clergyman whose sermons developed into frenzied tirades against sin, which to him was synonymous with anything suggesting sexual conduct. He alienated his congregation by denunciations of dancing, new styles of dressing or of hair arrangement, cosmetics, and vice, which he considered all in the same category. He forbade the boys and girls of his congregation to walk home from church together. This young minister was trying to live a celibate life which he believed essential to his calling. His quite normal sexual impulses and thoughts aroused severe anxiety in him, which he controlled by strengthening his defenses against any evidence of sex in others.

Although the clergyman's adjustment is best classed as reaction formation, it also resembles compensation, and has more than a trace of projection — which illustrates the degree to which defense mechanisms overlap. Prudish attitudes may arise in the same way as did the defenses of the clergyman. Many observers have noted that the most fervent reformer is a man who has been tempted strongly by the evil he seeks to combat.

The mechanism of reaction formation offers a hazard to clear and scientific thinking because it is possible to hypothesize that either of two opposite motives underlies the same behavior. If a mother loves and protects her child with great zeal, one can suppose that she does so because of normal socialized motives. Or, it is sometimes said that she really hates and rejects the child and that her great show of love is a reaction formation. You have to guard against the attractive snare of adopting the explanation that fits your theoretical preconceptions or your prejudices about the particular case. Human behavior is very complex, however, and we cannot discard the concept of reaction formation because it is sometimes abused. Highly moral attitudes and intense preoccupations with socially approved objectives sometimes arise from reaction formation but they do not always spring from that source. Decisions about the adjustments of one particular person require a careful study of his unique experiences and learnings, and cannot be reached from broad general principles.

### *Rationalization*

Rationalization is a form of defense in which a person gives socially acceptable reasons for his behavior. Rationalization is not a process of logical reasoning but an attempt to make conduct appear sensible and in conformity to social expectations; "irrationalization" perhaps would be a more appropriate term. When you rationalize you give "good" reasons that serve to conceal from yourself and from other people the real reasons which are in conflict with learned social standards. Rationalizations may be spoken aloud to other people, expressed in private thoughts to oneself, or shown in non-verbal actions.

A man contemplating the purchase of an automobile that he really cannot afford may persuade himself by a host of good reasons. He points out that rides in the country will benefit his wife's health; that he can take the children to school in the car and thereby keep them from getting wet feet in rainy weather; that the recreation afforded by the car will keep him more fit for his job. He may even convince himself that if he does not have the car he is likely to suffer a breakdown and lose his employment entirely. So the man argues that the automobile, far from being an extravagance, will be an economy in the end. Behind such good reasons for buying the car may lie many unacknowledged real reasons.

That the car is a badge of success in the community necessary for full social approval, that mastery is involved in the form of out-doing his neighbors, may be strong motives behind his expressed desires.

Rationalization, perhaps more clearly than any other mechanism, illustrates a response to conflicting demands in the culture. Most people in Western culture learn competitive and aggressive patterns of motivation that make them want to succeed and excel, and to secure recognition and approval. At the same time, the training given in the dominant culture teaches children that direct and naive forms of hostility and self-aggrandizement are inferior and punishable. At least, to state openly that one is seeking personal power is not "in good taste." Perhaps the group has to enforce such a rule to keep itself from being dominated too easily by strong persons. People who have learned their social lesson well cannot acknowledge their aggressive motivations. Such needs may be quite unconscious. Another relevant social custom is a high regard for reasonable and logical thinking. Everyone is expected to give a reasonable account of himself, and the impulsive nature of most behavior is given no public recognition. These three trends in socialized behavior, which make us aggressive, make us conceal our aggressions, and make us give logical accounts of our actions, cause all of us to become victims of rationalization.

Several types of rationalization have been described which serve as defense mechanisms to protect people from anxiety arising from an expectation of social criticism. *Blaming the incidental cause* is a common variety. A child who stumbles over a stool turns and kicks it. Here is rationalization in action, defending him against imputations of clumsiness or carelessness. It was the stool's fault. The defeated tennis player must have his racket restrung, and the poor workman proverbially blames his tools.

The sour-grapes mechanism is another popular rationalization. Unable to reach the grapes, the fox declares that they are sour. Similarly, we find a person proclaiming that the job he lost was no good anyway. The young man finds that the girl who refused him has a million faults. A highly organized rationalization of the sour-grapes type is the "doctrine of balances," that if a person is superior in some way he must be inferior in some other respect. Many people believe that an intellectually gifted child is especially likely to be weak and puny, or that he is inevitably highstrung and



nervous. A belief is prevalent that a quick learner will not remember as well as a slow learner — “easy come, easy go.” “Beautiful but dumb” illustrates another common rationalization that comely girls are especially likely to be stupid. In all three of these illustrations, well-established psychological research contradicts the popular beliefs. Gifted children are stronger and less likely to be nervous than are average children; quick learners retain better; beautiful girls are slightly more likely to be bright than to be stupid. The doctrine of balances is a rationalization of the mediocre. That it is undesirable for a child to be bright is very consoling to the parents of a stupid child. The rationalization concerning pulchritude and brains is an invention of the unattractive. The converse of the sour-grapes rationalization often accompanies it. This sweet lemon mechanism asserts that one’s fates and fortunes, however humble, are just what one wants or just what is best for one in the end.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. This essay is in three parts, each constructed like the others. Briefly describe the structure used.
2. How does the use of specific examples help clarify the content of this essay?
3. Paragraph 1 is not organized around a single topic sentence. Point out the various ideas included in it.
4. Paragraph 2 is neatly organized around a topic sentence. What is its topic sentence?
5. Paragraph 3 is transitional. What two thoughts does it link?
6. How concrete and familiar are the examples offered in part 3 of this essay? What is the authors’ purpose in furnishing this type of example?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Shaffer and Shoben’s essay: *inconsequential*, *aspirations*, *maladjustments*, *façade*, *analogous*, *pulchritude*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How does joining a fraternity illustrate identification?
2. Define identification. Can you give an example of your own to illustrate it?



3. How is a strong prejudice against kissing an illustration of reaction formation?
4. Define reaction formation. Can you give an example of your own to illustrate it?
5. What do the authors mean by "sour-grapes" rationalization?
6. Define rationalization. Can you give an example of your own to illustrate it?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Quite obviously these defense mechanisms are not clear cut and separate. They tend to merge and overlap. How fixed and unchanging, then, are the terms of this new science? What does this tell you about the new science?
2. Compare this new scientific approach with Locke's idea of mind and with James's stream of consciousness. The differences are obvious enough, but what similarities do you find? How do you account for them?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Identification and Teen-Age Idols  
 Identification and the Movies (or TV)  
 Rationalization and Homework  
 Rationalization and Life  
 Reaction Formation (a short story)



## A QUEER HEART

*Elizabeth Bowen*

🌹 MRS. CADMAN GOT OUT OF THE BUS BACKWARDS. NO AMOUNT of practice ever made her more agile; the trouble she had with her big bulk amused everyone, and herself. Gripping the handles each side of the bus door so tightly that the seams of her gloves cracked, she lowered herself cautiously, like a climber, while her feet, overlapping her smart shoes, uncasily scabbled at each step. One or two people asked why the bus made, for one passenger, such a long,

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dead stop. But on the whole she was famous on this line, for she was constantly in and out of town. The conductor waited behind her, smiling, holding her basket, arms wide to catch her if she should slip.

Having got safe to the ground, Mrs. Cadman shook herself like a satisfied bird. She took back her shopping basket from the conductor and gave him a smile instead. The big kind scarlet bus once more ground into movement, off up the main road hill: it made a fading blur in the premature autumn dusk. Mrs. Cadman almost waved after it, for with it went the happy part of her day. She turned down the side road that led to her gate.

A wet wind of autumn, smelling of sodden gardens, blew in her face and tilted her hat. Leaves whirled along it, and one lime leaf, as though imploring shelter, lodged in her fur collar. Every gust did more to sadden the poor trees. This was one of those roads outside growing provincial cities that still keep their rural mystery. They seem to lead into something still not known. Traffic roars past one end, but the other end is in silence: you see a wood, a spire, a haughty manor gate, or your view ends with the turn of an old wall. Here some new raw-looking villas stood with spaces between them; in the spaces were orchards and market-gardens. A glasshouse roof reflected the wet grey light; there was a shut chapel farther along. And, each standing back in half an acre of ground, there were two or three stucco houses with dark windows, sombre but at the same time ornate, built years ago in this then retired spot. Dead lime leaves showered over their grass plots and evergreens. Mrs. Cadman's house, Granville, was one of these: its name was engraved in scrolls over the porch. The solid house was not large, and Mrs. Cadman's daughter, Lucille, could look after it with a daily help.

The widow and her daughter lived here in the state of cheerless meekness Lucille considered suitable for them now. Mr. Cadman had liked to have everything done in style. But twelve years ago he had died, travelling on business, in a hotel up in the North. Always the gentleman, he had been glad to spare them this upset at home. He had been brought back to the Midlands for his impressive funeral, whose size showed him a popular man. How unlike Mr. Cadman was Rosa proving herself. One can be most unfriendly on one's way of dying. Ah, well, one chooses one's husband; one's sister is dealt out to one by fate.

Mrs. Cadman, thumb on the latch of her own gate, looked for a minute longer up and down the road — deeply, deeply unwilling to go in. She looked back at the corner where the bus had vanished, and an immense sigh heaved up her coat lapels and made a cotton carnation, pinned to the fur, brush a fold of her chin. Laced, hooked, buttoned so tightly into her clothes, she seemed to need to deflate herself by these sudden sighs, by yawns or by those explosions of laughter that often vexed Lucille. Through her face — embedded in fat but still very lively, as exposed, as ingenuous as a little girl's — you could see some emotional fermentation always at work in her. Her smiles were frequent, hopeful and quick. Her pitching walk was due to her tight shoes.

When she did go in, she went in with a sort of rush. She let the door bang back on the hall wall, so that the chain rattled and an outraged clatter came from the letterbox. Immediately she knew she had done wrong. Lucille, appalled, looked out of the dining-room. "Shisssssh! How can you, mother!" she said.

"Ever so sorry, dear," said Mrs. Cadman, cast down.

"She'd just dropped off," said Lucille. "After her bad night and everything. It really does seem hard."

Mrs. Cadman quite saw that it did. She glanced nervously up the stairs, then edged into the dining-room. It was not cheerful in here: a monkey puzzle, too close to the window, drank the last of the light up; the room still smelt of dinner; the fire smouldered resentfully, starved for coal. The big mahogany furniture lowered, with no shine. Mrs. Cadman, putting her basket down on the table, sent an uncertain smile across at Lucille, whose glasses blankly gleamed high up on her long face. She often asked herself where Lucille could have come from. Could this be the baby daughter she had borne, and tied pink bows on, and christened a pretty name? In the sun in this very bow window she had gurgled into the sweet-smelling creases of Lucille's neck — one summer lost in time.

"You have been an age," Lucille said.

"Well, the shops were quite busy. I never saw," she said with irrepressible pleasure, "I never saw so many people in town!"

Lucille, lips tighter than ever shut, was routing about, unpacking the shopping basket, handling the packages. Chemist's and grocer's parcels. Mrs. Cadman watched her with apprehension. Then Lucille pounced; she held up a small soft parcel in frivolous wrap-

pings. "Oho," she said. "So you've been in at Babbington's?"

"Well, I missed one bus, so I had to wait for the next. So I just popped in there a minute out of the cold. And, you see, I've been wanting a little scarf —"

"Little scarf!" said Lucille. "I don't know what to make of you, mother. I don't really. How could you, at such a time? How you ever could have the heart!" Lucille, standing the other side of the table, leaned across it, her thin weight on her knuckles. This brought her face near her mother's. "Can't you understand?" she said. "Can't you take anything in? The next little scarf you'll need to buy will be black!"

"What a thing to say!" exclaimed Mrs. Cadman, profoundly offended. "With that poor thing upstairs now, waiting to have her tea."

"Tea? She can't take her tea. Why, since this morning she can't keep a thing down."

Mrs. Cadman blenched and began unbuttoning her coat. Lucille seemed to feel that her own prestige and Aunt Rosa's entirely hung on Aunt Rosa's approaching death. You could feel that she and her aunt had thought up this plan together. These last days had been the climax of their complicity. And there was Mrs. Cadman — as ever, as usual — put in the wrong, frowned upon, out of things. Whenever Rosa arrived to stay Mrs. Cadman had no fun in her home, and now Rosa was leaving for ever it seemed worse. A perverse kick of the heart, a flicker of naughtiness, made Mrs. Cadman say: "Oh, well, while there's life there's hope."

Lucille said: "If you won't face it, you won't. But I just say it does fall heavy on me. . . . We had the vicar round here this afternoon. He was up with Aunt for a bit, then he looked in and said he did feel I needed a prayer too. He said he thought I was wonderful. He asked where you were, and he seemed to wonder you find the heart to stay out so long. I thought from his manner he wondered a good deal."

Mrs. Cadman, with an irrepressible titter, said: "Give him something to think about! Why if I'd ha' shown up that vicar'd have popped out as fast as he popped in. Thinks I'd make a mouthful of him! Why, I've made him bolt down the street. Well, well. He's not my idea of a vicar. When your father and I first came here we had a rural dean. Oh, he was as pleasant as anything."

Lucille, with the air of praying for Christian patience, folded her

lips. Jabbing her fingers down the inside of her waistbelt, she more tightly tucked in her tight blouse. She liked looking like Mrs. Noah — no, Miss Noah. "The doctor's not been again. We're to let him know of any change."

"Well, let's do the best we can," said Mrs. Cadman. "But don't keep on *talking*. You don't make things any better, keeping on going on. My opinion is one should keep bright to the last. When my time comes, oh, I would like a cheery face."

"It's well for you . . ." began Lucille. She bit the remark off and, gathering up the parcels, stalked scornfully out of the dining-room. Without comment she left exposed on the table a small carton of goodies Mrs. Cadman had bought to cheer herself up with and had concealed in the toe of the shopping bag. Soon, from the kitchen came the carefully muffled noises of Lucille putting away provisions and tearing the wrappings off the chemist's things. Mrs. Cadman, reaching out for the carton, put a peppermint into each cheek. She, oh so badly, wanted a cup of tea but dared not follow Lucille into the kitchen in order to put the kettle on.

Though, after all, Granville was her house. . . .

You would not think it was her house — not when Rosa was there. While Lucille and her mother were *tête à tête* Lucille's disapproval was at least fairly tacit. But as soon as Rosa arrived on one of these yearly autumn visits — always choosing the season when Mrs. Cadman felt in her least good form, the fall of the leaf — the aunt and niece got together and found everything wrong. Their two cold natures ran together. They found Mrs. Cadman lacking; they forbade the affection she would have offered them. They censured her the whole time. Mrs. Cadman could date her real alienation from Lucille from the year when Rosa's visits began. During Mr. Cadman's lifetime Rosa had never come for more than an afternoon. Mr. Cadman had been his wife's defence from her sister — a great red kind of rumbustious fortification. He had been a man who kept every chill wind out. Rosa, during those stilted afternoon visits, had adequately succeeded in conveying that she found marriage low. She might just have suffered a pious marriage; she openly deprecated this high living, this state of fleshly bliss. In order not to witness it too closely she lived on in lodgings in her native town. . . . But once widowhood left her sister exposed, Rosa started flapping round Granville like a doomed bird. She instituted these yearly visits, which, she made plain at the



same time, gave her not much pleasure. The journey was tedious, and by breaking her habits, leaving her lodgings, Rosa was, out of duty, putting herself about. Her joyless and intimidating visits had, therefore, only one object — to protect the interests of Lucille.

Mrs. Cadman had suspected for some time that Rosa had something the matter with her. No one looks as yellow as that for nothing. But she was not sufficiently intimate with her sister to get down to the cosy subjects of insides. This time, Rosa arrived looking worse than ever, and three days afterwards had collapsed. Lucille said now she had known her aunt was poorly. Lucille said now she had always known. "But of course you wouldn't notice, mother," she said.

Mrs. Cadman sat down by the fire and, gratefully, kicked off her tight shoes. In the warmth her plump feet uncurled, relaxed, expanded like sea-anemones. She stretched her legs out, propped her heels on the fender and wiggled her toes voluptuously. They went on wiggling of their own accord: they seemed to have an independent existence. Here, in her home, where she felt so "put wrong" and chilly, they were like ten stout confidential friends. She said, out loud: "Well, I don't know what I've done."

The fact was: Lucille and Rosa resented her. (She'd feel better when she had had her tea.) She should not have talked as she had about the vicar. But it seemed so silly, Lucille having just him. She did wish Lucille had a better time. No young man so much as paused at the gate. Lucille's aunt had wrapped her own dank virginity round her, like someone sharing a mackintosh.

Mrs. Cadman had had a good time. A real good time always lasts: you have it with all your nature and all your nature stays living with it. She had been a pretty child with long, blonde hair that her sister Rosa, who was her elder sister, used to tweak when they were alone in their room. She had grown used, in that childish attic bedroom, to Rosa's malevolent silences. Then one had grown up, full of great uppish curves. Hilda Cadman could sing. She had sung at parties and sung at charity concerts, too. She had been invited from town to town, much fêted in business society. She had sung in a dress cut low at the bosom, with a rose or carnation tucked into her hair. She had drunk port wine in great red rooms blazing with chandeliers. Mr. Cadman had whisked her away from her other gentleman friends, and not for a moment had she regretted it. Nothing had been too good for her; she had gone on

singing. She had felt warm air on her bare shoulders; she still saw the kind, flushed faces crowding round. Mr. Cadman and she belonged to the jolly set. They all thought the world of her, and she thought the world of them.

Mrs. Cadman, picking up the poker, jabbed the fire into a spurt of light. It does not do any good to sit and think in the dark.

The town was not the same now. They had all died, or lost their money, or gone. But you kept on loving the town for its dear old sake. She sometimes thought: Why not move and live at the seaside, where there would be a promenade and a band? But she knew her nature clung to the old scenes; where you had lived, you lived — your nature clung like a cat. While there was something to look at she was not one to repine. It kept you going to keep out and about. Things went, but then new things came in their place. You can't cure yourself of the habit of loving life. So she drank up the new pleasures — the big cafés, the barging buses, the cinemas, the shops dripping with colour, almost all built of glass. She could be perfectly happy all alone in a café, digging into a cream bun with a fork, the band playing, smiling faces all round. The old faces had not gone: they had dissolved, diluted into the ruddy blur through which she saw everything.

Meanwhile, Lucille was hard put to it, living her mother down. Mother looked ridiculous, always round town like that.

Mrs. Cadman heard Lucille come out of the kitchen and go upstairs with something rattling on a tray. She waited a minute more, then sidled into the kitchen, where she cautiously started to make tea. The gas-ring, as though it were a spy of Lucille's, popped loudly when she applied the match.

"Mother, she's asking for you."

"Oh, dear — do you mean she's — ?"

"She's much more herself this evening," Lucille said implacably.

Mrs. Cadman, at the kitchen table, had been stirring sugar into her third cup. She pushed her chair back, brushed crumbs from her bosom and followed Lucille like a big unhappy lamb. The light was on in the hall, but the stairs led up into shadow: she had one more start of reluctance at their foot. Autumn draughts ran about in the top story: up there the powers of darkness all seemed to mobilize. Mrs. Cadman put her hand on the banister knob. "Are you sure she does want to see me? Oughtn't she to stay quiet?"

"You should go when she's asking. You never know. . . ."

Breathless, breathing unevenly on the top landing, Mrs. Cadman pushed open the spare-room — that was the sick-room — door. In there — in here — the air was dead, and at first it seemed very dark. On the ceiling an oil-stove printed its flower-pattern; a hooded lamp, low down, was turned away from the bed. On that dark side of the lamp she could just distinguish Rosa, propped up, with the sheet drawn to her chin.

"Rosa?"

"Oh, it's you?"

"Yes; it's me, dear. Feeling better this evening?"

"Seemed funny, you not coming near me."

"They said for you to keep quiet."

"My own sister. . . . You never liked sickness, did you? Well, I'm going. I shan't trouble you long."

"Oh, don't talk like that!"

"I'm glad to be going. Keeping on lying here. . . . We all come to it. Oh, give over crying, Hilda. Doesn't do any good."

Mrs. Cadman sat down, to steady herself. She fumbled in her lap with her handkerchief, perpetually, clumsily knocking her elbows against the arms of the wicker chair. "It's such a shame," she said. "It's such a pity. You and me, after all . . ."

"Well, it's late for all that now. Each took our own ways." Rosa's voice went up in a sort of ghostly sharpness. "There were things that couldn't be otherwise. I've tried to do right by Lucille. Lucille's a good girl, Hilda. You should ask yourself if you've done right by her."

"Oh, for shame, Rosa," said Mrs. Cadman, turning her face through the dark towards that disembodied voice. "For shame, Rosa, even if you are going. You know best what's come between her and me. It's been you and her, you and her. I don't know where to turn sometimes —"

Rosa said: "You've got such a shallow heart."

"How should you know? Why, you've kept at a distance from me ever since we were tots. Oh, I know I'm a great silly, always after my fun, but I never took what was yours; I never did harm to you. I don't see what call we have got to judge each other. You didn't want my life that I've had."

Rosa's chin moved: she was lying looking up at her sister's big rippling shadow, splodged up there by the light of the low lamp.

It is frightening, having your shadow watched. Mrs. Cadman said: "But what did I do to you?"

"I could have had a wicked heart," said Rosa. "A vain, silly heart like yours. I could have fretted, seeing you take everything. One thing, then another. But I was shown. God taught me to pity you. God taught me my lesson. . . . You wouldn't even remember that Christmas tree."

"What Christmas tree?"

"No, you wouldn't even remember. Oh, I thought it was lovely. I could have cried when they pulled the curtains open, and there it was, all blazing away with candles and silver and everything —"

"Well, isn't that funny. I —"

"No; you've had all that pleasure since. All of us older children couldn't take it in, hardly, for quite a minute or two. It didn't look real. Then I looked up, and there was a fairy doll fixed on the top, right on the top spike, fixed on to a star. I set my heart on her. She had wings and long fair hair, and she was shining away. I couldn't take my eyes off her. They cut the presents down; but she wasn't for anyone. In my childish blindness I kept praying to God. If I am not to have her, I prayed, let her stay there."

"And what did God do?" Hilda said eagerly.

"Oh, He taught me and saved me. You were a little thing in a blue sash; you piped up and asked might you have the doll."

"Fancy me! Aren't children awful!" said Mrs. Cadman. "Asking like that."

"They said: 'Make her sing for it.' They were taken with you. So you piped up again, singing. You got her, all right. I went off where they kept the coats. I've thanked God ever since for what I had to go through! I turned my face from vanity that very night. I had been shown."

"Oh, what a shame!" said Hilda. "Oh, I think it was cruel; you poor little mite."

"No; I used to see that doll all draggled about the house till no one could bear the sight of it. I said to myself: that's how those things end. Why, I'd learnt more in one evening than you've ever learnt in your life. Oh, yes, I've watched you, Hilda. Yes, and I've pitied you."

"Well, you showed me no pity."

"You asked for no pity — all vain and set up."

"No wonder you've been against me. Fancy me not knowing. I

didn't mean any harm — why, I was quite a little thing. I don't even remember."

"Well, you'll remember one day. When you lie as I'm lying you'll find that everything comes back. And you'll see what it adds up to."

"Well, if I do?" said Hilda. "I haven't been such a baby; I've seen things out in my own way; I've had my ups and downs. It hasn't been all jam." She got herself out of the arm-chair and came and stood uncertainly by the foot of the bed. She had a great wish to reach out and turn the hooded lamp round, so that its light could fall on her sister's face. She felt she should see her sister, perhaps for the first time. Inside the flat, still form did implacable disappointment, then, stay locked? She wished she could give Rosa some little present. Too late to give Rosa anything pretty now: she looked back — it had always, then, been too late? She thought: you poor queer heart; you queer heart, eating yourself out, thanking God for the pain. She thought: I did that to her; then what have I done to Lucille?

She said: "You're ever so like me, Rosa, really, aren't you? Setting our hearts on things. When you've got them you don't notice. No wonder you wanted Lucille. . . . You did ought to have had that fairy doll."

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What images in paragraph 2 help reveal Mrs. Cadman's character? What does "the big kind scarlet bus" tell you about her?

2. Paragraph 2 contains a delicately described change of mood. What clause communicates it?

3. Paragraph 3 is an example of poetic writing. What phrases do you find in it which are especially eloquent?

4. How apt a description is the "cheerless meekness" of paragraph 4 of what is to follow in the story? Do you think the author's choice of two successive words that almost sound alike was deliberate? Why?

5. What adjectives does the author use to make Rosa and Lucille unlovable?

6. How does the use of ellipsis in the final paragraph make the revelation it contains more dramatic?



7. At one point in the story Miss Bowen writes that Mrs. Cadman "pushed her chair back, brushed crumbs from her bosom and followed Lucille like a big unhappy lamb." How many insights into Mrs. Cadman's character do these lines reveal?

8. Define and use each of the following words from Miss Bowen's story: *sodden*, *resentfully*, *complicity*, *alienation*, *implacable*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What kind of person is Mrs. Cadman? What kind of person was Mr. Cadman?

2. What differences do you find between Mrs. Cadman and her sister?

3. What is the significance of the fairy doll?

4. What is the revelation in the final paragraph?

5. Can you explain how Rosa's conduct is an example of reaction formation?

6. Can you explain how it is an example of rationalization?

7. How does your awareness of the mental processes involved increase your appreciation of the story?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What is Miss Bowen saying about loneliness in the twentieth century?

2. Discuss the statement that there is a considerable gap between the popular attitude toward the mind and that of modern psychology and serious literature. How would you account for that gap?

3. Sum up the various ideas of mind as seen through the fiction of Fielding, Stendhal, Woolf, and Bowen. Do you think man has explored all the ideas of mind? If not, what suggestions can you make concerning other possibilities?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Own Attitude toward Mind

The Idea of Mind

The Mind and Today's Complex Society

Rationalization (a story)

Identification (a critique of the popular arts)

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## The Limits of the Senses

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✿ Most of us are sure that, whatever the mind is, our ability to know has fairly set and dependable limits, imposed by the nature of our senses and their ability to perceive the world around us. But how can we be sure? Perhaps living in a scientific age has lulled us into a false sense of certainty about things that cannot, after all, be weighed or measured. However sure most scientists seem to be about the definable limits of the mind, a flash of doubt flares up every now and then which throws the light of question on rational self-assurance. Twice (notably) this has happened in an age of science, once in the eighteenth century and once in our own. Each time the question has been directed not chiefly at the nature of the mind, but at the relationship between reality and our senses as avenues of knowledge.

Partly on grounds of philosophy and partly of theology, the eighteenth century bishop, George Berkeley, directly challenged Locke. The mind, said Berkeley, is not a recording machine but a reflection of the only definite reality, the Spirit. For him "there is not any other Substance than Spirit," and all the things we see, hear, taste, touch, and smell represent no external reality whose existence can surely be demonstrated.

In our own time the psychologist Joseph B. Rhine has challenged the commonsense assumption that we can know things only through our senses. Dr. Rhine believes that the mind can reach far beyond the ordinary limits of the senses to predict events which cannot be perceived. Most of us have experienced or known about premonitions, or had dreams of events that later took place. And it is not uncommon to enter a room or visit a place for the first time, yet to experience an eerie conviction that "this has happened before." In the light of such experiences Rhine's new "parapsychology" (para = above or beyond) holds that the mind can reach beyond the senses and transcend the ordinary limits of space and

time. Rhine's experiments have led him and his followers to make some startling claims for the existence of extra-sensory perception and even the use of mind as a physical force to influence events. But many doubt these claims, as does Bergen Evans. The following selections should lead to some fascinating speculations — but how far will the evidence take you?



## MIND AND REALITY

George Berkeley

1. IT IS EVIDENT TO ANY ONE WHO TAKES A SURVEY OF THE objects of human knowledge, that they are either ideas actually imprinted on the senses, or else such as are perceived by attending to the passions and operations of the mind; or lastly, ideas formed by help of memory and imagination, either compounding, dividing, or barely representing those originally perceived in the aforesaid ways. By sight I have the ideas of light and colours with their several degrees and variations. By touch I perceive hard and soft, heat and cold, motion and resistance; and of all these more and less either as to quantity or degree. Smelling furnishes me with odours; the palate with tastes; and hearing conveys sounds to the mind in all their variety of tone and composition. And as several of these are observed to accompany each other, they come to be marked by one name, and so to be reputed as one thing. Thus, for example, a certain colour, taste, smell, figure, and consistence having been observed to go together, are accounted one distinct thing, signified by the name "apple"; other collections of ideas constitute a stone, a tree, a book, and the like sensible things; which, as they are pleasing or disagreeable, excite the passions of love, hatred, joy, grief, and so forth.

2. But besides all that endless variety of ideas or objects of knowledge, there is likewise something which knows or perceives them, and exercises divers operations, as willing, imagining, remembering, about them. This perceiving, active being is what I call mind, spirit, soul, or myself. By which words I do not denote any

From *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, Part I, 1710.

one of my ideas, but a thing entirely distinct from them, wherein they exist, or, which is the same thing, whereby they are perceived; for the existence of an idea consists in being perceived.

3. That neither our thoughts, nor passions, nor ideas formed by the imagination, exist without the mind, is what every body will allow. And to me it seems no less evident that the various sensations or ideas imprinted on the Sense, however blended or combined together (that is, whatever objects they compose), cannot exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving them. I think an intuitive knowledge may be obtained of this, by any one that shall attend to what is meant by the term "exist," when applied to sensible things. The table I write on, I say, exists; that is, I see and feel it: and if I were out of my study I should say it existed; meaning thereby that if I was in my study I might perceive it, or that some other spirit actually does perceive it. There was an odour, that is, it was smelt; there was a sound, that is, it was heard; a colour or figure, and it was perceived by sight or touch. This is all that I can understand by these and the like expressions. For as to what is said of the absolute existence of unthinking things without any relation to their being perceived, that is to me perfectly unintelligible. Their *esse* is *percipi*; nor is it possible they should have any existence out of the minds or thinking things which perceive them.

4. It is indeed an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men that houses, mountains, rivers, and in a word all sensible objects have an existence natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. But with how great an assurance and acquiescence soever this Principle may be entertained in the world, yet whoever shall find in his heart to call it in question, may, if I mistake not, perceive it to involve a manifest contradiction. For what are the forementioned objects but the things we perceive by sense? and what do we perceive besides our own ideas or sensations? and is it not plainly repugnant that any one of these or any combination of them should exist unperceived?

5. If we thoroughly examine this tenet, it will, perhaps, be found at bottom to depend on the doctrine of abstract ideas. For can there be a nicer strain of abstraction than to distinguish the existence of sensible objects from their being perceived, so as to conceive them existing unperceived? Light and colours, heat and cold, extension and figures — in a word the things we see and feel

— what are they but so many sensations, notions, ideas, or impressions on the sense? and is it possible to separate, even in thought, any of these from perception? For my part I might as easily divide a thing from itself. I may indeed divide in my thoughts or conceive apart from each other those things which, perhaps, I never perceived by sense so divided. Thus I imagine the trunk of a human body without the limbs, or conceive the smell of a rose without thinking on the rose itself. So far I will not deny I can abstract; if that may properly be called “abstraction,” which extends only to the conceiving separately such objects as it is possible may really exist or be actually perceived asunder. But my conceiving or imagining power does not extend beyond the possibility of real existence or perception. Hence as it is impossible for me to see or feel any thing without an actual sensation of that thing, so is it impossible for me to conceive in my thoughts any sensible thing or object distinct from the sensation or perception of it.

6. Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, viz., that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind; that their being is to be perceived or known; that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit: it being perfectly unintelligible and involving all the absurdity of abstraction to attribute to any single part of them an existence independent of a spirit. To be convinced of which, the reader need only reflect and try to separate in his own thoughts the *being* of a sensible thing from its *being* perceived.

7. From what has been said it is evident there is not any other Substance than Spirit, or that which perceives. . . .

18. But though it were possible that solid, figured, moveable substances may exist without the mind, corresponding to the ideas we have of bodies, yet how is it possible for us to know this? Either we must know it by Sense, or by Reason. As for our senses, by them we have the knowledge only of our sensations, ideas, or those things that are immediately perceived by sense, call them what you will: but they do not inform us that things exist without the mind, or unperceived, like to those which are perceived. This



the materialists themselves acknowledge. — It remains therefore that if we have any knowledge at all of external things, it must be by reason inferring their existence from what is immediately perceived by sense. But (I do not see) what reason can induce us to believe the existence of bodies without the mind, from what we perceive, since the very patrons of Matter themselves do not pretend there is any necessary connexion betwixt them and our ideas. I say, it is granted on all hands (and what happens in dreams, frenzies, and the like, puts it beyond dispute) that it is possible we might be affected with all the ideas we have now, though no bodies existed without, resembling them. Hence it is evident the supposition of external bodies is not necessary for the producing our ideas; since it is granted they are produced sometimes, and might possibly be produced always, in the same order we see them in at present, without their concurrence.

19. But though we might possibly have all our sensations without them, yet perhaps it may be thought easier to conceive and explain the manner of their production by supposing external bodies in their likeness rather than otherwise; and so it might be at least probable there are such things as bodies that excite their ideas in our minds. But neither can this be said. For though we give the materialists their external bodies, they, by their own confession, are never the nearer knowing how our ideas are produced; since they own themselves unable to comprehend in what manner body can act upon spirit, or how it is possible it should imprint any idea in the mind. Hence it is evident the production of ideas or sensations in our minds can be no reason why we should suppose Matter or corporeal substances; since that is acknowledged to remain equally inexplicable with or without this supposition. If therefore it were possible for bodies to exist without the mind, yet to hold they do so must needs be a very precarious opinion; since it is to suppose, without any reason at all, that God has created innumerable beings that are entirely useless, and serve to no manner of purpose.

20. In short, if there were external bodies, it is impossible we should ever come to know it; and if there were not, we might have the very same reasons to think there were that we have now. Suppose — what no one can deny possible — an intelligence, without the help of external bodies, to be affected with the same train of sensations or ideas that you are, imprinted in the same order and

with like vividness in his mind. I ask whether that intelligence hath not all the reason to believe the existence of Corporeal Substances, represented by his ideas, and exciting them in his mind, that you can possibly have for believing the same thing? Of this there can be no question. Which one consideration were enough to make any reasonable person suspect the strength of whatever arguments he may think himself to have for the existence of bodies without the mind.

25. All our ideas, sensations, notions, or the things which we perceive, by whatsoever names they may be distinguished, are visibly inactive: there is nothing of power or agency included in them. So that one idea or object of thought cannot produce, or make any alteration in another. To be satisfied of the truth of this, there is nothing else requisite but a bare observation of our ideas. For since they and every part of them exist only in the mind, it follows that there is nothing in them but what is perceived: but whoever shall attend to his ideas, whether of sense or reflection, will not perceive in them any power or activity; there is therefore no such thing contained in them. A little attention will discover to us that the very being of an idea implies passiveness and inertness in it; insomuch that it is impossible for an idea to do any thing, or, strictly speaking, to be the cause of any thing: neither can it be the resemblance or pattern of any active being. . . . Whence it plainly follows that extension, figure and motion, cannot be the cause of our sensations. To say, therefore, that these are the effects of powers resulting from the configuration, number, motion, and size of corpuscles, must certainly be false.

26. We perceive a continual succession of ideas; some are anew excited, others are changed or totally disappear. There is, therefore, some cause of these ideas whereon they depend, and which produces and changes them. That this cause cannot be any quality or idea or combination of ideas, is clear from the preceding section. It must therefore be a substance; but it has been shown that there is no corporeal or material substance: it remains therefore that the cause of ideas is an incorporeal active substance or Spirit.

29. But whatever power I may have over my own thoughts, I find the ideas actually perceived by Sense have not a like dependence on my will. When in broad daylight I open my eyes, it is not in my power to choose whether I shall see or no, or to determine what particular objects shall present themselves to my views: and

so likewise as to the hearing and other senses; the ideas imprinted on them are not creatures of my will. There is therefore some other Will or Spirit that produces them.

30. The ideas of Sense are more strong, lively, and distinct than those of the Imagination; they have likewise a steadiness, order and coherence, and are not excited at random, as those which are the effects of human wills often are, but in a regular train or series — the admirable connexion whereof sufficiently testifies the wisdom and benevolence of its Author. Now the set rules or established methods, wherein the Mind we depend on excites in us the ideas of Sense, are called *the laws of nature*; and these we learn by experience, which teaches us that such and such ideas are attended with such and such other ideas, in the ordinary course of things.

33. The ideas imprinted on the Senses by the Author of nature are called *real things*: and those excited in the imagination, being less regular, vivid, and constant, are more properly termed *ideas*, or *images* of things, which they copy and represent. But then our sensations, be they never so vivid and distinct, are nevertheless ideas: that is, they exist in the mind, or are perceived by it, as truly as the ideas of its own framing. The ideas of Sense are allowed to have more reality in them, that is, to be more strong, orderly, and coherent than the creatures of the mind; but this is no argument that they exist without the mind. They are also less dependent on the spirit, or thinking substance which perceives them, in that they are excited by the will of another and more powerful Spirit: yet still they are *ideas*, and certainly no idea, whether faint or strong, can exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving it.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. A key word in this essay is "idea," used by Berkeley in a special way. What is his definition of "idea"?
2. Summarize the contents of paragraphs 1 and 3. Show how paragraph 2 serves as a transition between them.
3. What does paragraph 4 contribute to the central meaning of the essay?

4. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 6? How does it relate to the central meaning of the essay?

5. Make an outline of Parts 18-20. On the basis of your outline, show how they are related to one another.

6. The elaborate sentence structure of this essay is rather difficult for the modern reader to follow. Rewrite paragraph 3 in simple, clear sentences. Does this make the content of the essay less difficult to understand?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Berkeley's essay: *denote*, *repugnant*, *tenet*, *asunder*, *inexplicable*, *incorporeal*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Part 1 presents three ways in which ideas are formed. Does each method seem valid to you? Can you think of more?

2. Part 1 states that "collections of ideas constitute a stone, a tree, a book." Can you suggest what "ideas" are grouped to constitute a stone? tree? book?

3. How, according to Berkeley, do we perceive the existence of any sensible thing, such as a table? According to his definition can a table actually be said to exist?

4. In Part 18 Berkeley writes, "I say . . . that it is possible we might be affected with all the ideas we have now, though no bodies existed without, resembling them." What reasoning does he use to support this statement?

5. The source of all our perceptions, says Berkeley, is a "substance or Spirit." What does he mean? What specific example can you offer to support this statement?

6. The ideas imprinted on my senses, says Berkeley, in Part 29, "are not creatures of my will. There is therefore some other Will or Spirit that produces them." On the basis of this statement, what would you say is Bishop Berkeley's main purpose in writing this essay?

7. Berkeley concludes that "the reader need only reflect and try to separate in his own thoughts the being of a sensible thing from its being perceived." This is a sentence typical of philosophical writing. Can you restate it in your own language and explain what it means?

8. What is Berkeley's attitude in this essay toward material things? How does it compare with your own?

9. What insights does your answer to question 8 give you into Berkeley's age and your own?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Suppose there were an apple in the room next door to you that

was not perceived by any mind. According to Berkeley, would it exist? Can you disprove Berkeley's point of view?

2. Contrast Berkeley's view of the mind and reality with that of Locke. Which is more convincing to you? Can you explain why?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

"Collections of Ideas" about College

How Accurate Are My Senses?

Reality

How I Know What I Know

Berkeley versus Locke (a twentieth century appraisal)



## THE ASTONISHING APPLICATIONS OF PSI

*Joseph B. Rhine*

✿ IF ESP AND PK<sup>1</sup> BECOME SUBJECT TO CONSCIOUS CONTROL WE may expect some astonishing applications. However, a warning is in order: Even the most conservative prediction of what would follow will seem fantastic and incredible. Therefore, before I begin to sketch a few main consequences of conscious control over psi, let me recall that every one of the older fields of science has gone through some comparably startling expansion such as I am about to portray. Naturally, in every case, such expansion would have seemed incredible to everyone had it been pictured in advance.

Be prepared then for a bit of the incredible in the paragraphs to follow, which I write on the pure assumption that a few ESP subjects may be able to develop conscious control of their ability. That is all. Consider what would happen.

These subjects would soon transform the world of human rela-

From *The Reach of the Mind*, by J. B. Rhine, copyright 1947 by J. B. Rhine, by permission of William Sloane Associates, Inc.

<sup>1</sup>Three terms are essential to the understanding of this selection. (1) ESP — extra-sensory perception, the ability to perceive things beyond the scope of the senses, as in mental telepathy; (2) PK — psychokinesis, use of mind as a psychic force, as in willing an ace to turn up first in a deck of cards and having it do so; (3) psi — parapsychology, the science involving the whole process of ESP and PK.



tions. The effect would be to turn a searchlight upon all the secrets of man and nature. We know already that distance and other barriers do not matter in ESP. There could be no defense or countermeasures taken against this parapsychical penetration. If the mind, limited as it is now, can identify a specific card in a deck located a thousand miles away, what would prevent any knowledge, hidden anywhere in the world, from being reached by such an ability? The subject needs only to know when he is right. That he will have this added knowledge is the only point assumed. He can keep on trying and waiting for conscious awareness of a hit before registering his impressions. Time and enough subjects, even with no more psi ability than has been demonstrated, would do the trick.

The consequences for world affairs would be literally colossal. War plans and crafty designs of any kind, anywhere in the world, could be watched and revealed. With such revelation it seems unlikely that war could ever occur again. There would be no advantage of surprise. Every secret weapon and scheming strategy would be subject to exposure. The nations could relax their suspicious fear of each other's secret machinations.

Crime on any scale could hardly exist with its cloak of invisibility thus removed. Graft, exploitation, and suppression could not continue if the dark plots of wicked men were to be laid bare.

Such power could of course be abused, but thus far the development of instruments for expanding the domain of knowledge has only multiplied the genuine benefits men have enjoyed as a consequence. Let in more light to any area of human relations and the existing evils will scurry off like photophobic vermin.

So far the uses of ESP considered have been defensive ones. But the contribution of reliable psi capacities to more positive goals would equal its protective value. Science would have another extension to perception, one that would be more penetrative than all the instruments yet devised. No lurking disease, no impending epidemic, no obscure source of danger to society, could hide from the extrasensorial insight directed to discover it. The location of the hidden wealth of the world, mineral and nonmineral, could be charted. What mysteries of the terrestrial scene could persist in the face of the ultramicroscopic perception psi would represent? What problems of the universe could be left long unsolved for lack of a means of observation?

I have said it would seem fantastic and incredible. Yet the picture drawn in these brief words is conservative. Moreover, it has dealt only with one aspect of psi capacity, that of ESP. No assumption has been made about the expansion of the ability through learning, although it would be natural to suppose that such development would take place. The improvement of the efficiency of ESP is limited at present by the unconsciousness of the process. Learning requires awareness of the success or failure of the effort; otherwise there can be no purposive guidance of the process involved so as to give it the right direction for success. Naturally one cannot guide a thoroughly unconscious process.

Now for the applications PK might have if it could be subjected to conscious guidance. The imagination immediately flashes back to psychosomatic medicine, to the mind's capacity to cure its own body. The vision of a consciously directed PK as a powerful therapeutic measure at once becomes a reasonable possibility. Recall now also that experiments have shown that mass, distance, and other physical characteristics as far as they have been tested, make no difference in the PK demonstrations. Suppose this capacity of mind over matter is not physically limited, but has only mental boundaries. One hesitates to utter the full implication of the one modest assumption on which all of these consequences depend — that we merely find out how to make the PK effect consciously directed.

The fact should be recognized: *PK involves another natural force.* Man has already discovered a great variety of natural forms of power, too many for easy recall. There are various water powers, the power of steam, the combustion power of gas, the power of chemical explosion, the power of electricity, forms of jet power, and more recently atomic power. These are not all. We should by this time be ready to recognize the beginning stages of the development of a new force. Naturally each of these forms of power was at one time very weak and unreliable in its manifestation. Each one must have seemed strange and incredible to the first audience to which it was presented. We should not be surprised as we recall these reactions to earlier discoveries to find that psychokinetic force presents a fairly typical picture of a very new phenomenon.

When Franklin experimented with his electric sparks he sought for a connection in nature and tested the lightning. In thinking

about the tiny "sparks" that PK power manifests in the dice test results, we recall reports of exceptional physical events . . . And filing across the stage of memory is a whole list of reports of phenomena which, as related, would have involved a great amount of force compared to that revealed in the PK effect on the dice. There are some of these violent happenings, at least, which one cannot give any good reason for rejecting except the lack of a natural explanation. My point is not to recommend the acceptance of these happenings as genuine, but rather to register a hope that some Franklin of today may determine experimentally whether any of these reported spontaneous physical phenomena could be such a manifestation of PK as the lightning was shown to be of electricity in the famous kite experiment.

\* \* \*

Some readers will have little taste for these imaginative inferences. Others will demand that they be elaborated still further. Each one will, of course, attach such importance to them as he thinks fit. Their importance depends very much on what the chances are of getting a grasp on ESP and PK through the development of introspection.

There is, however, some fragmentary evidence that ESP is conscious at times. There is hardly anything experimental on the matter but many of the spontaneous psi experiences leave the percipient very sure that the impression he has received is correct. His experience has been nearly, if not fully, a conscious one. A common type of case consists of a highly emotional awareness of the sudden, unexpected death of an absent loved one. Unlike the operation of ESP in the tests, this spontaneous experience is sometimes so vivid that no amount of persuasion can convince the percipient that it is just a dream or a case of distorted imagination.

Although this type of case is familiar, an example may be in order. One of my fellow staff members at Duke told me that when he was a young man he once set off with a group of friends for a week's pleasure trip and had gone but a few hours when he felt that something had gone wrong at home. To return meant his withdrawal from the long-anticipated fun of the expedition; yet he was so sure of his feeling about the trouble at home that he decided, over the protests of his companions, to go back. He found his home in ashes!

When, as happened in this instance, the conviction is so strong

as to lead to an otherwise irrational course of action, there can be no doubt of the existence of inner certainty of the experience. It is true that erroneous impressions of such tragedies do occur, especially among less stable individuals, and it should be stated again that we do not regard these spontaneous experiences as establishing a case for ESP. We do, however, suggest that if ESP is operating in the experiences reported, as seems most likely in view of the experimental case for ESP, it does frequently in such instances burst across the threshold of consciousness with unmistakable clarity.

Quite commonly the psi experiences that carry such a feeling of certainty come in dreams or in a related state. Yet the dreamer sometimes awakens with a strong conviction of the significance of what he has been dreaming, often insisting that he was not dreaming.

A physician recently sent me this story: "Mr. W. was awakened on the morning of November 18, 1945, by his wife's sobbing. 'Jack is dead!' she told him. Jack was their soldier son, then about to return from the Pacific area. Mr. W. could not calm her distress and called in a physician who gave her a sedative. Five days later, November 23, the same thing occurred; again the physician came, and this time Mrs. W. was so much upset that she was taken to a hospital for psychiatric examination. There was no reason to expect tragic news about Jack. The war was over. However, on the evening of the 23rd a telegram informed the family that on his way back he had been killed in a plane crash in Hawaii on November 17. After her experience on the morning of the 18th, Mrs. W. never wavered a moment from her complete conviction that Jack was dead."

An extensive study of such cases as this might be of great help in our search. We need to learn of all the comparable cases we can find for the clues they may furnish. There may, for example, be a valuable suggestion in the fact that so many of the strongest psi experiences occur during sleep or a state approximating sleep. The conscious processes that normally occupy the center of the mental stage are of course more easily circumvented then. It may be that the threshold of introspection is lowered. Certainly we are less critical. Very probably we can get valuable help on this problem from the psychoanalysts who have pioneered in dream analysis. Many of them have manifested an open interest in ESP, especially in its spontaneous occurrence.



Now and then in ESP tests a person reports a flash of conviction regarding the correctness of a response, and has expressed such emotional certitude as to leave no doubt that an unusual introspective glimpse had occurred. For example, a subject was once taking part in a clairvoyance test, in which a colleague and I were handling the deck of ESP cards about twenty feet behind her back. Suddenly the subject raised her voice and said, "Star! The next three are stars!" They were; and the obvious emotional excitement of the subject at her unexplained certainty convinced us that it was an unusual experience for her. But it was not repeated. And very few similar observations have been encountered in the experiments.

Nevertheless, these few exceptional test responses, together with the spontaneous experiences, suggest that the break-through of ESP into consciousness has already taken place many times, and that what is needed is a way to keep this flickering introspective window open for longer periods.

We experimenters need to focus sharply on this problem of conscious control. It is strategic. If we could only manage to carry on a number of parallel lines of investigation converging on the problem we might hope to corner it in reasonably short order. One of these projects would lead us into the study of certain specialized states of mind induced by suggestion, by drugs, or by mental discipline of one type or another, in the search for a way of lowering the threshold and making it easier for psi to cross.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Contrast the content of this essay with its sober, scientific tone. What is Rhine's purpose in using this tone?
2. Key terms in this essay are PK, ESP, and psi. Define them in your own words. Can you think of examples to illustrate your definitions?
3. Mark off the introduction of this essay. The remainder of the essay may be divided into two parts. Where does the first end and the second begin?
4. What is Rhine's purpose in using documented cases after his "incredible" speculations?



5. What is Rhine's purpose in reminding his reader again and again that his speculations seem incredible?

6. Define and use each of the following words from Rhine's essay: *machinations*, *photophobic*, *terrestrial*, *psychosomatic*, *circumvented*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What, according to Rhine, are some of the military possibilities of ESP?

2. What are some social and scientific possibilities of ESP?

3. According to Rhine, what is the value of PK in medicine?

4. What "new force" can PK supply, according to Rhine?

5. What does Rhine mean by a "spontaneous experience?" How is the incident in which the Duke professor's house was burned an example of spontaneous experience?

6. How does the incident involving Mr. and Mrs. W. support Rhine's claims for parapsychology?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. On the basis of your own background and experiences, what is your opinion of parapsychology? In line with your answer, have you ever walked into a room for the first time and had a feeling of having been there before?

2. Assuming Rhine's theories are valid, how would parapsychology be a development beyond Freud's scientific concept of the mind?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

What ESP Could Do for the College Student

The Advantage/Disadvantage of Being Telepathic

If I Could Control Society


The Limits of the Senses

Psi (a free association daydream)



## PSI-ING IN THE CAROLINES

*Bergen Evans*

 TIME WAS WHEN FAITH FELT NO NEED FOR ANY SUCH PROPS AS evidence or reason. Tertullian's *Credo quia absurdum* was not intended as an apology. "Believe or be damned" was good enough for

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any man, and there was always the heat of the faggot if the light of perception failed. But in an age of lesser credence there is an eager search for assurance, and nothing is so comforting today as to be thought scientific.

Chief among those who have labored to lend scientific dignity to what had theretofore been considered little better than old wives' tales is Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina, who has discovered, or believes he has discovered, scientific evidence for two remarkable forces: ESP, or Extra-sensory Perception, more commonly known as telepathy and clairvoyance, and PK, or Psychokinesis, whereby the motion of physical objects is affected by the mind. Both forces together are called Psi, and the study of Psi is called parapsychology — from the established word psychology and the Greek prefix para — meaning *beyond, faulty, irregular, abortive, or disordered*.

Psi is unconscious. It is independent of time and space. It appears to be hereditary. Those who have it seem to have it in flashes; they can predict the turn of a card, but a tenth of a second later know no more than if they were honest. The power declines through exercise. It can be injured by "unwholesome memories." It has an extraordinary predilection for manifesting itself at Durham and a strange reluctance, shared by many occult phenomena, to show itself in the presence of the skeptical. The lower animals have "much more of this strange gift" than men, who may have lost it, Dr. Rhine conjectures, when they developed the power of reasoning.

Its uses stagger the imagination. It permits those who have it to read others' minds, to see through walls and across thousands of mile of space. It reveals the future. It aids the growth of crops. It enables dogs and cats to find their way home and horses to predict the outcome of prizefights. It can project "a firm handclasp" from California to Texas and (the Air Force will be delighted to hear) direct the course of falling objects in mid-air. It may eventually "by taking the surprise element out of war . . . enable us to abolish war itself." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See J. B. Rhine: *New Frontiers of the Mind* (New York: Farrar & Rinehart; 1937); *New World of the Mind* (New York: William Sloane Associates; 1953); "Things I Can't Explain," *American Magazine*, January 1949; "Can Your Pet Read Your Mind?" *American Magazine*, June 1951; "Mind over Matter," *the American Weekly*, April 20, 1952. For the sports-predicting horse, see *Life*, December 12, 1952, pp. 20-1.

In addition to a careful perusal of the Sunday supplements and human-interest stories — the “pitchblende” in which one may find “the radium of truth”<sup>2</sup> — the existence of Psi has chiefly been determined, to the satisfaction of those who believe in it, by the fact that certain people have allegedly at certain times identified certain cards slightly more often than certain other people believe constitutes chance expectancy.

Cards were a particularly unfortunate choice for allaying incredulity, being notoriously manipulatable. Half the terms in the English language that denote trickery and deceit are drawn from cards. It would have been better to have had someone who possessed the power step forward and demonstrate it. In such a manner, up until three hundred years or so ago, skeptics would have been rebuked; but occultism has grown shy and now manifests itself only in darkened rooms and percentages.

“Appalled at the predominance of insecure method and of unverified speculation and assumption in psychology today,” and resolved to put the whole thing on a “strictly experimental” basis,<sup>3</sup> Dr. Rhine used a pack of twenty-five special cards, in five suits of circles, squares, wavy lines, plus signs, and stars. A variety of tests was made with these, but the most common one was for the subject to attempt to name the cards as the observer drew them from the pack and held them face down. Because there are five kinds of cards, it was argued, the subject would have a one-in-five chance of making a correct guess each time, and Dr. Rhine assumed that if anyone did better than this he did so by means of extra-sensory perception and his doing so proved the existence of Psi.

Objections have been raised to the nature of the procedures employed, the validity of the data obtained, and the soundness of the assumptions drawn.

In the first place, despite a ceaseless, almost jabbering, lip-service to science, the atmosphere of the investigations has been, to put it mildly, unscientific. Dr. Rhine has never been a detached or impartial observer. Inclined in his youth to enter the ministry, he has, from the beginning, been resolved to find “scientific” proof of “a transcendent self that is not entirely mortal.” He seems far more interested in “whether” than in “whether or not.” Anything

<sup>2</sup> Rhine: “Things I Can’t Explain,” p. 144. A pretty simile, but there is an old proverb about those who touch pitch.

<sup>3</sup> Rhine: *New Frontiers of the Mind*, pp. 175, 55.

that confirms his hypothesis is "encouraging" or "exhilarating"; adverse findings are "fruitless."

Skepticism, the questioning spirit that leads true scientists to challenge their own findings and to be most on their guard when they most want to believe, appears to be alien to his mind. He has repeatedly rejected the suggestion that, unknown to the subject, blank cards be interspersed through one of his packs, his objection being that this would be a form of deception and that deception would disturb the poise of the subjects.<sup>4</sup>

The atmosphere in which the ESP investigations were carried on was certainly more chummy than chilly. For his investigators Dr. Rhine sought out "good sports," men and women willing to "play the game" and lay aside constricting doubts. He preferred those who were avowedly interested in getting "good" results (i.e., in proving that ESP does exist), filled with a "missionary spirit," and willing to wring their hands in despair when the evidence did not support the theory. The very worst kind of investigator, he found, was the intellectual academic, the doubting type that checks and rechecks and has a cold, inhuman interest in facts.<sup>5</sup>

He urges whoever would prove ESP to have nothing to do with such people. Let him rather find investigators who have the magic charm of "salesmanship" and can encourage the subjects like a cheerleader, removing any suggestion of a "critical" attitude. It is highly important that a jolly atmosphere prevail. Undergraduates are best, both as subjects and observers, because they are

<sup>4</sup> See Joseph Jastrow: "ESP, House of Cards," *the American Scholar*, Winter 1938-9, p. 19.

<sup>5</sup> Rhine: *New Frontiers of the Mind*, pp. 83, 108, 110, 111, 156-7. Skepticism is fatal to ESP. Under even so mild a doubt as Dr. Rhine's, Lady Wonder, the talking horse, "lost her telepathic ability" and came to depend on visual signals ("Can Your Pet Read Your Mind?" p. 136). Lady Wonder answered three questions for a dollar, a moderate fee considering that she could foretell the outcome of prizefights. Her greatest feat was answering "Pittsfield Water Wheel" when asked where the body of four-year-old Danny Matson, missing for two years from his home in Quincy, Massachusetts, could be found. Water wheels were found at Pittsfield, Mass., but no body. Then William Ferazzi, Quincy's Acting Police Chief, had a telepathic communication that came to him "just like a boot in the rear end." He decided that "Pittsfield Water Wheel" had been an equinopsychic blunder or horsegraphical error for "Field and Wilde's water pit," an abandoned quarry not far from the child's home, a place where one not gifted with telepathy would have thought the police might have looked in the first place. There the body was found! The event filled hundreds of newspaper columns in December 1952. See *Time*, December 15, 1952, p. 21.



such a friendly lot. The parapsychological laboratories at Duke, as Dr. Rhine describes them, must have been very gay: the subjects were "stirred by teasing and high tension" as they challenged each other "to see who could be the most intuitive." <sup>6</sup>

It was undoubtedly great fun, but — especially with the questioning spirit ruled out — it must have created an atmosphere which would not elsewhere have been regarded as conducive to strict objectivity. In some sour, suspicious minds it would be enough to invalidate all the findings.

An illustration of the prevailing spirit and of Dr. Rhine's generous broad-mindedness is supplied by a remarkable demonstration of telepathy made by a Miss Turner and checked by a Miss Ownbey, Dr. Rhine's "most gifted assistant," a young woman fully convinced of the reality of ESP and eager to demonstrate it, though unfortunately "easily disturbed by observation." On one occasion she was testing Miss Turner, who was two hundred and sixty miles away. There was no observation to disturb them, and Miss Turner scored an average of seventeen correct impressions out of a possible twenty-five.

Dr. Rhine was ecstatic. "Nothing," he says, "has been offered by anyone" to explain this feat away, "unless conceivably there was some collusion." And that, he hastily interjects, could not have been, because Miss Ownbey was "trusted" and Miss Turner "beyond reproach." It is true that Miss Turner mistook her instructions and mailed her report directly to Miss Ownbey instead of to Dr. Rhine. But Miss Ownbey brought the letters "straight from the Post Office." They were in Miss Turner's handwriting, and as both young ladies were Southern gentlewomen, no one but a cad would refuse to accept the results.<sup>7</sup>

To all suggestions that there may have been conscious or unconscious collaboration between some of his subjects and their observers and to complaints of disqualifying carelessness, Dr.

<sup>6</sup> Rhine: *New Frontiers of the Mind*, p. 101. Since ESP in college students is not correlated with high grades, some have wondered why those possessing the power do not read the professor's mind during an examination. A number of explanations have been offered: (1) ESP is correlated with a high ethical sense that forbids those who have it to use it in any way to their own advantage. This also explains why they don't get rich. (2) ESP is a flighty power, and is driven out of the student by the emotional pressure of examinations. This is Dr. Rhine's explanation. (3) A full knowledge of the average professor's mind is of little value even in one of his own examinations.

<sup>7</sup> Rhine: *New Frontiers of the Mind*, pp. 168-9.



Rhine's answer is that he has complete confidence in the integrity of his assistants. He admits that he did not himself oversee most of the experiments upon which his conclusions are based, but he "knows" that those who carried them out were honest and careful.

None the less, as the subjects have not been able to repeat their more spectacular performances, he must know that his results are open to a strong suspicion of error of record. He does not claim that his best performers can demonstrate ESP at will, but only that they have demonstrated it .36 or .23 "above chance"; and he must surely know that, under the circumstances that he describes, truly scientific experimenters would make an allowance of that much or more for error of record.<sup>8</sup>

Assuming, however, that the record is impeccable, that all the camaraderie, the favorable bias, and the exclusion of doubt had no effect whatever on the findings, there remains an even more serious criticism of Dr. Rhine's procedure. And that is the objection, raised from the beginning, to his selecting only the favorable showings of his subjects to demonstrate the existence of the powers he claims they have.

The theory being that only some people have ESP, it is fair enough to disregard those who show no sign of it in preliminary trials. But once those who presumably have it have been selected, their entire record should constitute the test, for the chance allowance is based on that condition. But under Dr. Rhine's peculiar system a subject is used only when favorable and discarded as soon as he ceases to confirm the existence of extra-sensory perception.

Anyone who was more eager to examine the problem than to demonstrate a definite conclusion would have begun by establishing a norm—that is, by giving the tests to a large number of people. A norm so established would give a spread or distribution, an essential control in such a study because without it it would be easy to think a score exceptional that actually comes within the normal range. Dr. Rhine simply assumed that his theoretical norm of one-in-five and the actual norm were the same, and that the difference between them, were an actual norm established, would

<sup>8</sup> See Jastrow: "ESP, House of Cards," p. 17. See a special study of these effects in this very field, conducted at Yale (*Science News Letter*, April 5, 1952, p. 217). And see the experiments of Professor R. H. Gundlach, of Seattle, reported in *Science News Letter*, November 6, 1951, p. 298. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has found that most errors in addition in income-tax returns are in the returnee's favor.

probably be very small — but then the variation upon which those who believe in Psi base their belief is also very small.<sup>9</sup>

When a norm had been established, the exceptional person should then be tested with a sufficiently long run. That is, he should be tested until the results are stable, no longer altered by additional experiments. Then, and then only, can the tester be sure that he has established a difference between this individual and the group. And it is exactly this that Dr. Rhine did not do. Again and again when his "promising" subject started to "decline," when, in Dr. Rhine's quaint phrase, he began to do "worse than chance," when, that is, he began to show results which, when averaged out, would perhaps nullify his earlier positive achievement, the experiment was broken off and it was said that his ESP was "tired." None the less, the fragmentary positive findings were kept as "evidence."

Everybody knows that the way to win money shooting craps (if you can find anybody who will play with you on such terms) is to stop when you are winning. It would be even easier if you didn't have to play for keeps until you started to win and were allowed to ignore some of your bad runs because they weren't up to normal! You may get by with this at Durham, but don't try it at Las Vegas.

Even if a variation from "chance expectancy" could be established, however, it would not necessarily justify a belief in the supernatural or extra-sensory.

Perhaps the confusion, which is fairly widespread, is semantic. The "laws" of nature are merely expectations based on observation; yet many people regard them as supernatural legislative enactments with Nature as the Policeman. And as anyone who can disregard civic ordinances with impunity must be above the law, so any happening which does not meet the observer's expectation must indicate a power above the natural law.

The "laws" of chance are even farther removed from the naïve conception of law than the laws of nature, and a misunderstanding of what is meant by the term has been a rich source of confusion. The odds against anything's having happened just the way it did

<sup>9</sup> Some mathematicians agree that the one-in-five is all right. Some maintain that the same odds would not hold all through the deck. Some have objected that while five (out of twenty-five) may be the most likely score on one run through the deck, it might not be the average over a large number of runs because possible scores may extend on one side down to zero but no lower, while in the other direction possible scores may range twenty points above the most likely score.

can be shown to be enormous, but that does not justify the assumption that any one particular act is out of the order of nature. One could make a great to-do, if one were so inclined, over the fact that the only two sets of quintuplets to survive in the whole history of the human race were born within a few years of each other, and in the same hemisphere. Or of the fact that during World War II a German rocket came down through the exact hole in the roof of the British Museum which a previous rocket had made, and that neither rocket exploded. The odds against such things happening are fantastic, yet happen they did, and millions of other things, equally improbable, happen every day.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. This essay uses informal diction. What words and phrases illustrate it?
2. What is Evans's purpose in using informal diction? How does it particularly suit his topic?
3. Paragraph 1 is introductory, intended to influence the reader against psi. How does Evans manipulate language in this paragraph to help his own point of view?
4. The last five paragraphs contain Evans's most weighty refutation of Rhine's claims. How does his style change in these paragraphs to match the content?
5. What is Evans's purpose in footnoting his essay so generously?
6. How many footnotes are actually valid documentations of Evans's arguments?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Evans' essay: *predilection*, *incredulity*, *exhilarating*, *invalidate*, *collusion*, *impeccable*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How is Evans's definition of the Greek word *para* a deft debunking of parapsychology?
2. Compare Evans's list of the uses of psi with Rhine's. What differences in utility do you find? How do you account for those differences?
3. Why, according to Evans, are cards a bad choice for ESP experiments?

4. In what ways is Rhine unscientific, according to Evans?
5. According to Evans, why should Rhine have established a psi norm before experimentation?
6. What are Evans's own conclusions regarding the frequently astonishing "coincidences" that Rhine describes?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Evans's objections to parapsychology are those of a practical experimental scientist. Have you any criticisms of that point of view?
2. What, in your opinion, are the limits of the senses?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Don't Take My Daydreams Away  
Some Common Misconceptions  
The Nature of Evidence  
I Still Believe in Parapsychology!  
The Limits of the Senses

## PART THREE

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# THE WORLD AROUND US: SCIENCE AND OTHER VALUES

✿ If the shaping force of society and the nature of mind are prime questions to the thinking man, the kind of person he is or becomes also depends on his view of the world, both the physical world around him and the moral world within. Parts Three and Four of this book consider these worlds in turn.

As to the outside world, one of the great facts of human history in the last three centuries or so is the immense growth of science. With the period of intellectual awakening in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries known as the Renaissance, men became increasingly interested in the facts as well as the beauties of the world around them. With this interest came not only a new thirst for practical knowledge, but a new desire to improve the human condition through understanding and controlling the environment. Out of these motives developed what we now call science — a vast body of ordered knowledge and theory gathered by careful observation and experiment.

On two main fronts the advances of science have dramatically changed man's views of his world and of himself. The earth, once thought to be the center of creation and the chief reason for its being, has become a tiny dot revolving around a smallish star, the sun, in a vast spiral galaxy of stars known as the Milky Way — itself one of an unknown number of such galaxies. Removed from the center to the edge of such a stage, how important is earth — and all its small affairs?

But if science has in this way diminished man and made him part of a great machine that operates predictably by law, it has



immensely improved his lot in material ways and at the same time dangerously increased his preoccupation with material things. These triumphs and conquests have sometimes made tangible material values seem the only ones worthy of pursuit. Too often the dream of success is two automobiles and two garages, and as a result the vapid smiles of the women in the advertisements who have achieved bliss through a new Whizmaster find us easy prey. We too can live in ecstasy if only we have this . . . and this . . . and this . . . In short, science has not been an unmixed blessing.

In the following selections we approach "the world around us" through a look at science. And science is almost certainly the inevitable first approach to such a subject today, for most of us are deeply imbued with the belief that the scientific attitude and method are the main avenue to any dependable knowledge. But four hundred years ago few would have approached our subject in this way, and in important quarters the recent confidence that scientific progress has no bounds is under serious question. In the pre-scientific age, knowledge of this world was sought through speculation or authority. Today there are those who feel that the belief in science is itself a faith like any other, and even more important, that there are whole areas of experience and truth even about the external world which can be approached only through other values.

In other words, if the aim of science is to know and deal with environment in order to improve the human condition, perhaps this can be done by other avenues to different ends — and better ones. To take a simple example, the meteorologist experiencing a storm records it in barometric pressure, temperature, wind velocity, and rainfall. The artist, after the same storm, records in words or on canvas wholly different aspects of the experience — terror, excitement, exaltation — that warm the spirit more effectively than an electric blanket, and for a great deal longer.

The truth is that both approaches to the world around us are important. Man cannot live without bread, but neither can he live by bread alone. The retreat from certainty may therefore be a sign of health. As you read the following selections see if you find this retreat similar to others sketched in earlier parts of this book. If so, what may that signify?

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## From Speculation to Certainty

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✿ As we have suggested, the past three centuries developed a rigid and curious concept of the world around us — rigid because it insisted that only scientific knowledge about the world had any use; and curious because this view has dominated western civilization only in these three centuries out of the past three thousand years. For it was not until the seventeenth century that men began systematically and accurately to observe, weigh, and measure things in the world around them, for the first time convinced that through test tubes and calipers alone lay the means to truth. It was only then that the aura of calm certitude in which earlier men had written about God and the human soul passed over to the search for formulas that worked and machines that made work unnecessary. Ultimately, the truth we hold in greatest value is the one we deem most important. The center of gravity had shifted.

To sense how great a change the association of science with certainty represented, we must first see what science had been like before. While the selection here printed from Pliny is perhaps more naïve than most natural history, even in the first century A.D., it shows how casual a writer on science could be about supposed information. It was partly to refute “facts” like Pliny’s — and to stamp out such gullibility — that Sir Francis Bacon wrote “On the Interpretation of Nature.” Bacon laid down the principles of scientific investigation and envisioned the vast accumulation of knowledge which has since come into being. He pleaded his cause with all the optimism of a pioneer, and boasted a “well authorized hope” which reached its culmination in such writers as Alexander von Humboldt. Writing for the romantic nineteenth century, Humboldt insisted that imagination could not deal with nature half so excitingly as science could do through accurate knowledge. A century later Rachel Carson in “*Seine Haul*” could infuse her


vast and intimate knowledge of the sea with a sense of beauty and feeling which weds science to those other values that feed the human spirit.



## THE CURIOUS VARIATIONS AMONG MEN

*Pliny the Elder*

... it is intuitive reason that grasps the first principles of scientific knowledge. — Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics* (c. 330 B.C.)

 WE HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN OF THE HUMAN RACE AS A WHOLE IN our discussion of mankind. We will not go on to treat of their numberless manners and customs, as various as the groups into which mankind is divided. Yet some customs ought not to be omitted, especially concerning those peoples who live far from the sea. I have no doubt that some of the facts about them will seem astounding and incredible to many. Who, for instance, would believe there were Ethiopians before seeing them? Indeed, what does not seem a miracle when seen for the first time? How many things are unbelievable until they have actually happened? In truth, we constantly underestimate the power and majesty of Nature if our minds, instead of grasping Nature in her entirety, consider her only in detail. Let me just mention peacocks, the spotted skins of tigers and panthers, and the rich colors of many animals. And what might be termed a minor example, but is really of immense importance, is the existence of so many languages among the various nations, so many modes of speech, so great a variety of expressions, that a man from another country seems almost no fellow creature at all. Moreover, our features, although comprising some ten parts and little more, are so constructed that among many thousands of men no two look alike, a result no art could possibly produce when confined to so limited a number of combinations. However, in most of the following statements about the curious variations among men I shall cite other authorities on all subjects that might inspire doubt. The Greek writers, however, who have proven themselves the most careful observers over a long period of time, must be trusted.

From *Natural History*, Book VII, c. 77 A.D., translated by the editor.

We have already stated that there are certain tribes of Scythians, and others, who feed upon human flesh. This fact might seem unbelievable unless we remembered that in the very center of this world, in Italy and Sicily, were such monsters as the Cyclops and the Laestrygonas. And on the other side of the Alps it used to be the custom to offer human sacrifices, which is only slightly different from eating people.

In the northern regions, not far from where the north wind rises, whose cave is called Geskleithron [earth's boundary] live the Arimaspi of whom we spoke before. They have only one eye, placed in the middle of their forehead. This race carries on a fierce warfare with the Griffins, a kind of monster with wings, for the gold which the Griffins mine and guard with a curious greediness, while the Arimaspi are equally greedy to get hold of it. Many authors have written of this, the most illustrious being Herodotus and Aristas of Proconnesus. Beyond the Scythian Anthropophagi [cannibals] lies a country called Abarimon, situated in a certain valley of Mount Imaus, in whose forests live a savage race whose feet are turned backwards. They have amazing speed and wander about with the wild beasts. They cannot breathe in any climate except their own, therefore could not be taken from their kingdom to Alexander the Great, as we learn from Beeton, his cartographer. According to Isigonus of Nicaea, the Anthropophagi mentioned before as dwelling ten days' journey beyond the Borysthenes drink out of human skulls and hang the scalps upon their breasts, like so many napkins. The same author states that in Albania dwells a race of men whose eyes are of a sea-green color and who have white hair from infancy, and that these people see better in the night than in the day. He states also that the Sauromatae, who dwell thirteen days' journey beyond the Borysthenes, eat only every third day. Crates Pergamenus states that near Parium, in the Hellespont, were a race of men called Ophiogenes who could cure anyone stung by serpents by extracting the poison with a touch of the hand. Varro states that a few people still remain in that region whose saliva cures the stings of serpents. Agatharchides wrote that these same powers belonged to the Psylli, in Africa. They were named after King Psyllus, whose tomb is in the district of the Greater Syrtes. These people had a poison in their bodies which was fatal to serpents and the mere odor of it made serpents drowsy. The Psylli used to expose their children immediately after

birth to the fiercest serpents and in this manner made proof of the fidelity of their wives, the serpents not being repelled by children who were the product of adultery. The Psylli were almost entirely wiped out by the Nasamones, who now occupy their territory. A few of them, however, still survive, the descendants of those who either took to flight or else were absent during the battle. The Marsi, too, in Italy, possess this curative power, owe it to their descent from the son of Circe.

All men, moreover, possess a poison which acts upon serpents. Human saliva makes serpents flee as though scalded with boiling water. Saliva destroys them the moment it touches their throats, especially the saliva of a man who is fasting.

Calliphanes informs us that north of the Nasamones and the Machlyae, who border upon them, are the Androgyni, a people who unite the two sexes in the same individual. Aristotle states that their right breast is that of a male, their left that of a female. Isigonus and Nymphodorus inform us that in Africa are certain families of enchanters who, by means of their charms, can cause trees to wither and infants to die. Isigonus adds that among the Triballi and the Illyrii are enchanters who can even kill those on whom they gaze for any length of time, especially if their gaze is angry. The age of puberty is especially vulnerable to their evil doings. Even more remarkable is the fact that they have two pupils in each eye. Apollonides states that there are females like this in Scythia, known as Bythiae. Phylarchus states that a tribe of Thibii in Pontus, and many other persons too, have a double pupil in one eye and the image of a horse in the other. He adds that their bodies will not drown, even though weighted down by their garments. Not unlike them is a race described by Damon, the Pharnaces of Ethiopia, whose perspiration putrifies whatever body it touches. Cicero, one of our writers, states that the glances of all women who have a double pupil is poisonous.

Thus has Nature compensated for giving some men, like wild beasts, a taste for human flesh. She has produced poisons in every part of their bodies and eyes, and every kind of evil possible to man.

Not far from Rome, in the land of the Falisci, dwell a few families known by the name of Hirpi. They perform a yearly sacrifice to Apollo, on Mount Soracte, by walking across a mound of burning wood without even being singed. On this account the senate



exempts them from military service and from all other duties. Some people are born with parts of their bodies endowed with marvellous powers. Such a man was King Pyrrhus, whose big toe on his right foot cured diseases of the spleen with a mere touch. It is said that this toe would not burn to ashes together with the remainder of his body and was therefore preserved in a casket in a temple.

India and Ethiopia especially abound in wonders. India produces the largest animals. Its dogs, for example, are bigger than those of any other country. Its trees, too, are said to be so high that it is impossible to shoot an arrow over them. Their height is caused by the fertility of the soil, the mild climate, and the abundance of water. If it can be believed, a single fig-tree there shelters a whole troop of cavalry. And the reeds there are of such enormous length that a single segment makes a navigable boat that can hold three men. Many of the people are more than eight feet tall. They never expectorate and never feel pain in their heads, teeth or eyes and rarely feel pain in the other parts of their bodies, so well does the sun toughen them. Their philosophers, called Gymnosophists, remain in one position and gaze at the sun from its rising to its setting. All day long they stand in the burning sands, first on one foot and then on the other. Megasthenes writes of a race of men who dwell upon a mountain called Nulo, who have their feet turned backwards, with eight toes on each foot. On several mountains live over 120 men who have the heads of dogs and who wear the skins of wild animals. They bark instead of speaking and, armed with claws, live by hunting animals and birds. Ctesias wrote of a certain tribe in India whose females become pregnant only once in their lives and whose children turn white the instant they are born. He tells of another race named Monocoli who have only one leg but can leap with surprising agility. These people are also called Sciapodae [shadow feet] because during times of extreme heat they lie on their backs and protect themselves from the sun by the shade of their foot. These people dwell not very far from the Troglodytae. To the west of them is a tribe without necks and with eyes in their shoulders. Among the mountains of eastern India in what is called the country of the Catharcludi are the great apes, most agile animals that sometimes go on all fours, sometimes walk erect like men. Because of their speed they can never be caught, except when they are either aged or sickly. Tauron gives the name of Choromandae to a nation which dwell in the woods

and have no voices, only a horrible screech. They have hairy bodies, sea-green eyes, and the teeth of a dog. Eudoxus tells us that in southern India the men have feet some twenty inches long. Their women, however, are named Struthopodes [sparrow-footed] because of the smallness of their feet. Megasthenes tells of a people called Scyritae belonging to the nomads of India who have holes in their faces instead of noses and have flexible feet like the body of a snake. At the eastern edge of India, near the source of the river Ganges, are the Astomi, a people without mouths. Their bodies are completely hairy and they wear a covering of leaves. They subsist on odors which they inhale through their nostrils. They need neither meat nor drink and on a long journey only carry with them various sweet-smelling roots, flowers and wild apples, in order to have something to smell at. A slightly more pungent odor kills them easily.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Mark off the introduction to this essay.
2. Identify the rhetorical questions in paragraph 1. What is the author's purpose in using them?
3. What is the function of paragraph 2?
4. What does paragraph 6 contribute to the development of this essay?
5. Outline the final paragraph. Are all its ideas included in its topic sentence?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Pliny's essay: *modes*, *curative*, *spleen*, *nomads*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. According to Pliny, how various is the race of mankind?
2. List several of the more exotic cannibal races Pliny talks about. What is his source of information for most of them? How scientific is it, in your opinion?
3. List several of the wonders of India and Ethiopia described by Pliny. Why should those nations have been singled out, do you think? How much travel do you think there was to India and Ethiopia in Pliny's day?

4. Shakespeare, in *Othello*, speaks of

the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Can you find the source of this "biological" information in Pliny?

5. By modern standards, how scientific is Pliny's use of other authors to support his statements? How scientific did Pliny think it was?

6. What would your overall impression of science be if Pliny's were the only scientific writing you read?

7. What is Pliny's scientific method? Would you describe it as being truly scientific? Defend your answer by referring to the quotation from Aristotle at the head of Pliny's essay. In the light of today's knowledge, what are Pliny's limitations?

## FOR SPECULATION

1. What is Pliny's attitude toward nature as a whole? Contrast it with today's attitude and account for the differences on the basis of your own scientific environment.

2. On the basis of Pliny's writings, what would the ancients think of the ability of science to present objective truth? How well informed about science were the ancients as compared to the average man today?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Some Scientific Misconceptions Today  
The Strangeness of Nature  
Variations among Individuals  
Different Climates, Different Societies  
Science and Subjectivity



## ON THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE

*Francis Bacon*

☞ 1. MAN, AS THE MINISTER AND INTERPRETER OF NATURE, DOES and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more.

From *Novum Organum*, 1620.

19. There are and can exist but two ways of investigating and discovering truth. The one hurries on rapidly from the senses and particulars to the most general axioms, and from them, as principles and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axioms. This is the way now in use. The other constructs its axioms from the senses and particulars, by ascending continually and gradually, till it finally arrives at the most general axioms, which is the true but unattempted way.

71. The sciences we possess have been principally derived from the Greeks; for the additions of the Roman, Arabic, or more modern writers, are but few and of small importance, and such as they are, are founded on the basis of Greek invention. But the wisdom of the Greeks was professional and disputatious, and thus most adverse to the investigation of truth. . . .

79. A second cause [of the present neglect of science] offers itself, which is certainly of the greatest importance; namely, that in those very ages in which men's wit and literature flourished considerably, or even moderately, but a small part of their industry was bestowed on natural philosophy, the great mother of the sciences. For every art and science torn from this root may, perhaps, be polished, and put into a serviceable shape, but can admit of little growth. It is well known, that after the Christian religion had been acknowledged, and arrived at maturity, by far the best wits were busied upon theology, where the highest rewards offered themselves, and every species of assistance was abundantly supplied, and the study of which was the principal occupation of the western European nations during the third epoch; the rather because literature flourished about the very time when controversies concerning religion first began to bud forth. 2. In the preceding age, during the second epoch (that of the Romans), philosophical meditation and labor were chiefly occupied and wasted in moral philosophy (the theology of the heathens); besides, the greatest minds in these times applied themselves to civil affairs, on account of the magnitude of the Roman empire, which required the labor of many. 3. The age during which the natural philosophy appeared principally to flourish among the Greeks, was but a short period, since in the more ancient times the seven sages (with the exception of Thales) applied themselves to moral philosophy and politics, and at a later period, after Socrates had brought down philosophy from heaven to earth, moral philosophy became more

prevalent, and diverted men's attention from natural. Nay, the very period during which physical inquiries flourished, was corrupted and rendered useless by contradictions, and the ambition of new opinions. Since, therefore, during these three epochs, natural philosophy has been materially neglected or impeded, it is not at all surprising that men should have made but little progress in it, seeing they were attending to an entirely different matter.

106. In forming our axioms from induction, we must examine and try whether the axiom we derive be only fitted and calculated for the particular instances from which it is deduced, or whether it be more extensive and general. If it be the latter, we must observe, whether it conform its own extent and generality by giving surety, as it were, in pointing out new particulars, so that we may neither stop at actual discoveries, nor with a careless grasp catch at shadows and abstract forms, instead of substances of a determinate nature: and as soon as we act thus, well authorized hope may with reason, be said to beam upon us.

111. Nor should we omit another ground of hope. Let men only consider (if they will) their infinite expenditure of talent, time, and fortune, in matters and studies of far inferior importance and value; a small portion of which applied to sound and solid learning would be sufficient to overcome every difficulty. And we have thought right to add this observation, because we candidly own that such a collection of natural and experimental history as we have traced in our own mind, and as is really necessary, is a great and as it were royal work, requiring much labor and expense.

112. In the mean time let no one be alarmed at the multitude of particulars, but rather inclined to hope on that very account. For the particular phenomena of the arts and nature are in reality but as a handful, when compared with the fictions of the imagination removed and separated from the evidence of facts. The termination of our method is clear, and I had almost said near at hand; the other admits of no termination, but only of infinite confusion. For men have hitherto dwelt but little, or rather only slightly touched upon experience, whilst they have wasted much time on theories and the fictions of the imagination. If we had but anyone who could actually answer our interrogations of nature, the invention of all causes and sciences would be the labor of but a few years.

121. . . . In short, we may reply decisively to those who despise



any part of natural history as being vulgar, mean, or subtle, and useless in its origin, in the words of a poor woman to a haughty prince, who had rejected her petition as unworthy, and beneath the dignity of his majesty: "Then cease to reign," for it is quite certain that the empire of nature can neither be obtained nor administered by one who refuses to pay attention to such matters as being poor and too minute.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Bacon's style is matter-of-fact, scientific. Analyze Chapter 19 to show how he achieves this style.
2. Make a brief outline of each chapter. What is the function of Chapter 1?
3. What is the relationship between Chapter 71 and Chapter 79?
4. What is the relationship between Chapter 106 and Chapter 111?
5. What is Bacon's purpose, in Chapter 79, in numbering the second and third causes of the present neglect of science? Where should he have placed the number 1?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Bacon's essay: *disputatious*, *adverse*, *prevalent*, *induction*, *deduced*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What, according to Bacon, does man understand with regard to nature? What does he not understand?
2. Chapter 19 deals with deduction, then with Bacon's especial contribution to modern science, the method of induction. What does each term mean? Can you define them in simple, everyday language and offer examples of your own to illustrate them?
3. According to Chapter 71, what was wrong with the wisdom of the Greeks?
4. What reasons does Bacon offer in Chapter 79 for the neglect of science in the past?
5. According to Chapters 106 and 111, what two reasons for hope does Bacon see in his new, experimental scientific method?
6. "Then cease to reign," says Bacon in Chapter 121. What does he feel must cease to reign with the coming of the new kingdom of science?

7. What, according to Bacon, is the advantage of modern science over that of the ancients? How completely do you agree with him?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Chapter 19 of Bacon's essay describes his new approach to science, his so-called inductive method which arrives at general truth about a subject only after all possible experiments and observations have been made. Why do you think mankind took so long to discover this method?

2. Bacon refers to a natural history as something quite desirable. Compare his view of natural history with Pliny's. How do you account for the differences you find?


#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Effects of Propaganda  
Some Propaganda about Science I Have Known  
How Inductive Are My Own Conclusions?  
Science and Hope for the Future  
Science as a Communal Enterprise



## NATURE

*Alexander von Humboldt*

 IN CONSIDERING THE STUDY OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA, NOT MERELY in its bearings on the material wants of life, but in its general influence on the intellectual advancement of mankind, we find its noblest and most important result to be a knowledge of the chain of connection, by which all natural forces are linked together, and made mutually dependent upon each other; and it is the perception of these relations that exalts our views and ennobles our enjoyments. Such a result can, however, only be reaped as the fruit of observation and intellect, combined with the spirit of the age, in which are reflected all the varied phases of thought. He who can trace, through by-gone times, the stream of our knowledge to its primitive source, will learn from history how, for thousands of years, man has labored, amid the ever-recurring changes of form, to recog-

From *Cosmos*, translated by E. C. Otté, 1849.

nize the invariability of natural laws, and has thus, by the force of mind, gradually subdued a great portion of the physical world to his dominion. In interrogating the history of the past, we trace the mysterious course of ideas yielding the first glimmering perception of the same image of a Cosmos, or harmoniously ordered whole, which, dimly shadowed forth to the human mind in the primitive ages of the world, is now fully revealed to the maturer intellect of mankind as the result of long and laborious observation.

Each of these epochs of the contemplation of the external world — the earliest dawn of thought and the advanced stage of civilization — has its own source of enjoyment. In the former, this enjoyment, in accordance with the simplicity of the primitive ages, flowed from an intuitive feeling of the order that was proclaimed by the invariable and successive reappearance of the heavenly bodies, and by the progressive development of organized beings; while in the latter, this sense of enjoyment springs from a definite knowledge of the phenomena of nature. When man began to interrogate nature, and, not content with observing, learned to evoke phenomena under definite conditions; when once he sought to collect and record facts, in order that the fruit of his labors might aid investigation after his own brief existence had passed away, the *philosophy of Nature* cast aside the vague and poetic garb in which she had been enveloped from her origin, and, having assumed a severer aspect, she now weighs the value of observations, and substitutes induction and reasoning for conjecture and assumption. The dogmas of former ages survive now only in the superstitions of the people and the prejudices of the ignorant, or are perpetuated in a few systems, which, conscious of their weakness, shroud themselves in a veil of mystery. We may also trace the same primitive intuitions in languages exuberant in figurative expressions; and a few of the best chosen symbols engendered by the happy inspiration of the earliest ages, having by degrees lost their vagueness through a better mode of interpretation, are still preserved among our scientific terms.

Nature considered rationally, that is to say, submitted to the process of thought, is a unity in diversity of phenomena, a harmony, blending together all created things, however dissimilar in form and attributes; one great whole animated by the breath of life. The most important result of a rational inquiry into nature is, therefore, to establish the unity and harmony of this stupendous mass of

force and matter, to determine with impartial justice what is due to the discoveries of the past and to those of the present, and to analyze the individual parts of natural phenomena without succumbing beneath the weight of the whole. Thus, and thus alone, is it permitted to man, while mindful of the high destiny of his race, to comprehend nature, to lift the veil that shrouds her phenomena, and, as it were, submit the results of observation to the test of reason and of intellect.

In reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation, which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses, deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves, softly rippling over the beach, leave a track, green with the weeds of the sea; everywhere, the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with nature, mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calm the storm of passion, and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence and the image of infinity revealed on every side, whether we look upward to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

The contemplation of the individual characteristics of the landscape, and of the conformation of the land in any definite region of the earth, gives rise to a different source of enjoyment, awakening impressions that are more vivid, better defined, and more congenial to certain phases of the mind, than those of which we have already spoken. At one time the heart is stirred by a sense of the grandeur of the face of nature, by the strife of the elements, or,

as in Northern Asia, by the aspect of the dreary barrenness of the far-stretching steppes; at another time, softer emotions are excited by the contemplation of rich harvests wrested by the hand of man from the wild fertility of nature, or by the sight of human habitations raised beside some wild and foaming torrent. Here I regard less the degree of intensity than the difference existing in the various sensations that derive their charm and permanence from the peculiar character of the scene.

If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance, among the most striking scenes of nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling, as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently-heaving ocean or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, "a forest above a forest;" or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveler may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it.

When far from our native country, after a long voyage, we tread for the first time the soil of a tropical land, we experience a certain feeling of surprise and gratification in recognizing, in the rocks that surround us, the same inclined schistose strata, and the same columnar basalt covered with cellular amygdaloids, that we had



left in Europe, and whose identity of character, in latitudes so widely different, reminds us that the solidification of the earth's crust is altogether independent of climatic influences. But these rocky masses of schist and of basalt are covered with vegetation of a character with which we are unacquainted, and of a physiognomy wholly unknown to us; and it is then, amid the colossal and majestic forms of an exotic flora, that we feel how wonderfully the flexibility of our nature fits us to receive new impressions, linked together by a certain secret analogy. We so readily perceive the affinity existing among all the forms of organic life, that although the sight of a vegetation similar to that of our native country might at first be most welcome to the eye, as the sweet familiar sounds of our mother tongue are to the ear, we nevertheless, by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, become familiarized with a new home and a new climate. As a true citizen of the world, man everywhere habituates himself to that which surrounds him; yet fearful, as it were, of breaking the links of association that bind him to the home of his childhood, the colonist applies to some few plants in a far-distant clime the names he had been familiar with in his native land; and by the mysterious relations existing among all types of organization, the forms of exotic vegetation present themselves to his mind as nobler and more perfect developments of those he had loved in earlier days. Thus do the spontaneous impressions of the untutored mind lead, like the laborious deductions of cultivated intellect, to the same intimate persuasion, that one sole and indissoluble chain binds together all nature.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. How does the length of Humboldt's sentences affect the tone and style of his essay?
2. Rewrite sentence 1 in your own words. Break it up into two or three shorter sentences. How does this change affect the overall effect of tone and diction?
3. Paragraph 4 consists of scientific observation of nature followed by an emotional passage on its value. Point out where part 1 ends and part 2 begins.
4. Outline the final three paragraphs of this essay. How closely

related are the ideas of each? On the basis of the final three paragraphs, comment on Humboldt's ability to write well-organized prose.

5. How does Humboldt interpret the word "nature" throughout this essay? What connotative meanings does he include?

6. Define and use each of the following words in Humboldt's essay: conjecture, engendered, steppes, physiognomy, affinity, indissoluble.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Paragraph 1 is a statement of Humboldt's main theme. What is that theme?

2. Humboldt writes that in the nineteenth century enjoyment of nature sprang from a definite knowledge of phenomena of nature. What does this statement tell you about the nineteenth century attitude toward science?

3. The new philosophy of nature, writes Humboldt, "substitutes induction and reasoning for conjecture and assumption." What does he mean by this? Can you illustrate his meaning by specific examples?

4. According to paragraph 4, what is the principal pleasure in the contemplation of nature?

5. What does Humboldt mean when he says that nature is "a unity in diversity of phenomena?" For him is this unity in diversity based on physical or spiritual factors? How indebted is he to the tradition of experimental science?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Would you say that a love of nature like Humboldt's could only come from detailed knowledge of nature? Why should this be? In what way do you think Bacon has influenced Humboldt's thinking?

2. How would Humboldt's attitude toward science contrast with Pliny's? How would you account for the differences between them?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

A Far-Off Place

The World around Me

The Contemplation of Nature

Seeing and Understanding

Nature: Unity in Diversity



## SEINE HAUL

Rachel L. Carson

✿ "MACKEREL!" CALLED THE LOOKOUT AT THE MASTHEAD.

The throb of the engine died away to a scarcely audible heartbeat of sound. A dozen men leaned over the rail of the mackerel seiner, peering into darkness. The seiner carried no light. To do so might frighten the fish. Everywhere was blackness — a thick and velvet blackness in which sky was indistinguishable from water.

But wait! Was there a flicker of light — a pale ghost of flame playing over the water there off the port bow? If there had been such a light it faded away into darkness again and the sea lay in black anonymity — a blank negation of life. But there it came again, and, like a nascent flame in a breeze, or a match cupped in the hands, it kindled to a brilliant glow; it spread into the surrounding darkness; it moved, a gleaming, amorphous cloud, through the water.

"Mackerel," echoed the captain after he had watched the light for several minutes. "Listen!"

At first there was no sound but the soft slap of water against the boat. A sea bird, flying out of darkness into darkness, struck the mast, fell to the deck with a frightened cry, and fluttered off.

Silence again.

Then came a faint but unmistakable patter like a squall of rain on the sea — the sound of mackerel, the sound of a big school of mackerel feeding at the surface.

The captain gave the order to attempt a set. He himself ascended to the masthead to direct the operations. The crew fell into their places: ten into the seine boat attached to a boom on the starboard side of the vessel; two into the dory that was towed behind the seine boat. The throb of the engine swelled. The vessel began to move in a wide circle, swinging around the glowing patch of sea. That was to quiet the fish; to round them up in a smaller circle. Three times the seiner circled the school. The second circle was smaller than the first and the third was smaller than the second.

From *Under the Sea-Wind* by Rachel L. Carson. Copyright 1941 by Rachel L. Carson. Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press, Inc.

The glow in the water was brighter now and the patch of light more concentrated.

After the third circling of the school, the fisherman in the stern of the boat passed to the fisherman in the dory one end of the 1200-foot net that lay piled in the bottom of the seine boat. The seine was dry, having caught no fish that night. The dory cast off and the men at the oars backed water. Again the vessel began to move, towing the seine boat. Now, as the space between the seine boat and dory lengthened, the net slid steadily over the side of the larger boat. A line buoyed by cork floats stretched across the water between them. From the cork line the net hung down in a vertical curtain of webbing a hundred feet deep, held down in the water by leads in the lower border. The line marked out by corks grew from an arc to a semicircle; from a semicircle it swung to the full circle to round up the mackerel in a space four hundred feet across.

The mackerel were nervous and uneasy. Those on the outside of the school were aware of a heavy movement, as of some large sea creature in the water near them. They felt the wash of its passage through the sea — the heavy wake of displaced water. Some of them saw above them a moving, silver shape, long and oval. Beside it moved two smaller forms one before the other. The shapes might have been those of a she-whale with two calves following at her side. Fearing the strange monsters, the mackerel feeding at the edge of the school turned in toward the center. So, all around the great body of feeding fish, mackerel were wheeling about and plunging in through the school where they could not see the great, luminous shapes and where the wake of the passage of monstrous bodies was lost in the lesser vibrations of thousands of swimming mackerel.

As once more the sea monsters began to circle their prey, only one of the small forms followed the large shape. The other drifted overhead, splashing in the water as with long fins or flippers. Now as the seine boat traced its lesser streak of flame in the water beside the wider gleaming path of the vessel, the netting spilled into the water in its wake. The netting kindled a confused glitter of showering sparks as it slid into the water and hung like a thin, swaying curtain that glimmered palely, for the plankton animals were already gathering on it. The fish were afraid of the netting wall. As the arc enclosed by the twine swung wide and then little by

little closed in a great circle, the mackerel at first drew even more compactly together, each part of the school shrinking away from the netting.

Somewhere near the center of the school, Scomber was confusedly aware of the increasing press of fish about him and of the blinding glare of their bodies, clothed in sea light. For him the net did not exist, for he had not seen its plankton-spangled meshes nor brushed its twine with snout or flanks. Uneasiness filled the water and passed with electric swiftness from fish to fish. All about the circle they began to bunt against the net and to veer off and dash back through the school, spreading panic.

One of the fishermen in the seine boat had been only two years at sea. Not long enough to forget, if he ever would, the wonder, the unslakable curiosity he had brought to his job — curiosity about what lay under the surface. He sometimes thought about fish as he looked at them on deck or being iced down in the hold. What had the eyes of the mackerel seen? Things he'd never see; places he'd never go. He seldom put it into words, but it seemed to him incongruous that a creature that had made a go of life in the sea, that had run the gauntlet of all the relentless enemies that he knew roved through that dimness his eyes could not penetrate, should at last come to death on the deck of a mackerel seiner, slimy with fish gurry and slippery with scales. But after all, he was a fisherman and seldom had time to think such thoughts.

Tonight, as he fed the seine into the water and watched the scintillating light as it sank, he thought of the thousands of fish that were milling about down there. He could not see them; even those in the upper water looked only like streaks of light curveting in darkness — fireworks lost in a black, inverted sky, he thought a little dizzily. His mind's eye saw the mackerel running up to the net, bunting it with their snouts, backing off. They would be big mackerel, he thought, for the fiery streaks in the water gave a hint of their size. By the way the phosphorescent light, like a mass of molten metal, was becoming concentrated in the water, he knew that the bumping into the net and the backing off in alarm must be going on all around the circle, for now the ends of the net were closed. The seine boat had overlapped the dory and the two ends of netting had been brought together.

He helped lift the big leaden weight, fit the three-hundred-pound tom over the pursing lines, and start it sliding down the



rope to close the open circle in the bottom of the net. The men were beginning to haul in the long purse lines. He thought of the mackerel down there, entrapped only by their own inability to see the way of escape through the bottom of the net. He thought of the tom sliding down, down, into the sea; of the big brass rings that hung from the lead line coming closer together as the purse line was drawn through them; of the dwindling circle at the bottom. But the way of escape must still be open.

The fish were nervous, he could tell. The streaks in the upper water were like hundreds of darting comets. The glow of the whole mass alternately dulled and kindled again to flame. It made him think of the light from steel furnaces in the sky. He seemed to see far down below the surface where the tom was shoving the rings along ahead of it, and the straining ropes were taking up the slack, and the fish were milling in the water — the fish that still had a way of escape. He could imagine that the big mackerel were getting wild. It was too large a school to have set about; but a skipper always hated to split a school. That was almost sure to send them off into deep water. Surely the big fellows would sound yet — would dive down through that shrinking circle straight toward the bottom of the sea, carrying the whole school with them.

He turned away from the water and with his hand felt the pile of wet rope in the bottom of the seine boat, trying to feel — for he could not see — the amount of rope piled up there and trying to guess how much was still to come in before the seine would be pursed.

A shout from the man at his elbow. He turned back to the water. The light within the circle of net was fading, flickering, dying away to an ashy afterglow, to darkness. The fish had sounded.

He leaned over the gunwales, peering down into dark water, watching the glow fade, seeing in imagination what he could not see in fact — the race and rush and downward whirl of thousands of mackerel. He suddenly wished he could be down there, a hundred feet down, on the lead line of the net. What a splendid sight to see those fish streaking by at top speed in a blaze of meteoric flashes! It was only later, when they had finished the long, wet task of repiling the 1200-foot length of seine in the boat, their hour's heavy work wasted, that he realized what it meant that the mackerel had sounded.

After their mad rush through the bottom of the seine, the mackerel scattered widely in the sea, and only when the night was nearly spent did any of the fish that had known the terror of the circling net feed quietly again in schools.

Before dawn, most of the seiners that had fished these waters during the night had vanished in darkness toward the west. One remained, having had bad luck all night, for out of six sets of the seine her crew had lost the fish five times by sounding. The solitary vessel was the only moving thing on the sea that morning when the east turned gray and the black water came ashimmer with silver light. Her crew was hoping for one more set — waiting for the mackerel whom the night's fishing had sent into deep water to show themselves at the surface at daybreak.

Moment by moment the light grew in the east. It picked out the tall mast and the deckhouse of the seiner; it spilled over the gunwales of the following seine boat and lost itself in the pile of netting, black with sea water. It shone on the mounds of the low wave hills and left their valleys in darkness.

Two kittiwakes came flying out of the dimness and perched on the mast, waiting for fish to be caught and sorted.

A quarter of a mile to the southwest, a dark, irregular patch appeared on the water — schooling mackerel, moving slowly into the east.

Quickly the seiner's course was changed to cross in front of the drifting school. With swift maneuvering of the boats, the net was dropped around it. Working with furious haste, the crew sent the tom plunging down the purse line, hauled in the ropes, closed the bottom of the net. Little by little, the men took in the slack of the seine, working the fish into the bunt or central part of the net where the twine was heaviest. Now the vessel came alongside the seine boat and received and made fast the mass of slack netting.

In the water beside the boat lay the bag of the seine, buoyed by corks fastened to the cork line in groups of three or four. In the net were several thousand pounds of mackerel. Most of the fish were large, but among them were a hundred or more tacks or yearlings that had summered in a New England harbor and were only recently of the open sea. One of them was Scomber.

The bailing net, like a ladle of twine on a long wooden handle, was brought into position over the seine, dipped down into the

churning mass of fish, raised by pulleys, and emptied out on deck. Several score of lithe and muscular mackerel flapped on the floor boards and sent a rainbow mist of fine scales into the air.

Something was wrong about the fish in the net. Something was wrong about the way they boiled up from below, almost leaping to meet the bailing net. Fish pursed in a seine usually tried to drive the net down, to sink it by sounding. But these fish were terrorized by something in the water—something they feared more than the great boat monster in the water alongside.

There was a heavy disturbance in the water outside the seine. A small triangular fin and the long lobe of a tail cut the surface. Suddenly there were dozens of fins all about the net. A four-foot fish, slim and gray, with a mouth set well back under the tip of his snout, lunged across the cork line and drove his body among the mackerel, slashing and biting.

Now all the dogfish of the pack tore at the seine in ravenous fury, eager to seize the mackerel inside. Their razor-sharp teeth ripped the stout twine as if it had been gauze, and great holes appeared in the net. There was a moment of indescribable confusion, in which the space circumscribed by the cork line became a seething vortex of life—a maelstrom of leaping fish, of biting teeth, of flashing green and silver.

Then, almost as suddenly as it had whirled up, the vortex subsided. In a swift draining away of the turmoil and confusion, the mackerel poured through the holes in the seine, fleet as darting shadows, and lost themselves in the sea.

Among the mackerel who escaped both the seine and the raiding dogfish was the yearling Scomber. By evening of the same day, following older fish and directed by overmastering instinct, he had migrated many miles to seaward of the waters frequented by gill netters and seiners. He was traveling far below the surface, the pale waters of the summer sea forgotten, and was swimming down through deepening green along sea roads new and strange to him. Always he moved south and west. He was going to a place he himself had never known—the deep, quiet waters along the edge of the continental shelf, off the Capes of Virginia.

There, in time, the winter sea received him.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. This essay breaks into five clearly defined parts. Briefly summarize each one.
2. Miss Carson's style is extremely lyric. What words and phrases contribute to its lyric quality?
3. How does her paragraph structure contribute to the lyric quality of her style?
4. What punctuation devices does the author use in the first three paragraphs to make her writing more vivid?
5. Comment on the effectiveness of the concluding paragraph.
6. Define and use each of the following words from Miss Carson's essay: *seine*, *nascent*, *amorphous*, *luminous*, *ravenous*, *maelstrom*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How does the seiner go about its business of catching the mackerel?
2. What goes on in the mind of the fisherman who has been at sea only two years? How do his thoughts enrich the reader's knowledge of the sea?
3. How does Scomber (Latin for "mackerel") escape the net? How does his escape add to our knowledge of fish in general?
4. How much fish lore and sea lore does this passage convey? Does it obtrude itself unpleasantly?
5. Miss Carson's essay is steeped in the love of nature. How broad a base of knowledge does she bring to her subject? How deep an affection? Would you agree that one's love of nature increases in proportion to one's knowledge of it?
6. What makes for today's vast knowledge of the world around us, in contrast to the lesser knowledge of the past? Do you think today's greater knowledge has affected our culture in any way?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. Does the average man share Miss Carson's love of nature, or is it shared only by the educated few? What reasons can you offer for your answer?
2. Compare Miss Carson's essay with Humboldt's "Nature." What elements do they have in common? How does their approach to the reader differ? How does their appreciation of the world around them differ, and why?

234 THE WORLD AROUND US: SCIENCE AND OTHER VALUES

SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

A Fishing Trip  
My Response to Nature  
The Sea  
The World around Us  
Science and the Love of Nature



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## The Retreat from Certainty

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☘ So dazzling were the conquests of science in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that for a time it looked as if there were no limits to what man could know and do. The new method developed by Bacon and his followers kept opening limitless vistas of triumphs yet to come. Even the poet Tennyson was able to boast, in a moment of expansive optimism, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Yet faintly at first, and then more loudly, voices of protest were raised — not at the good things science did, but at the assumption that it could solve all our problems, and at the emphasis it placed on material values at the expense of others. In part this reaction from certainty came from within. Scientists themselves have recognized that there may be bounds to what can be known, and there has been increasing recognition that other kinds of knowledge, not attainable in the laboratory, also have important bearing on the human problems of adjustment, happiness, and even survival. Indeed, there are many who believe that our ingenuity in the laboratory has so outstripped our social intelligence that we are in danger of destroying ourselves by the very engines which proclaim our intelligence.

J. L. Synge's "The Half-Sense of Modern Science" offers the paradox that modern science has retreated from certainty in order to gain knowledge. He points out that laboratory methods of finding and verifying information could not by themselves have yielded all we know, and that many of the greatest advances would have been impossible if they had not first been sparked by the creative imagination. Lincoln Barnett's "The New Universe of Modern Science" documents Synge's conclusions by describing the greatest fusion of imagination and experiment in modern science, and one of its greatest achievements, the statement and development of Einstein's theory of relativity. Finally, Damon

Knight's "To Serve Man" is straight science fiction, but it raises disturbing questions about the uses to which science can be put. When such a story can be written for popular consumption, how certain are we about the ultimate good which science represents?



## THE HALF-SENSE OF MODERN SCIENCE

J. L. Synge

[Imagination]

✿ THE CURIOUS AND POWERFUL FEAT OF ABSTRACTION, OF WITHDRAWING from the small object of ordinary life — the fly on the wall or the pebble on the beach — all its attributes save one (its position) was a feat that only the ancient Greek mind could accomplish. It was a feat not of logic but of imagination. To see what it means, let us remake history.

Greek civilization has perished utterly, but sometime about the year 1600 western Europe is full of life. Men are building science for themselves, with all the indefatigable energy of the age but without a little Greek secret — no one has told them that a point is that which has no part.

The seventeenth-century scientist looks at the carpenters and primitive surveyors at work by rule of thumb. He sees the carpenter making marks on pieces of wood and the surveyor driving stakes into the ground. He recognizes at once that the marks and the stakes must be fairly small, if there is to be any accuracy in the work, and he decides that a word is necessary to cover all such small things which serve to fix positions. He calls them "points." For him, a point is a small thing.

Small? How small? For the surveying of roads and fields, a stake one inch across is quite small enough for accuracy, but it would be a sorry table the carpenter would make if he made marks that size on his boards.

Everyone is at sixes and sevens. The draughtsmen will not tol-

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erate a point more than one hundredth of an inch across, but the point at which ships of war rendezvous, small as it looks on the map, turns out to be a good mile across when the ships assemble.

To our hypothetical seventeenth-century scientist the point remains blurred. The question "How small?" can never be answered except by the instruction "Use your judgment!" And so it must remain unless the ghost of Euclid comes to the scientist in a dream and whispers "No size at all!" or unless (an even more remote possibility) the Greek subtlety of thought is reborn spontaneously in western Europe.

To those of us who had Euclid's "no size at all" driven into us before we were old enough to realize the monstrosity of this concept, the advice to "use our judgment" seems coarse and uncivilized. But outside the domain of geometry, in regions of science where men had to beat new trails without the guiding hand of a Greek, there seemed to be no other way.

During the seventeenth century Galileo and Newton evolved the great new science of dynamics, which out-shadowed all previous scientific achievements and made Europe feel that ancient Greece was now far behind. From that time to this, dynamics has been developed and systematized and thought over like no other branch of mathematical physics, and one might expect that in that time all untidiness would have been removed and any requisite abstractions made to save the scientist from having to "use his judgment" except perhaps in awkward and unusual situations.

During the last thirty years or so attention has been focused on the theory of relativity and on quantum mechanics to such an extent that comparatively little thought has been given recently to what is called the "classical" theory — the theory developed from the roots planted by Galileo and Newton. . . .

### [Reality]

You are addressing a political meeting in a time of political tension. A rotten egg is thrown and hits you on the nose. That is reality. You see it, smell it and feel it. If we are to accept reality at all, the rotten egg is it.

As you sit reading this book, the print before your eyes is the immediate reality. If you are sitting in a draught, the chilly feeling of the air is another reality. Get up then and close the window. The molecules in the air outside are moving more slowly than those

in the room, and when these slow-moving molecules strike your skin, the fast-moving molecules in your skin impart some of their motion to them, with the result that your molecules get slowed down, and you feel cold. Every schoolboy knows that heat is a form of motion — molecular motion.

The dangerous voyage from reality to mathematics is beginning. From the firm rock of the rotten egg, you have stepped into a cockle shell called the molecule — something that you cannot see or hear or smell or taste or touch — something that you accept on faith. You surrender your own free judgment as to what is or is not into the hands of experts. You pass from reality to half-reality or reality-by-faith or reality-by-deduction.

As members of society, kindly disposed towards one another, we refrain from talking too much nonsense. You can say "I do not believe in rotten eggs" in the sense that you do not approve of them, but you would not say it in the sense of denying their existence. They are identifiable. You can imagine two boxes in front of you, and you swearing that there is a rotten egg in one box and none in the other, and a concourse of people around you solemnly nodding their heads and murmuring "He's quite right. There's a rotten egg in that box and none in the other."

Now do it with molecules. There are two corked bottles on the table in front of you and the judge looks at you and says "Is there a molecule in the bottle on your left hand side?"

"I think there must be," you answer, "because otherwise there would be a perfect vacuum in the bottle, and a perfect vacuum does not exist in nature."

The crowd peer over your shoulder at the bottles and whisper to one another. "He means that it's so damned hard to get rid of the things that there must be some still there." "Yes, it would be like getting all the lice off a tinker." "He's right. Nature abhors a vacuum!"

The issue is not clear, certainly not clear to the commonsense of the man in the street. He feels that he is getting out of his depth and that he must trust the superior knowledge of the people who make it their business in life to study the existence and properties of molecules and the other tiny fragments which make up the universe.

The confidence of the layman in the scientist is at once too little and too great. It is too little because the layman is prone to

assume that the scientist creates a fog of technical mumbo-jumbo around things that can be discussed in simple terms; that he deliberately creates mysteries because he likes mysteries. And it is too great because the scientist from time to time talks nonsense or half-sense which could be revealed for what it is by a few well-aimed shots from the platform of everyday commonsense.

Science is being continually rebuilt. It is an organic structure of which parts decay and are replaced. The dogma of today is the folly of tomorrow, and the objective reality of concepts in scientific theories waxes and wanes. To take a few examples, the doctrine that "nature abhors a vacuum" was at one time a serious scientific dogma which had to be forcibly destroyed in the interests of scientific progress. The dogma that "parallel lines never meet" had to be wrestled with and discarded as a statement of physical fact. The dogma that there is a unique and definite "time" for any occurrence was discarded in our own century by Einstein.

Stick, then, to the rotten egg as a symbol of reality, and put in a different category the less tangible images (molecules, atoms, protons, electrons, photons, and so on) which theoretical science creates in order to explain and predict the happenings in the real world.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Outline Part 1 [*Imagination*]. How effectively does its conclusion tie in with the first paragraph?
2. What is the author's purpose in using so many concrete images in the first four paragraphs?
3. A key word in Part 1 is "point." What does Synge mean by it?
4. In Part 2 Synge talks about "rotten egg," "cockle shell," and "lice off a tinker." How do such phrases help him communicate his ideas?
5. What is the topic sentence of the next to the last paragraph? How important is it to the main idea of Part 2?
6. What does Synge mean by saying in the last paragraph, "Stick, then, to the rotten egg as a symbol of reality"?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Synge's essay: molecules, atoms, protons, electrons, photons.



#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Synge's essay expounds the speculative genius of twentieth century science in clear and challenging terms. How reasonable does his explanation seem to you?
2. What did the Greeks know that was forgotten by experimental science during the seventeenth century?
3. According to Synge, what is reality? What is half-reality?
4. How fixed and certain, according to Synge, is modern science?
5. How, on the basis of Synge's essay, is modern science a retreat from reality?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Consider the following statement from F. Sherwood Taylor's *Concerning Science*.<sup>1</sup>

It should be realised that all observations are inaccurate, and that no laws sum up the observations precisely. The error of some scientific laws is less than one part per million, others do no better than one part in ten. Men of science accept this fact with equanimity. There is much that cannot be known with accuracy, but approximate knowledge is better than none.

What does it tell you about modern science?

2. Compare Synge's scientific outlook with that of Pliny and Bacon. Can you show that modern science is not a cyclical return to Greece and Rome but is rather a new, progressive development?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Power of Imagination  
Imagination Is a Higher Form of Common Sense  
The Many Roads to Truth  
Science and Reality  
After Today's Science, What Next?

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<sup>1</sup> Macdonald & Co., London, 1949.



## THE NEW UNIVERSE OF MODERN SCIENCE

Lincoln Barnett

### [Space, Time, and Relativity]

✿ ALONG WITH ABSOLUTE SPACE, EINSTEIN DISCARDED THE CONCEPT of absolute time — of a steady, unvarying, inexorable universal time flow, streaming from the infinite past to the infinite future. Much of the obscurity that has surrounded the Theory of Relativity stems from man's reluctance to recognize that sense of time, like sense of color, is a form of perception. Just as there is no such thing as color without an eye to discern it, so an instant or an hour or a day is nothing without an event to mark it. And just as space is simply a possible order of material objects, so time is simply a possible order of events. The subjectivity of time is best explained in Einstein's own words. "The experiences of an individual," he says, "appear to us arranged in a series of events; in this series the single events which we remember appear to be ordered according to the criterion of 'earlier' and 'later.' There exists, therefore, for the individual, an I-time, or subjective time. This in itself is not measurable. I can, indeed, associate numbers with the events, in such a way that a greater number is associated with the later event than with an earlier one. This association I can define by means of a clock by comparing the order of events furnished by the clock with the order of the given series of events. We understand by a clock something which provides a series of events which can be counted."

By referring our own experiences to a clock (or a calendar) we make time an objective concept. Yet the time intervals provided by a clock or a calendar are by no means absolute quantities imposed on the entire universe by divine edict. All the clocks ever used by man have been geared to our solar system. What we call an hour is actually a measurement in space — an arc of 15 degrees in the apparent daily rotation of the celestial sphere. And what we call a year is simply a measure of the earth's progress in its orbit

From *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, by Lincoln Barnett, copyright 1948 by Harper & Brothers; copyright 1948, 1950 by Lincoln Barnett, by permission of William Sloane Associates, Inc.

around the sun. An inhabitant of Mercury, however, would have very different notions of time. For Mercury makes its trip around the sun in 88 of our days, and in that same period rotates just once on its axis. So on Mercury a year and a day amount to the same thing. But it is when science ranges beyond the neighborhood of the sun that all our terrestrial ideas of time become meaningless. For Relativity tells us there is no such thing as a fixed interval of time independent of the system to which it is referred. There is indeed no such thing as simultaneity, there is no such thing as "now," independent of a system of reference. For example a man in New York may telephone a friend in London, and although it is 7:00 P.M. in New York and midnight in London, we may say that they are talking "at the same time." But that is because they are both residents of the same planet, and their clocks are geared to the same astronomical system. A more complicated situation arises if we try to ascertain, for example, what is happening on the star Arcturus "right now." Arcturus is 30 light years away. A light year is the distance light travels in one year, or roughly six trillion miles. If we should try to communicate with Arcturus by radio "right now" it would take 38 years for our message to reach its destination and another 38 years for us to receive a reply.<sup>1</sup> And when we look at Arcturus and say that we see it "now," in 1949, we are actually seeing a ghost—an image projected on our optic nerves by light rays that left their source in 1912. Whether Arcturus even exists "now" nature forbids us to know until 1988.

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### [Speed and Relativity]

Einstein thus surmounts the barrier reared by man's impulse to define reality solely as he perceives it through the screen of his senses. Just as the Quantum Theory demonstrated that elementary particles of matter do not behave like the larger particles we discern in the coarse-grained world of our perceptions, so Relativity shows that we cannot foretell the phenomena accompanying great velocities from the sluggish behavior of objects visible to man's indolent eye. Nor may we assume that the laws of Relativity deal with exceptional occurrences; on the contrary they provide a comprehensive picture of an incredibly complex universe in which the

<sup>1</sup> Radio waves travel at the same speed as light waves.

simple mechanical events of our earthly experience are the exceptions. The present-day scientist, coping with the tremendous velocities that prevail in the fast universe of the atom or with the immensities of sidereal space and time, finds the old Newtonian laws inadequate. But Relativity provides him in every instance with a complete and accurate description of nature.

Whenever Einstein's postulates have been put to test, their validity has been amply confirmed. Remarkable proof of the relativistic retardation of time intervals came out of an experiment performed by H. E. Ives of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1936. A radiating atom may be regarded as a kind of clock in that it emits light of a definite frequency and wave length which can be measured with great precision by means of a spectroscope. Ives compared the light emitted by hydrogen atoms moving at high velocities with that emitted by hydrogen atoms at rest, and found that the frequency of vibration of the moving atoms was reduced in exact accordance with the predictions of Einstein's equations. Someday science may devise a far more interesting test of the same principle. Since any periodic motion serves to measure time, the human heart, Einstein has pointed out, is also a kind of clock. Hence, according to Relativity, the heartbeat of a person traveling with a velocity close to that of light would be relatively slowed, along with his respiration and all other physiological processes. He would not notice this retardation because his watch would slow down in the same degree. But judged by a stationary timekeeper he would "grow old" less rapidly. In a Buck Rogers realm of fantasy, it is possible to imagine some future cosmic explorer boarding an atom-propelled space ship, ranging the void at 167,000 miles per second, and returning to earth after ten terrestrial years to find himself physically only five years older.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make an outline of both parts of Barnett's essay. On the basis of your outline, comment on his ability to communicate Einstein's difficult ideas.

2. How does the length of the paragraphs contribute to the formal tone of this essay?

3. Comment on the kind of examples Barnett uses. Do they help or hinder your understanding of relativity?

4. Pick out the topic sentences of the first and last paragraphs. What do they, by themselves, contribute to the main ideas of Barnett's essay?

5. What is the function of paragraph 2 in relation to paragraph 1?

6. What is your reaction to the final illustration on speed and relativity? Do you think Barnett had this in mind when he included it?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Barnett's essay: inexorable, edict, ascertain, postulates, retardation.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What does Einstein mean by the subjectivity of time? He himself once suggested it was like sitting for five minutes with a pretty girl as compared to sitting for five minutes on a hot stove. What did he mean by this?

2. What makes a clock useless to the theory of relativity?

3. "Einstein thus surmounts the barrier reared by man's impulse to define reality solely as he perceives it through the screen of his senses," writes Barnett. How does this statement contradict the principles of purely experimental science as set forth by Bacon?

4. Can you explain in your own words what happens to speeding objects according to the laws of relativity?

5. According to Einstein time slows down as speed increases. How logical does this seem? Can you offer an example of your own to illustrate it?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Can you show how the theory of Synge is borne out by the practice of Einstein?

2. Contrast the speculations of Einstein with those of Pliny. What distinguishes them? How much do these differences have to do with the whole current of science from Pliny to today?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Own Experiences with Subjective Time

If I Grew Only Twenty-five Years Older in the Next Fifty Years

Speculative Science and the Man in the Street

Subjectivity in Modern Science

The Future of Modern Science





## TO SERVE MAN

*Damon Knight*

✿ THE KANAMIT WERE NOT VERY PRETTY, IT'S TRUE. THEY LOOKED something like pigs and something like people, and that is not an attractive combination. Seeing them for the first time shocked you; that was their handicap. When a thing with the countenance of a fiend comes from the stars and offers a gift, you are disinclined to accept.

I don't know what we expected interstellar visitors to look like — those who thought about it at all, that is. Angels, perhaps, or something too alien to be really awful. Maybe that's why we were all so horrified and repelled when they landed in their great ships and we saw what they really were like.

The Kanamit were short and very hairy — thick, bristly brown-gray hair all over their abominably plump bodies. Their noses were snoutlike and their eyes small, and they had thick hands of three fingers each. They wore green leather harness and green shorts, but I think the shorts were a concession to our notions of public decency. The garments were quite modishly cut, with slash pockets and half-belts in the back. The Kanamit had a sense of humor, anyhow; their clothes proved it.

There were three of them at this session of the U. N., and I can't tell you how queer it looked to see them there in the middle of a solemn Plenary Session — three fat piglike creatures in green harness and shorts, sitting at the long table below the podium, surrounded by the packed arcs of delegates from every nation. They sat correctly upright, politely watching each speaker. Their flat ears drooped over the earphones. Later on, I believe, they learned every human language, but at this time they knew only French and English.

They seemed perfectly at ease — and that, along with their humor, was a thing that tended to make me like them. I was in the minority; I didn't think they were trying to put anything over. They said quite simply that they wanted to help us and I believed it. As a U. N. translator, of course, my opinion didn't

From *Galaxy Magazine*, November 1950. Reprinted by permission of the author's agent, Mr. Harry Altshuler.

matter, but I thought they were the best thing that ever happened to Earth.

The delegate from Argentina got up and said that his government was interested by the demonstration of a new cheap power source, which the Kanamit had made at the previous session, but that the Argentine government could not commit itself as to its future policy without a much more thorough examination.

It was what all the delegates were saying, but I had to pay particular attention to Señor Valdes, because he tended to sputter and his diction was bad. I got through the translation all right, with only one or two momentary hesitations, and then switched to the Polish-English line to hear how Gregori was doing with Janciewicz. Janciewicz was the cross Gregori had to bear, just as Valdes was mine.

Janciewicz repeated the previous remarks with a few ideological variations, and then the Secretary-General recognized the delegate from France, who introduced Dr. Denis Leveque, the criminologist, and a great deal of complicated equipment was wheeled in.

Dr. Leveque remarked that the question in many people's minds had been aptly expressed by the delegate from the U. S. S. R. at the preceding session, when he demanded, "What is the motive of the Kanamit? What is their purpose in offering us these unprecedented gifts, while asking nothing in return?"

The doctor then said, "At the request of several delegates and with the full consent of our guests, the Kanamit, my associates and I have made a series of tests upon the Kanamit with the equipment which you see before you. These tests will now be repeated."

A murmur ran through the chamber. There was a fusillade of flashbulbs, and one of the TV cameras moved up to focus on the instrument board of the doctor's equipment. At the same time, the huge television screen behind the podium lighted up, and we saw the blank faces of two dials, each with its pointer resting at zero, and a strip of paper tape with a stylus point resting against it.

The doctor's assistants were fastening wires to the temples of one of the Kanamit, wrapping a canvas-covered rubber tube around his forearm, and taping something to the palm of his right hand.

In the screen, we saw the paper tape begin to move while the stylus traced a slow zigzag pattern along it. One of the needles

began to jump rhythmically; the other flipped over and stayed there, wavering slightly.

"These are the standard instruments for testing the truth of a statement," said Dr. Leveque. "Our first object, since the physiology of the Kanamit is unknown to us, was to determine whether or not they react to these tests as human beings do. We will now repeat one of the many experiments which was made in the endeavor to discover this."

He pointed to the first dial. "This instrument registers the subject's heart-beat. This shows the electrical conductivity of the skin in the palm of his hand, a measure of perspiration, which increases under stress. And this —" pointing to the tape-and-stylus device — "shows the pattern and intensity of the electrical waves emanating from his brain. It has been shown, with human subjects, that all these readings vary markedly depending upon whether the subject is speaking the truth."

He picked up two large pieces of cardboard, one red and one black. The red one was a square about a meter on a side; the black was a rectangle a meter and a half long. He addressed himself to the Kanama:

"Which of these is longer than the other?"

"The red," said the Kanama.

Both needles leaped wildly, and so did the line on the unrolling tape.

"I shall repeat the question," said the doctor. "Which of these is longer than the other?"

"The black," said the creature.

This time the instruments continued in their normal rhythm.

"How did you come to this planet?" asked the doctor.

"Walked," replied the Kanama.

Again the instruments responded, and there was a subdued ripple of laughter in the chamber.

"Once more," said the doctor, "how did you come to this planet?"

"In a spaceship," said the Kanama, and the instruments did not jump.

The doctor again faced the delegates. "Many such experiments were made," he said, "and my colleagues and myself are satisfied that the mechanisms are effective. Now," he turned to the Kanama,

"I shall ask our distinguished guest to reply to the question put at the last session by the delegate of the U. S. S. R., namely, what is the motive of the Kanamit people in offering these great gifts to the people of Earth?"

The Kanama rose. Speaking this time in English, he said, "On my planet there is a saying, 'There are more riddles in a stone than in a philosopher's head.' The motives of intelligent beings, though they may at times appear obscure, are simple things compared to the complex workings of the natural universe. Therefore I hope that the people of Earth will understand, and believe, when I tell you that our mission upon your planet is simply this — to bring to you the peace and plenty which we ourselves enjoy, and which we have in the past brought to other races throughout the galaxy. When your world has no more hunger, no more war, no more needless suffering, that will be our reward."

And the needles had not jumped once.

The delegate from the Ukraine jumped to his feet, asking to be recognized, but the time was up and the Secretary-General closed the session.

I met Gregori as we were leaving the U. N. chamber. His face was red with excitement. "Who promoted that circus?" he demanded.

"The tests looked genuine to me," I told him.

"A circus!" he said vehemently. "A second-rate farce! If they were genuine, Peter, why was debate stifled?"

"There'll be time for debate tomorrow surely."

"Tomorrow the doctor and his instruments will be back in Paris. Plenty of things can happen before tomorrow. In the name of sanity, man, how can anybody trust a thing that looks as if it ate the baby?"

I was a little annoyed. I said, "Are you sure you're not more worried about their politics than their appearance?"

He said, "Bah," and went away.

The next day reports began to come in from government laboratories all over the world where the Kanamit's power source was being tested. They were wildly enthusiastic. I don't understand such things myself, but it seemed that those little metal boxes would give more electrical power than an atomic pile, for next to nothing and nearly forever. And it was said that they were so cheap to manufacture that everybody in the world could have one

of his own. In the early afternoon there were reports that seventeen countries had already begun to set up factories to turn them out.

The next day the Kanamit turned up with plans and specimens of a gadget that would increase the fertility of any arable land by sixty to one hundred per cent. It speeded the formation of nitrates in the soil, or something. There was nothing in the headlines but the Kanamit any more. The day after that, they dropped their bombshell.

"You now have potentially unlimited power and increased food supply," said one of them. He pointed with his three-fingered hand to an instrument that stood on the table before him. It was a box on a tripod, with a parabolic reflector on the front of it. "We offer you today a third gift which is at least as important as the first two."

He beckoned to the TV men to roll their cameras into closeup position. Then he picked up a large sheet of cardboard covered with drawings and English lettering. We saw it on the large screen above the podium; it was all clearly legible.

"We are informed that this broadcast is being relayed throughout your world," said the Kanama. "I wish that everyone who has equipment for taking photographs from television screens would use it now."

The Secretary-General leaned forward and asked a question sharply, but the Kanama ignored him.

"This device," he said, "projects a field in which no explosive, of whatever nature, can detonate."

There was an uncomprehending silence.

The Kanama said, "It cannot now be suppressed. If one nation has it, all must have it." When nobody seemed to understand, he explained bluntly, "There will be no more war."

That was the biggest news of the millennium, and it was perfectly true. It turned out that the explosions the Kanama was talking about included gasoline and Diesel explosions. They had simply made it impossible for anybody to mount or equip a modern army.

We could have gone back to bows and arrows, of course, but that wouldn't have satisfied the military. Not after having atomic bombs and all the rest. Besides, there wouldn't be any reason to make war. Every nation would soon have everything.



Nobody ever gave another thought to those lie-detector experiments, or asked the Kanamit what their politics were. Gregori was put out; he had nothing to prove his suspicions.

I quit my job with the U. N. a few months later, because I foresaw that it was going to die under me anyhow. U. N. business was booming at the time, but after a year or so there was going to be nothing for it to do. Every nation on Earth was well on the way to being completely self-supporting; they weren't going to need much arbitration.

I accepted a position as translator with the Kanamit Embassy, and it was there that I ran into Gregori again. I was glad to see him, but I couldn't imagine what he was doing there.

"I thought you were on the opposition," I said. "Don't tell me you're convinced the Kanamit are all right."

He looked rather shamefaced. "They're not what they look, anyhow," he said.

It was as much of a concession as he could decently make, and I invited him down to the embassy lounge for a drink. It was an intimate kind of place, and he grew confidential over the second daiquiri.

"They fascinate me," he said. "I hate them instinctively on sight still — that hasn't changed, but I can evaluate it. You were right, obviously; they mean us nothing but good. But do you know —" he leaned across the table — "the question of the Soviet delegate was never answered."

I am afraid I snorted.

"No, really," he said. "They told us what they wanted to do — 'to bring to you the peace and plenty which we ourselves enjoy.' But they didn't say why."

"Why do missionaries —"

"Hogwash!" he said angrily. "Missionaries have a religious motive. If these creatures do own a religion, they haven't once mentioned it. What's more, they didn't send a missionary group, they sent a diplomatic delegation — a group representing the will and policy of their whole people. Now just what have the Kanamit, as a people or a nation, got to gain from our welfare?"

I said, "Cultural —"

"Cultural cabbage-soup! No, it's something less obvious than that, something obscure that belongs to their psychology and not to ours. But trust me, Peter, there is no such thing as a completely

disinterested altruism. In one way or another, they have something to gain."

"And that's why you're here," I said, "to try to find out what it is?"

"Correct. I wanted to get on one of the ten-year exchange groups to their home planet, but I couldn't; the quota was filled a week after they made the announcement. This is the next best thing. I'm studying their language, and you know that language reflects the basic assumptions of the people who use it. I've got a fair command of the spoken lingo already. It's not hard, really, and there are hints in it. I'm sure I'll get the answer eventually."

"More power," I said, and we went back to work.

I saw Gregori frequently from then on, and he kept me posted about his progress. He was highly excited about a month after that first meeting; said he'd got hold of a book of the Kanamit's and was trying to puzzle it out. They wrote in ideographs, worse than Chinese, but he was determined to fathom it if it took him years. He wanted my help.

Well, I was interested in spite of myself, for I knew it would be a long job. We spent some evenings together, working with material from Kanamit bulletin-boards and so forth, and the extremely limited English-Kanamit dictionary they issued the staff. My conscience bothered me about the stolen book, but gradually I became absorbed by the problem. Languages are my field, after all. I couldn't help being fascinated.

We got the title worked out in a few weeks. It was "How to Serve Man," evidently a handbook they were giving out to new Kanamit members of the embassy staff. They had new ones in, all the time now, a shipload about once a month; they were opening all kinds of research laboratories, clinics and so on. If there was anybody on Earth besides Gregori who still distrusted those people, he must have been somewhere in the middle of Tibet.

It was astonishing to see the changes that had been wrought in less than a year. There were no more standing armies, no more shortages, no unemployment. When you picked up a newspaper you didn't see "H-BOMB" or "V-2" leaping out at you; the news was always good. It was a hard thing to get used to. The Kanamit were working on human biochemistry, and it was known around the embassy that they were nearly ready to announce methods of making our race taller and stronger and healthier — practically a

race of supermen — and they had a potential cure for heart disease and cancer.

I didn't see Gregori for a fortnight after we finished working out the title of the book; I was on a long-overdue vacation in Canada. When I got back, I was shocked by the change in his appearance.

"What on Earth is wrong, Gregori?" I asked. "You look like the very devil."

"Come down to the lounge."

I went with him, and he gulped a stiff Scotch as if he needed it.

"Come on, man, what's the matter?" I urged.

"The Kanamit have put me on the passenger list for the next exchange ship," he said. "You, too, otherwise I wouldn't be talking to you."

"Well," I said, "but —"

"They're not altruists."

"What do you mean?"

"What I told you," he said. "They're not altruists."

I tried to reason with him. I pointed out they'd made Earth a paradise compared to what it was before. He only shook his head.

Then I said, "Well, what about those lie-detector tests?"

"A farce," he replied, without heat. "I said so at the time, you fool. They told the truth, though, as far as it went."

"And the book?" I demanded, annoyed. "What about that — 'How to Serve Man'? That wasn't put there for you to read. They mean it. How do you explain that?"

"I've read the first paragraph of that book," he said. "Why do you suppose I haven't slept for a week?"

I said, "Well?" and he smiled that curious, twisted smile, as if he really wanted to cry instead.

"It's a cookbook," he said.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Knight uses contractions to help make his writing informal. What other devices does he use to create this effect?
2. What are the advantages of an informal style in this story?
3. How does the author's description of the Kanamit tend to prejudice the reader? What words and phrases contribute to that view?

4. Gregori's skepticism comes into conflict with his friend's admiration for the Kanamit. Why is conflict important in this type of story?

5. How does the form of the final two paragraphs contribute to the surprise ending?

6. Define and use each of the following words from Knight's story: *abominable*, *stylus*, *arable*, *ideographs*, *biochemistry*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How many genuine scientific instruments are mentioned in this story? How many speculative ones? What is the effect of mixing real with imaginary scientific instruments?

2. "To Serve Man" comes to a shuddering close. Did its ending terrify or intrigue you? What does your reaction tell you about human nature?

3. Would you say that the major purpose of Knight's story is to entertain? How well does it succeed? What devices did Knight use that you found particularly telling?

4. Science fiction such as Knight's "To Serve Man" is intended for the average reader rather than for the scientist. How does its intended audience influence its tone and content?

5. Knight's story is one of many that mingles fiction with science, science with fiction. Why should this intermingling be so popular today?

6. How impressed is the public today by practical scientific accomplishments? What is the general reaction to an advertisement using a white-frosted scientist as its spokesman?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Compare the highly speculative conclusion of Barnett's essay with that of "To Serve Man." How close a relationship do you see between the speculations of modern science and those of science fiction?

2. How does the relationship between modern science and science fiction illustrate the influence of science on the popular mind today? The popular fiction presented in Parts One, Two and Four of this book reveals a century old gap between the popular and the specialized in the sociological and intellectual areas. Why should there be less of a cultural gap in science?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Tomorrow's World as I Should Like It To Be  
The Value of Science

What the Next Fifty Years May Be Like  
Science and the General Public  
Science Fiction and Today's Society



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## The Widening World

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✿ As the wave of assurance retreated, and more and more people came to believe that not everything worth knowing was to be learned in the laboratory, the human perspective began to widen. For a time, beginning about a hundred years ago, the claims for sole possession of the truth became so strident that many men felt themselves forced to choose — between allegiance to science and to religion, between accumulation of fact and exercise of the imagination as means to new knowledge. While echoes of the clashes between extreme proponents of these views still rumble on the far horizon, the body of the storm has spent itself. The air begins to clear, and the perspective widens enough to let us see that truth, even about the world around us, is to be found, if at all, by exercise of all our faculties together — not by denying some and cultivating others.

But there are plenty of signs that the controversy is not over. Anthony Standen, in "The Limitations of Science" argues that since the proofs of science are not infallible, science is an over-rated discipline. A humanist, Standen resents the claim that science occupies the position traditionally claimed by the arts as the principal custodian of truth. Taking almost the opposite view, the scientist Robert A. Millikan in "The Limitations of Literature and Art" urges with equal intensity the claims of science, and even finds that the scientist is the only real humanist — that modern science not only surpasses the humanities in discovering truth but in appreciating beauty as well. J. Bronowski in "The Creative Mind" strikes a balance nowadays frequently mentioned but seldom more articulately. To him knowledge of the world around us comes through a synthesis of factual and creative faculties common to science and the arts alike. Finally, Walter van Tilburg Clark, like Damon Knight, questions not the methods but the ethical misuse of science. But Clark goes many levels deeper

than Knight. Indeed these two stories beautifully illustrate the differences between "slick" and serious fiction.



## THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE

Anthony Standen

THE DREADFUL COCKSURENESS THAT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF SCIENTISTS in bulk is not only quite foreign to the spirit of true science, it is not even justified by a superficial view. It is of course quite possible to write the history of science as one long crescendo, whose ultimate glorious achievement is the present — and what wonderful people we must be. It is always given in this way, in teaching, as part of a little introduction which is a pep talk for the particular science being dealt with. The Greeks were very clever people, the introduction will go, and they thought of many ingenious theories, but they were lazy, and did not do experiments with their hands. Their foremost philosopher was Aristotle, and it is now the fashion to say that he was not altogether too bad, but the medievals were bad who believed things on Authority, the authority of Aristotle. Modern Science began with Galileo and Newton, and has run steadily ahead ever since, with a great acceleration of progress in the last fifty years, with radioactivity, the discovery of X rays, Einstein, Bohr, the structure of the atom, Oppenheimer, the Manhattan Project and the Atomic Energy Commission (leaving out the Un-American Activities Committee). But the same story can be told with a humiliating reverse English on it: if the climax and pinnacle of science is our knowledge of the atom now, then what was known ten years ago must have been decidedly imperfect, for science has made great strides since then. What was known twenty years ago was even more imperfect, and the science of fifty years ago hardly worth knowing. Using a little imagination, we can ask what will become of the science of today, some twenty or thirty years from now? Unless the rate of scientific advance shows a notable slacking off (and there are no signs of

From the book *Science is a Sacred Cow* by Anthony Standen. Copyright, 1950, by Anthony Standen. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

this) our best knowledge of today will become decidedly frowsy.

Since scientists have such overweening confidence in their own ability — in their collective ability, that is to say — it is small wonder that they make no attempt to teach what are the limitations of science, for they hardly recognize any.

Yet there may be limits to what science can do. Consider this question: Can science disprove ghosts? In the supremely confident period, toward the end of the last century, when it was supposed that there was a conflict between Science and Religion, and Science was rapidly winning, it was the mark of an educated man to say "Science has proved that there are no such things as ghosts, they are merely the superstitions of the unenlightened." Education is always behind the times, and much the same attitude is prevalent today; you can still hear people say, "Surely, science has proved that there are no ghosts." And yet, is that so? Suppose, just suppose for the sake of argument, that ghosts can occasionally appear when the psychological conditions are just right, and suppose, what might quite well be true, that one necessary condition for the appearance of a ghost is the absence of a scientist: well then, "Science" (that is to say, scientists) would go on investigating ghost after ghost, and would "disprove" every one of them, and yet ghosts would continue to appear whenever the scientists were not looking.

This is a simple case, perhaps not a very important one, illustrating the impossibility of proving anything negative by the scientific method. At least it is enough to show that science is not infallible, and if science has any more serious defects than the inability to perceive an occasional spook in the corner, it is of the utmost importance that citizens, generally, should know what they are. Yet this sort of knowledge is very conspicuously absent, from the populace at large, and from the curriculums of institutes of learning. Non-scientists don't even know what science can do; scientists are so obsessed with the past successes and future possibilities of their own specialty that they have no idea what the proper field of science in general is and no recognition that there are any limits. What they can't do, some other scientists, presumably, can do, so that they come to think that Science with a capital "S" — or rather its concentrated and distilled essence, the Scientific Method — is the universal cure-all for mankind.

They are wrong, for science is not a cure-all. The claims of the

science fiends are preposterously exaggerated. Science has many important limitations. . . . The idea that science is infallible and beyond criticism, is a delusion, and even a dangerous one. The teaching of science only perpetuates this delusion, for it is always taught by scientists, who are so busy keeping up with science that they can never look at it from the outside. What with scientists who are so deep in science that they cannot see it, and non-scientists who are too overawed to express an opinion, hardly anyone is able to recognize science for what it is, the great Sacred Cow of our time.

John Dewey, a worshiper in the temple of science, said "the future of our civilization depends on the widening spread and deepening hold of the scientific habit of mind." But perhaps there is more truth in an old wisecrack of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber provided he has common sense on the ground floor."

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Standen's style is swift-paced, persuasive. What tends to make it so?
2. What is the function of paragraph 2?
3. In the next to last paragraph Standen calls science a Sacred Cow. What does he mean?
4. What does the final paragraph contribute to the essay as a whole?
5. What does Standen intend the key word "science" to mean in this essay?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Standen's essay: *crescendo*, *pinnacle*, *infallible*, *obsessed*, *delusion*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What are Standen's major objections to science? How fully do you agree with him?
2. According to Standen, what does modern science think of the Greeks? What do you think is the attitude of modern science toward them?
3. Standen describes Einstein and his contemporaries as being in the tradition of Galileo and Newton. On this basis he criticizes the

accuracy of atomic knowledge today. Can you see any flaws in his reasoning?

4. According to Standen, why is science unable to disprove ghosts? How does this illustration point up the limitations of science?

5. According to Standen, what gives us the idea that science is infallible?

6. What is your total response to Standen's arguments? On the basis of your background and experience, can you analyze why?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What standards of truth do you suppose Standen wishes to substitute for scientific truth?

2. What kind of science is Standen attacking? Is it the experimental science of Bacon or is it the more speculative science of Einstein? How are Standen's arguments affected by your answer?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Own Idea of Truth

Truth and Science

The Limitations of Science


Man's Deepest Desires

Science and the Non-Scientist



## THE LIMITATIONS OF LITERATURE AND ART

*Robert A. Millikan*

 SUCH JUSTIFICATION AS THERE MAY BE FOR THE PUBLIC'S DISTRUST of science is due chiefly to the misrepresentation of science by some of its uneducated devotees. For men without any real understanding are of course to be found in all the walks of life.

This problem, however, is not at all peculiar to science. In fact, the most wantonly destructive forces in modern life, and the most sordidly commercial, are not in general found in the field of science nor having anything to do with it. It is literature and art, much

From *Science and the New Civilization* by Robert A. Millikan, copyright 1930 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.



more than science, which have been the prey of those influences through which the chief menace to our civilization comes. After the law of gravitation, or the principle of conservation of energy, have been once discovered and established, physics understands quite well that *its future progress must be made in conformity with these laws*, at least that Einstein must include Newton, and it succeeds fairly well in keeping its levitators and its inventors of devices for realizing perpetual motion under suitable detention, or restraint, somewhere. But society has as yet developed no protection against its perpetual motion cranks (the devotees of the new, regardless of the true) in the fields of literature and art, and that despite the fact that sculpture has had its Phidias and literature its Shakespeare just as truly as physics has had its Newton or biology its Pasteur. I grant that in literature and art, and in non-scientific fields generally, it is more difficult than in science to know what has been found to be truth and what error, that in many cases we don't yet know; yet there are even here certain broad lines of established truth recognized by thoughtful people everywhere. For example, the race long ago learned that unbridled license in the individual is incompatible with social progress, that civilization, which is orderly group life, will perish and the race go back to the jungle unless the sense of social responsibility can be kept universally alive. And yet to-day literature is infested here and there with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, over-sexed, neurotic influences, the product of men who are either incompetent to think anything through to its consequences, or else who belong to that not inconsiderable group who protest that they are not in the least interested in social consequences anyway, men who, in their own words, are merely desirous of "expressing themselves." Such men are, in fact, nothing but the perpetual motion cranks of literature and of art. It is from this direction, not from the direction of science that the chief menaces to our civilization are now coming.

But despite this situation I should hesitate to suggest that all writers and all artists be given a holiday. This is an age of specialization, and properly so, and some evils from our specialization are to be expected. Our job is to minimize them and to find counter-irritants for them. I am not altogether discouraged even when I find a humanist of the better sort who is only half educated. Let this incident illustrate. Not long ago I heard a certain literary man of magnificent craftsmanship and fine influence in his own field,

declare that he saw no values in our modern "mechanical age." Further, this same man recently visited a plant where the very foundations of our modern civilization are being laid. A ton of earth lies underneath a mountain. Scattered through that ton in infinitesimal grains is just two dollars' worth of copper. That ton of earth is being dug out of its resting place, transported to the mill miles away, the infinitesimal particles of copper miraculously picked out by invisible chemical forces, then deposited in great sheets by the equally invisible physical forces of the electric current, then shipped three thousand miles and again refined, then drawn into wires to transport the formerly wasted energy of a waterfall, and all these operations from the buried ton of Arizona dirt to refined copper in New York done at a cost of less than two dollars, for there was no more value there.

This amazing achievement not only did not interest the humanist, but he complained about disfiguring the desert by electrical transmission lines. Unbelievable blindness—a soul without a spark of imagination else it would have seen the hundred thousand powerful, prancing horses which are speeding along each of those wires, transforming the desert into a garden, making it possible for him and his kind to live and work without standing on the bowed backs of human slaves as his prototype has always done in ages past. Seen in this rôle, that humanist was neither humanist nor philosopher, for he was not really interested in humanity. In this picture it is the scientist who is the real humanist.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the central idea of this essay?
2. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 2?
3. Paragraph 3 is divided into two sections. What are they, and how does the second relate to the first?
4. What does Millikan mean by "perpetual motion cranks"?
5. Comment on the imagery of the final paragraph. What is its purpose, used as it is in contrast to Millikan's otherwise matter-of-fact style?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Millikan's essay: *wantonly*, *sordidly*, *unbridled*, *infinitesimal*, *prototype*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What is Millikan's major criticism of modern literature and art?
2. According to Millikan, who is the real humanist, and why?
3. What point does Millikan make in his passage on the copper mine?
4. According to Millikan, literature and art are more "sordidly commercial" than science. Can you think of a great modern writer or artist who fits this description? How many does Millikan name?
5. "I grant that in literature and art, and in non-scientific fields generally, it is more difficult than in science to know what has been found to be truth and what error," says Millikan. How fully do you agree with him?
6. Literature today, says Millikan, is "infested here and there with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, over-sexed neurotic influences." On the basis of your own reading, do you think today's serious writers deserve Millikan's criticism?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Compare Millikan's attitude toward literature and art with that of the man in the street. Would you say that their points of agreement are the result of coincidence, or of something more?
2. Judging from Millikan's and Standen's essays, what do you think is the value of modern science? How important a part of your own life is it? How important a part of your life are literature and art?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Perpetual Motion Cranks on the Campus  
 My Attitude toward the New  
 Commercialism in the Arts  
 Commercialism in Science  
 The Limitations of the Arts



## THE CREATIVE MIND

J. Bronowski

✿ ON A FINE NOVEMBER DAY IN 1945, LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, I was landed on an airstrip in Southern Japan. From there a jeep was to take me over the mountains to join a ship which lay in Nagasaki Harbor. I knew nothing of the country or the distance before us. We drove off; dusk fell; the road rose and fell away, the pine woods came down to the road, straggled on and opened again. I did not know that we had left the open country until unexpectedly I heard the ship's loudspeakers broadcasting dance music. Then suddenly I was aware that we were already at the center of damage in Nagasaki. The shadows behind me were the skeletons of the Mitsubishi factory building, pushed backwards and sideways as if by a giant hand. What I had thought to be broken rocks was a concrete power house with its roof punched in. I could now make out the outline of two crumpled gasometers; there was a cold furnace festooned with service pipes; otherwise nothing but cockeyed telegraph poles and loops of wire in a bare waste of ashes. I had blundered into this desolate landscape as instantly as one might wake among the mountains of the moon. The moment of recognition when I realized that I was already in Nagasaki is present to me as I write, as vividly as when I lived it. I see the warm night and the meaningless shapes; I can even remember the tune that was coming from the ship. It was a dance tune which had been popular in 1945, and it was called, *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma Baby?*

This dissertation was born at that moment. For the moment I have recalled was a universal moment; what I met was, almost as abruptly, the experience of mankind. On an evening some time in 1945 each of us in his own way learned that his imagination had been dwarfed. We looked up and saw the power of which we had been proud loom over us like the ruins of Nagasaki.

The power of science for good and for evil has troubled other minds than ours. We are not here fumbling with a new dilemma; our subject and our fears are as old as the tool-making civilizations.

From *Science and Human Values*, published in *The Nation*, December 29, 1956. Reprinted by permission of *The Nation* and of the author.

Men have been killed with weapons before now: what happened at Nagasaki was only more massive (for 40,000 were killed there by a flash which lasted seconds) and more ironical (for the bomb exploded over the main Christian community in Japan). Nothing happened eleven years ago except that we changed the scale of our indifference to man; and conscience, in revenge, for an instant became immediate to us. Before this immediacy fades in a sequence of televised atomic tests, let us acknowledge our subject for what it is: civilization face to face with its own implications. The implications are both the industrial slum which Nagasaki was before it was bombed, and the ashy desolation which the bomb made of the slum. And civilization asks of both ruins, *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma Baby?*

The man whom I imagine to be asking this question, wryly with a sense of shame, is not a scientist; he is civilized man. It is of course more usual for each member of civilization to take flight from its consequences by protesting that others have failed him. Those whose education and perhaps tastes have confined them to the humanities protest that the scientists alone are to blame, for plainly no mandarin ever made a bomb or an industry. The scientists say, with equal contempt, that the Greek scholars and the earnest explorers of cave paintings do well to wash their hands of blame; but what in fact are they doing to help direct the society whose ills grow more often from inaction than from error?

There is no comfort in such bickering. When Shelley pictured science as a modern Prometheus who would wake the world to a wonderful dream of Godwin, he was alas too simple. But it is as pointless to read what has happened since as a nightmare. Dream or nightmare, we have to live our experience as it is, and we have to live it awake. We live in a world which is penetrated through and through by science, and which is both whole and real. We cannot turn it into a game simply by taking sides.

And this make-believe game might cost us what we value most: the human content of our lives. The scholar who disdains science may speak in fun, but his fun is not quite a laughing matter. To think of science as a set of special tricks, to see the scientist as the manipulator of outlandish skills—this is the root of the poison mandrake which flourishes rank in the comic strips. There is no more threatening and no more degrading doctrine than the fancy



that somehow we may shelve the responsibility for making the decisions of our society by passing it to a few scientists armored with a special magic. This is another dream, the dream of H. G. Wells, in which the tall elegant engineers rule, with perfect benevolence, a humanity which has no business except to be happy. To H. G. Wells this was a dream of heaven — a modern version of the idle, harp-resounding heaven of other childhood pieties. But in fact it is the picture of a slave society, and should make us shiver whenever we hear a man of sensibility dismiss science as someone else's concern. The world today is made, it is powered, by science; and for any man to abdicate an interest in science is to walk with open eyes towards slavery.

My aim in this essay is to show that the parts of civilization make a whole: to display the links which give society its coherence and, more, which give it life. In particular, I want to show the place of science in the canons of conduct which it has still to perfect.

There is a likeness between the creative acts of the mind in art and in science. Yet, when a man uses the word science in such a sentence, it may be suspected that he does not mean what the headlines mean by science. Am I about to sidle away to those riddles in the Theory of Numbers which Hardy loved, or to the heady speculations of astrophysicists, in order to make claims for abstract science which have no bearing on its daily practice?

I have no such design. My purpose is to talk about science as it is, practical and theoretical. I define science as the organization of our knowledge in such a way that it commands more of the hidden potential in nature. What I have in mind therefore is both deep and matter of fact; it reaches from the kinetic theory of gases to the telephone and the suspension bridge and medicated toothpaste. It admits no sharp boundary between knowledge and use. There are of course people who like to draw a line between pure and applied science; and oddly, they are often the same people who find art unreal. To them, the word useful is a final arbiter, either for or against a work; and they use this word as if it can mean only what makes a man feel heavier after meals. . . .

Man masters nature not by force but by understanding. This is why science has succeeded where magic failed; because it has looked for no spell to cast on nature. The alchemist and the magician in the Middle Ages thought, and the addict of comic strips is still encouraged to think, that nature must be mastered by a device

which outrages her laws. But in four hundred years since the Scientific Revolution we have learned that we gain our ends only with the laws of nature; we control her only by understanding her laws. We cannot even bully nature by any insistence that our work shall be designed to give power over her. We must be content that power is the byproduct of understanding. So the Greeks said that Orpheus played the lyre with such sympathy that wild beasts were tamed by the hand on the strings. They did not suggest that he got this gift by setting out to be a lion tamer.

What is the insight with which the scientist tries to see into nature? Can it indeed be called either imaginative or creative? To the literary man the question may seem merely silly. He has been taught that science is a large collection of facts; and if this is true, then the only seeing which scientists need do is, he supposes, seeing the facts. He pictures them, the colorless professionals of science, going off to work in the morning into the universe in a neutral, unexposed state. They then expose themselves like a photographic plate. And then in the darkroom or laboratory they develop the image, so that suddenly and startlingly it appears, printed in capital letters, as a new formula for atomic energy.

Men who have read Balzac and Zola are not deceived by the claims of these writers that they do no more than record the facts. The readers of Christopher Isherwood do not take him literally when he writes "I am a camera." Yet the same readers solemnly carry with them from their schooldays this foolish picture of the scientist fixing by some mechanical process the facts of nature. I have had of all people a historian tell me that science is a collection of facts, and his voice had not even the irony of one filing cabinet reproving another. . . .

No scientific theory is a collection of facts. It will not even do to call a theory true or false in the simple sense in which every fact is either so or not so. The Epicureans held two thousand years ago that matter is made of atoms and we are now tempted to say that their theory was true. But if we do so, we confuse their notion of matter with our own. John Dalton in 1808 first saw the structure of matter as we do today, and what he took from the ancients was not their theory but something richer, their image: the atom. Much of what was in Dalton's mind was as vague as the Greek notion, and quite as mistaken. But he suddenly gave life to the new facts of chemistry and the ancient theory together, by fusing

them to give what neither had: a coherent picture of how matter is linked and built up from different kinds of atoms. The act of fusion is the creative act.

All science is the search for unity in hidden likenesses. The search may be on a grand scale, as in the modern theories which try to link the fields of gravitation and electro-magnetism. But we do not need to be browbeaten by the scale of science. There are discoveries to be made by snatching a small likeness from the air, too, if it is bold enough. In 1932 the Japanese physicist Yukawa wrote a paper which can still give heart to a young scientist. He took as his starting point the known fact that waves of light can sometimes behave as if they were separate pellets. From this he reasoned that the forces which hold the nucleus of an atom together might sometimes also be observed as if they were solid pellets. A schoolboy can see how thin Yukawa's analogy is, and his teacher would be severe with it. Yet Yukawa without a blush calculated the mass of the pellet he expected to see, and waited. He was right; his meson was found, and a range of other mesons, neither the existence nor the nature of which had been suspected before. The likeness had borne fruit.

The scientist looks for order in the appearances of nature by exploring such likenesses. For order does not display itself of itself; if it can be said to be there at all, it is not there for the mere looking. There is no way of pointing a finger or a camera at it; order must be discovered and, in a deep sense, it must be created. What we see, as we see it, is mere disorder.

Science finds order and meaning in our experience. It sets about the task as Newton did in the story which he himself told in his old age, and of which the schoolbooks give only a caricature. In the year 1665, when Newton was twenty-two, the plague broke out in Southern England, and the University of Cambridge was closed. Newton therefore spent the next eighteen months at home, removed from traditional learning, at a time when he was impatient for knowledge and, in his own phrase, "I was in the prime of my age for invention." In this eager, boyish mood, sitting one day in the garden of his widowed mother, he saw an apple fall. So far the books have the story right; we think we even know the kind of apple; tradition has it that it was a Flower of Kent. But now they miss the crux of the story. For what struck the young Newton at

the sight was not the thought that the apple must be drawn to the earth by gravity; that conception was older than Newton. What struck him was the conjecture that the same force of gravity, which reaches to the top of the tree, might go on reaching out beyond the earth and its air, endlessly into space. Gravity might reach the moon. This was Newton's new thought; and it might be gravity which holds the moon in her orbit. There and then he calculated what force from the earth would hold the moon, and compared it with the known force of gravity at tree height. The forces agreed; Newton says laconically, "I found them answer pretty nearly." Yet they agreed only nearly: the likeness and the approximation go together, for no likeness is exact. In Newton's sentence modern science is full grown.

It grows from a comparison. It has seized a likeness between two unlike appearances; for the apple in the summer garden and the grave moon overhead are surely as unlike in their movements as two things can be. Newton traced in them two expressions of a single concept, gravitation: and the concept (and the unity) are in that sense his free creation. The progress of science is the discovery at each step of a new order which gives unity to what had long seemed unlike. Faraday did this when he closed the link between electricity and magnetism. Clerk Maxwell did it when he linked both with light. Einstein linked time with space, mass with energy, and the path of light past the sun with the flight of a bullet; and spent his dying years in trying to add to these likenesses another, which would find a single imaginative order between the equations of Clerk Maxwell and his own geometry of gravitation.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Point out some of the words and phrases that sustain the eloquent, emotional tone of this essay.
2. This essay includes many striking images. List a few and discuss their effectiveness in a work of this kind.
3. Mark off and outline the introduction to this essay. What is its purpose?
4. Outline the remainder of the essay. How many main ideas does it contain that deal with science? With the arts?

5. What adjectives in the final paragraph add color and beauty to this essentially scientific discussion?

6. "I have had of all people a historian tell me that science is a collection of facts, and his voice had not even the irony of one filing cabinet reproving another," writes Bronowski. What does he mean?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Bronowski's essay: *straggled*, *mandarin*, *sidle*, *crux*, *laconically*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. "There is a likeness between the creative acts of the mind in art and in science," writes Bronowski. Can you rephrase this statement and illustrate it with examples of your own?

2. According to Bronowski, modern science and modern art meet in the common domain of creativity, a process requiring objective form and subjective imagination. What is your opinion of this idea?

3. What does Bronowski mean by the notion of the scientist "which flourishes rank in the comic strips"? Compare that notion with your own definition of a twentieth century scientist.

4. Explain as fully as you can Bronowski's concept of modern science. Of modern literature. Of modern painting.

5. Discuss Bronowski's image of our "civilization face to face with its own implications." What do you think the consequences will be?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Compare Bronowski's synthesis of art and science with the arguments of Standen and Millikan. With which position would you agree most fully?

2. How would you defend the statement that science fiction is the twentieth century science of Barnett and Synge minus Bronowski?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

What Creativity Means to Me

Today's Society and the Integrated View of Science

Scientific Integration and I

Science and Nagasaki

Science and Human Values





## THE PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH

Walter van Tilburg Clark

THE RED SUNSET, WITH NARROW, BLACK CLOUD STRIPS LIKE threats across it, lay on the curved horizon of the prairie. The air was still and cold, and in it settled the mute darkness and greater cold of night. High in the air there was wind, for through the veil of the dusk the clouds could be seen gliding rapidly south and changing shapes. A queer sensation of torment, of two-sided, unpredictable nature, arose from the stillness of the earth air beneath the violence of the upper air. Out of the sunset, through the dead, matted grass and isolated weed stalks of the prairie, crept the narrow and deeply rutted remains of a road. In the road, in places, there were crusts of shallow, brittle ice. There were little islands of an old oiled pavement in the road too, but most of it was mud, now frozen rigid. The frozen mud still bore the toothed impress of great tanks, and a wanderer on the neighboring undulations might have stumbled, in this light, into large, partially filled-in and weed-grown cavities, their banks channelled and beginning to spread into badlands. These pits were such as might have been made by falling meteors, but they were not. They were the scars of gigantic bombs, their rawness already made a little natural by rain, seed, and time. Along the road, there were rakish remnants of fence. There was also, just visible, one portion of tangled and multiple barbed wire still erect, behind which was a shelving ditch with small caves, now very quiet and empty, at intervals in its back wall. Otherwise there was no structure or remnant of a structure visible over the dome of the darkling earth, but only, in sheltered hollows, the darker shadows of young trees trying again.

Under the wuthering arch of the high wind a V of wild geese fled south. The rush of their pinions sounded briefly, and the faint, plaintive notes of their expeditionary talk. Then they left a still greater vacancy. There was the smell and expectation of snow, as there is likely to be when the wild geese fly south. From the remote distance, towards the red sky, came faintly the protracted howl and quick yap-yap of a prairie wolf.

North of the road, perhaps a hundred yards, lay the parallel and deeply intrenched course of a small creek, lined with leafless alders and willows. The creek was already silent under ice. Into the bank above it was dug a sort of cell, with a single opening, like the mouth of a mine tunnel. Within the cell there was a little red of fire, which showed dully through the opening, like a reflection or a deception of the imagination. The light came from the chary burning of four blocks of poorly aged peat, which gave off a petty warmth and much acrid smoke. But the precious remnants of wood, old fence posts and timbers from the long-deserted dug-outs, had to be saved for the real cold, for the time when a man's breath blew white, the moisture in his nostrils stiffened at once when he stepped out, and the expansive blizzards paraded for days over the vast open, swirling and settling and thickening, till the dawn of the cleared day when the sky was thin blue-green and the terrible cold, in which a man could not live for three hours unwarmed, lay over the uniformly drifted swell of the plain.

Around the smoldering peat, four men were seated crosslegged. Behind them, traversed by their shadows, was the earth bench, with two old and dirty army blankets, where the owner of the cell slept. In a niche in the opposite wall were a few tin utensils which caught the glint of the coals. The host was rewapping in a piece of daubed burlap four fine, leatherbound books. He worked slowly and very carefully, and at last tied the bundle securely with a piece of grass-woven cord. The other three looked intently upon the process, as if a great significance lay in it. As the host tied the cord, he spoke. He was an old man, his long, matted beard and hair gray to nearly white. The shadows made his brows and cheekbones appear gnarled, his eyes and cheeks deeply sunken. His big hands, rough with frost and swollen by rheumatism, were awkward but gentle at their task. He was like a prehistoric priest performing a fateful ceremonial rite. Also his voice had in it a suitable quality of deep, reverent despair, yet perhaps at the moment, a sharpness of selfish satisfaction.

"When I perceived what was happening," he said, "I told myself, 'It is the end. I cannot take much; I will take these.'"

"Perhaps I was impractical," he continued, "But for myself, I do not regret, and what do we know of those who will come after us? We are the doddering remnant of a race of mechanical fools. I have saved what I love; the soul of what was good in us is here;

perhaps the new ones will make a strong enough beginning not to fall behind when they become clever."

He rose with slow pain and placed the wrapped volumes in the niche with his utensils. The others watched him with the same ritualistic gaze.

"Shakespeare, the Bible, *Moby Dick*, *The Divine Comedy*," one of them said softly. "You might have done worse, much worse."

"You will have a little soul left until you die," said another harshly. "That is more than is true of us. My brain becomes thick, like my hands." He held the big, battered hands, with their black nails, in the glow to be seen.

"I want paper to write on," he said. "And there is none."

The fourth man said nothing. He sat in the shadow farthest from the fire, and sometimes his body jerked in its rags from the cold. Although he was still young, he was sick and coughed often. Writing implied a greater future than he now felt able to consider.

The old man seated himself laboriously, and reached out, groaning at the movement, to put another block of peat on the fire. With bowed heads and averted eyes, his three guests acknowledged his magnanimity.

"We thank you, Doctor Jenkins, for the reading," said the man who had named the books.

They seemed then to be waiting for something. Doctor Jenkins understood, but was loath to comply. In an ordinary moment he would have said nothing. But the words of *The Tempest*, which he had been reading, and the religious attention of the three made this an unusual occasion.

"You wish to hear the phonograph," he said grudgingly.

The two middle-aged men stared into the fire, unable to formulate and expose the enormity of their desire.

The young man, however, said anxiously, between suppressed coughs, "Oh, please," like an excited child.

The old man rose again in his difficult way, and went to the back of the cell. He returned and placed tenderly upon the packed floor, where the firelight might fall upon it, an old portable phonograph in a black case. He smoothed the top with his hand, and then opened it. The lovely green-felt-covered disk became visible.

"I have been using thorns as needles," he said. "But tonight, because we have a musician among us" — he bent his head to the

young man, almost invisible in the shadow — "I will use a steel needle. There are only three left."

The two middle-aged men stared at him in speechless adoration. The one with the big hands, who wanted to write, moved his lips, but the whisper was not audible.

"Oh, don't!" cried the young man, as if he were hurt. "The thorns will do beautifully."

"No," the old man said. "I have become accustomed to the thorns, but they are not really good. For you, my young friend, we will have good music tonight."

"After all," he added generously, and beginning to wind the phonograph, which creaked, "they can't last forever."

"No, nor we," the man who needed to write said harshly. "The needle, by all means."

"Oh, thanks," said the young man. "Thanks," he said again in a low, excited voice, and then stifled his coughing with a bowed head.

"The records, though," said the old man when he had finished winding, "are a different matter. Already they are very worn. I do not play them more than once a week. One, once a week, that is what I allow myself.

"More than a week I cannot stand it; not to hear them," he apologized.

"No, how could you?" cried the young man. "And with them here like this."

"A man can stand anything," said the man who wanted to write, in his harsh, antagonistic voice.

"Please, the music," said the young man.

"Only the one," said the old man. "In the long run, we will remember more that way."

He had a dozen records with luxuriant gold and red seals. Even in that light the others could see that the threads of the records were becoming worn. Slowly he read out the titles and the tremendous dead names of the composers and the artists and the orchestras. The three worked upon the names in their minds, carefully. It was difficult to select from such a wealth what they would at once most like to remember. Finally, the man who wanted to write named Gershwin's "New York."

"Oh, no," cried the sick young man, and then could say nothing more because he had to cough. The others understood him, and

the harsh man withdrew his selection and waited for the musician to choose.

The musician begged Doctor Jenkins to read the titles again, very slowly, so that he could remember the sounds. While they were read, he lay back against the wall, his eyes closed, his thin, horny hand pulling at his light beard, and listened to the voices and the orchestras and the single instruments in his mind.

When the reading was done he spoke despairingly. "I have forgotten," he complained; "I cannot hear them clearly.

"There are things missing," he explained.

"I know," said Doctor Jenkins. "I thought that I knew all of Shelley by heart. I should have brought Shelley."

"That's more soul than we can use," said the harsh man. "Moby Dick is better.

"By God, we can understand that," he emphasized.

The Doctor nodded.

"Still," said the man who had admired the books, "we need the absolute if we are to keep a grasp on anything.

"Anything but these sticks and peat clods and rabbit snares," he said bitterly.

"Shelley desired an ultimate absolute," said the harsh man. "It's too much," he said. "It's no good; no earthly good."

The musician selected a Debussy nocturne. The others considered and approved. They rose to their knees to watch the Doctor prepare for the playing, so that they appeared to be actually in an attitude of worship. The peat glow showed the thinness of their bearded faces, and the deep lines in them, and revealed the condition of their garments. The other two continued to kneel as the old man carefully lowered the needle onto the spinning disk, but the musician suddenly drew back against the wall again, with his knees up, and buried his face in his hands.

At the first notes of the piano the listeners were startled. They stared at each other. Even the musician lifted his head in amazement, but then quickly bowed it again, strainingly, as if he were suffering from a pain he might not be able to endure. They were all listening deeply, without movement. The wet, blue-green notes tinkled forth from the old machine, and were individual, delectable presences in the cell. The individual, delectable presences swept into a sudden tide of unbearably beautiful dissonance, and then continued fully the swelling and ebbing of that tide, the dissonant



inpourings, and the resolutions, and the diminishments, and the little, quiet wavelets of interlude lapping between. Every sound was piercing and singularly sweet. In all the men except the musician, there occurred rapid sequences of tragically heightened recollection. He heard nothing but what was there. At the final, whispering disappearance, but moving quietly so that others would not hear him and look at him, he let his head fall back in agony, as if it were drawn there by the hair, and clenched the fingers of one hand over his teeth. He sat that way while the others were silent, and until they began to breathe again normally. His drawn-up legs were trembling violently.

Quickly Doctor Jenkins lifted the needle off, to save it and not to spoil the recollection with scraping. When he had stopped the whirling of the sacred disk, he courteously left the phonograph open and by the fire, in sight.

The others, however, understood. The musician rose last, but then abruptly, and went quickly out at the door without saying anything. The others stopped at the door and gave their thanks in low voices. The Doctor nodded magnificently.

"Come again," he invited, "in a week. We will have the 'New York.'"

When the two had gone together, out towards the rimed road, he stood in the entrance, peering and listening. At first, there was only the resonant boom of the wind overhead, and then far over the dome of the dead, dark plain, the wolf cry lamenting. In the rifts of clouds the Doctor saw four stars flying. It impressed the Doctor that one of them had just been obscured by the beginning of a flying cloud at the very moment he heard what he had been listening for, a sound of suppressed coughing. It was not nearby, however. He believed that down against the pale alders he could see the moving shadow.

With nervous hands he lowered the piece of canvas which served as his door, and pegged it at the bottom. Then quickly and quietly, looking at the piece of canvas frequently, he slipped the records into the case, snapped the lid shut, and carried the phonograph to his couch. There, pausing often to stare at the canvas and listen, he dug earth from the wall and disclosed a piece of board. Behind this there was a deep hole in the wall, into which he put the phonograph. After a moment's consideration, he went over and reached down his bundle of books and inserted it also. Then,

guardedly, he once more sealed up the hole with the board and the earth. He also changed his blankets, and the grass-stuffed sack which served as a pillow, so that he could lie facing the entrance. After carefully placing two more blocks of peat upon the fire, he stood for a long time watching the stretched canvas, but it seemed to billow naturally with the first gusts of a lowering wind. At last he prayed, and got in under his blankets, and closed his smoke-smarting eyes. On the inside of the bed, next the wall, he could feel with his hand the comfortable piece of lead pipe.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Mark off the introduction to this story. Why should Clark have written such a long introduction?
2. What effects does paragraph 1 use to set the mood of the story?
3. Point out the simile in sentence 1.
4. Point out the metaphor in sentence 2.
5. What touches does Clark give to his description of the four men around the fire that add depth and realism to the story?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Clark's story: undulations, darkling, chary, delectable, dissonant, rimed, rifts.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Sum up the plot of this story in a few sentences. Can you explain in your own words Clark's resolution of it in the final paragraph?
2. Clark's description of music tells us that the men listening to the phonograph records are hearing more than music. What are they really hearing?
3. Critical as it is, Clark's story implies some good in our own society in contrast to future societies. What good does he see in our own age?
4. Clark pictures future society as composed of isolated individuals. What is his attitude toward this kind of society? How fully would you agree with him?
5. What is his attitude toward science? Before you answer, analyze carefully the final sentence of his story.
6. How does your answer to the above question help to tie in Clark's story with Bronowski's scientific-artistic synthesis?
7. Clark superadds universal levels of meaning to his story that

moves it out of the domain of science and into the whole complex fabric of the twentieth century. What levels of meaning do you find in "The Portable Phonograph"? Comment on their aptness and significance for our age.

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What gap do you see between the artistic-scientific synthesis of Bronowski and Clark on the one hand and popular science fiction on the other? How do you account for this gap between popular fiction and current ideas? Why do you think it is much slighter in science than in the social and ethical fields?

2. Trace a line of thought from Pliny to Bacon to Synge to Bronowski to Clark. On the basis of this line of thought, what kind of science would you predict for the future?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

- My Own Response to Music
- My Own Response to Literature
- Civilization and the Arts
- Civilization and Science
- Tomorrow (a story)

## PART FOUR

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# THE WORLD WITHIN: ETHICS AND MORALITY

✿ Part Four rounds out the pattern of our book. As Parts One and Two survey man without and within, Parts Three and Four consider the physical world without and the moral world within. We began, you recall, with a look at man in the society he had created and which in turn helped to shape him. We then glanced at his changing concepts of that faculty which above all others distinguished him from the other creatures, his mind. We have just seen that there have been similar and equally striking changes in his beliefs about the physical world in which he lives. It is therefore hardly surprising that there have been marked changes in his view of the moral sphere during these last centuries, which more than any other time have colored the attitudes and created the emotional atmosphere in which we live today.

The biggest and most difficult problem man faces is the problem of conduct, and he is seldom free of it for more than a few moments of his waking life. Should you go back over that assignment once more, or "let it ride"? Should you go to the movies or buy a book you need? Should you get a summer job, or catch up on the reading you didn't have a chance to finish last term? Some choices are between long-term goods and short-term pleasures, and these are not always difficult — though not always rightly made. Others are between two goods, which have to be carefully balanced against each other. Perpetually we must ask ourselves, what is good and what is evil? And beyond that, which is the higher good? By what standards shall we distinguish benefit from harm, by what shall we distinguish the greater from the lesser benefit or harm,

and why do our standards prevail? The ethical problem — the problem of conduct — is universal and profound, and man has grappled with it since he became man.

But man changes, and his concepts of the world change; and because they do, his standards of conduct change, in a variety of ways. Among certain primitive peoples queens dutifully sacrificed their husbands every year for the supposed good of the group. In the Renaissance, knowledge of Latin was held in such high esteem that murderers versed in the language were sometimes spared for what was deemed the good of society. Today we have outgrown these beliefs and many others which seem to us equally vicious or naïve. But the chances are that we hold others which future ages will consider just as wrong-headed. What developments in the last centuries could be expected to have had the largest impact on moral thought today?

Principally, there have been two: the coming of the common man, and the development of science. It was inevitable that the masses should find their spokesmen, and equally so that the reaction of individualists against mass values and mass thinking should also be articulate and even vociferous to an extreme. Again because of his sheer weight of numbers, it was inevitable that a whole body of arts — or at least communication media — should spring up to provide entertainment, and perhaps nourishment of a sort, for the groping mind of the common man. And as we have noted earlier in another connection, it will hardly be surprising that the popular arts, like popular thinking in other areas, show a distinct "cultural lag" in the moral notions they reflect.

The effect of the common man on moral thinking is thus various, but it is not particularly difficult to trace. The effect of science on the most sophisticated thinkers of today is not quite so easy to follow. A wave of doubt, disillusion, anxiety, and discontent spread over much of the western world when in the latter nineteenth century science seemed often to be forcing religion into an endless series of retreats, and was intensified by two World Wars which brought bitterness and loss of purpose to victor and vanquished alike. But more subtle and perhaps more important, these events and the moods they created have led a number of thinkers to re-examine the whole basis of moral thought, and to find new answers, rich in complexity, which in varying ways and degrees take into account the major events and developments of our time. Perhaps



it is not too much to say that some of these men have found a new formulation of absolute good, and a new foundation for the ideal in conduct which takes into account the changing values and modes of awareness which characterize different segments of society today. This is not to say that a new formulation will not be necessary tomorrow, and for many tomorrows thereafter. But we are living today, and if we are to live to best account it is well for us to know today's world. For in the largest sense it is our context, and as we build our personal context we can hardly do better than try to see the whole of which we are inescapably a part.

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## Some Varied Views

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✿ There is a simple logic to our ideas of good and evil. They conform to the values of our society, nothing more, nothing less — except that society is seldom very simple or quite logical. The society we know is largely colored by conflicting impulses toward mass conformity and individual resistance to the mass, and we may expect to find that these two opposing views largely color our notions of good and evil and our modes of behavior. We shall see in later sections some of the complexity which grows out of this conflict.

But first, what would the ethics of the common man — and of the individualist — tend to be like? Because for the common man there has always been safety in numbers, it has come to seem good that he should be like his fellows and should feel a virtue in working for the good of the group. The individualist, on the other hand, could be expected to find that good means being different from one's fellows, and mainly being concerned with one's own success. In the nature of things the individualists have been relatively few; as the common man multiplied in numbers, his ethical views became more widespread and for that reason if no other took on greater authority.

In the following four selections there are two expressions of each view. Ralph Waldo Emerson was certainly far from being a mass man — indeed, was one of the great individualists of his time. And yet the selection "Morals," reprinted here, is almost a classic statement of mass morality. Equally aware of the good inherent in service to the group is Bret Harte, whose short story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," almost sentimentally idealizes self-sacrifice. In contrast, Nietzsche may at first reading seem strangely repellent — as though he upholds evil, not good, at least in any way we have come to think of good. Few writers, if any, have adopted, and then transcended, Nietzsche's ethics with the dimensions and nobility of Oscar Wilde. His "A Vita Nuova" is a moving portrait of a man

who had once found something sympathetic in Nietzsche's ethics, but not any longer. Wilde's essay will bring home to you the curious truth that there is a notion of what we call good in Nietzsche's morality. What is it? And how far could you subscribe to it? On the basis of your answers to these questions, perhaps you can assess your own "standing" in relation to these two modes of thinking.



## MORALS

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The categorical imperative would be that which presented an action for itself, objectively necessary, without concern for any other purpose . . . its true good lies in its intention, no matter what the result. This imperative is called morality.

— Immanuel Kant, *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals* (1785)

The only objects of a practical reason are good and evil. By good we mean an object that must be desired. By evil we mean an object that must repel, both according to the laws of reason.


— Immanuel Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason* (1788)

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other.

— Benjamin Franklin, *Autobiography* (1788)

Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
Tamper with conscience from a private aim;  
Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield  
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits . . .

— William Wordsworth, *The Prelude* (1805)

 MORALS RESPECTS WHAT MEN CALL GOODNESS, THAT WHICH ALL men agree to honor as justice, truth-speaking, good will and good works. Morals respects the source or motive of this action. It is the science of substances, not of shows. It is the *what*, and not the

From the essay "Character" in the *North American Review*, April, 1886.

how. It is that which all men profess to regard, and by their real respect for which recommend themselves to each other.

There is this eternal advantage to morals, that, in the question between truth and goodness, the moral cause of the world lies behind all else in the mind. It was for good, it is to good, that all works. Surely it is not to prove or show the truth of things, — that sounds a little cold and scholastic, — no, it is for benefit, that all subsists. As we say in our modern politics, catching at last the language of morals, that the object of the State is the greatest good of the greatest number, — so, the reason we must give for the existence of the world is, that it is for the benefit of all being.

Morals implies freedom and will. The will constitutes the man. He has his life in Nature, like a beast: but choice is born in him; here is he that chooses; here is the Declaration of Independence, the July Fourth of zoölogy and astronomy. He chooses, — as the rest of the creation does not. But will, pure and perceiving, is not wilfulness. When a man, through stubbornness, insists to do this or that, something absurd or whimsical, only because he will, he is weak; he blows with his lips against the tempest, he dams the incoming ocean with his cane. It were an unspeakable calamity if any one should think he had the right to impose a private will on others. That is the part of a striker, an assassin. All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power but the absence of power.

Morals is the direction of the will on universal ends. He is immoral who is acting to any private end. He is moral, — we say it with Marcus Aurelius and with Kant, — whose aim or motive may become a universal rule, binding on all intelligent beings; and with Vauvenargues, “the mercenary sacrifice of the public good to a private interest is the eternal stamp of vice.”

All the virtues are special directions of this motive; justice is the application of this good of the whole to the affairs of each one; courage is contempt of danger in the determination to see this good of the whole enacted; love is delight in the preference of that benefit redounding to another over the securing of our own share; humility is a sentiment of our insignificance when the benefit of the universe is considered.

If from these external statements we seek to come a little nearer to the fact, our first experiences in moral, as in intellectual nature, force us to discriminate a universal mind, identical in all men. Certain biases, talents, executive skills, are special to each indi-

vidual; but the high, contemplative, all-commanding vision, the sense of Right and Wrong, is alike in all. Its attributes are self-existence, eternity, intuition and command. It is the mind of the mind. We belong to it, not it to us. It is in all men, and constitutes them men. In bad men it is dormant, as health is in men entranced or drunken; but, however inoperative, it exists underneath whatever vices and errors. The extreme simplicity of this intuition embarrasses every attempt at analysis. We can only mark, one by one, the perfections which it combines in every act. It admits of no appeal, looks to no superior essence. It is the reason of things.

The antagonist nature is the individual, formed into a finite body of exact dimensions, with appetites which take from everybody else what they appropriate to themselves, and would enlist the entire spiritual faculty of the individual, if it were possible, in catering for them. On the perpetual conflict between the dictate of this universal mind and the wishes and interests of the individual, the moral discipline of life is built. The one craves a private benefit, which the other requires him to renounce out of respect to the absolute good. Every hour puts the individual in a position where his wishes aim at something which the sentiment of duty forbids him to seek. He that speaks the truth executes no private function of an individual will, but the world utters a sound by his lips. He who doth a just action seeth therein nothing of his own, but an inconceivable nobleness attaches to it, because it is a dictate of the general mind. We have no idea of power so simple and so entire as this. It is the basis of thought, it is the basis of being. Compare all that we call ourselves, all our private and personal venture in the world, with this deep of moral nature in which we lie, and our private good becomes an impertinence, and we take part with hasty shame against ourselves: —

“High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised, —  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing, —  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence, — truths that wake  
To perish never.”



The moral element invites man to great enlargements, to find his satisfaction, not in particulars or events, but in the purpose and tendency; not in bread, but in his right to his bread; not in much corn or wool, but in its communication.

Not by adding, then, does the moral sentiment help us; no, but in quite another manner. It puts us in place. It centres, it concentrates us. It puts us at the heart of Nature, where we belong, in the cabinet of science and of causes, there where all the wires terminate which hold the world in magnetic unity, and so converts us into universal beings.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make an outline of Emerson's essay. Comment on its overall organization.
2. Despite its thoughtful content, this essay is rather easy to read. How do Emerson's sentence structure and vocabulary contribute to his clarity of style?
3. Analyze the structure of paragraph 1. Is it built around a single topic sentence?
4. Comment on the extended metaphor in the final paragraph (concerning the "cabinet of science"). What was the author's purpose in including it?
5. How would Emerson define the key word "morals"?
6. What is the author's purpose in inserting a poem in his essay?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Emerson's essay: *substances*, *whimsical*, *mercenary*, *finite*, *renounce*, *impertinence*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. According to Emerson, what is the "eternal advantage" of morals?
2. Emerson says that, "the reason we must give for the existence of the world is, that it is for the benefit of all being." How does this ethical statement reflect the democracy in which he lived?
3. Emerson writes: "justice is the application of this good of the whole to the affairs of each one." How does this ethical statement reflect the democracy in which he lived?
4. There is "a universal mind, identical in all men," writes Emerson. And, "The antagonist nature is the individual." How do these

statements also reflect the democracy in which Emerson lived?

5. On the basis of questions 2, 3, and 4, comment on the impact of democracy on nineteenth century concepts of good and evil.

6. What is Emerson's conclusion regarding the value of the moral element in mankind?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. With what aspects of the morality of Emerson do you agree today? How can you explain these areas of agreement?

2. Is there anything in Emerson's moral concept that seems unreal to you? How do you account for that feeling?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Definition of Good Works

Morality on the College Campus

Morality as I See It

Emerson's Morality (a criticism)

The Sense of Right and Wrong Is Alike in All




## GOOD AND EVIL REDEFINED

*Friedrich Nietzsche*

Under what conditions did man set forth his value judgments of "Good" and "Evil" . . .

— Nietzsche, Preface to *The Genealogy of Morals*

 BY EXAMINING THE MANY FINER AND BASER MORAL SYSTEMS THAT have influenced and still influence the world, I have found that certain traits regularly reappear in combination. Until finally two basic types have been revealed to me and a basic difference has emerged. There is a leader morality and a slave morality. Let me add at once that all higher and more complex cultures make an effort to combine both moral systems. Usually the systems get tangled and misunderstood, indeed, now and then they even lodge together in the same people, in the same single soul.

The differences in moral values depend on whether they come

From *Beyond Good and Evil*, 1885, translated by the editor.

from a ruling class, comfortably aware of its detachment from its inferiors, or from the inferiors, slaves and dependents of all kinds. In the first case, if the rulers determine moral values, the idea of "good" means a lofty, proud state of the soul which serves to distinguish and determine those of rank. The man of rank cuts himself off from creatures in whom the opposite of such a proud, lofty soul appears. He detests them. One understands at once that for this higher moral type the contrast between "good" and "wicked" is the same as the contrast between "noble" and "common."

The contrast between today's so-called good and so-called evil has another origin, for which let us hate the cowardly, jittery, petty man thinking only of security, also the suspicious man with his covert glances, the slavish doglike kind of man who lets himself be whipped, the wheedling flatterer, and above all the liar. A basic belief of all aristocrats is that the common people are liars.

"We honest ones." — Thus the nobles of ancient Greece described themselves. It is perfectly clear that the standards of moral values were first of all for men, then were later led astray and applied to actions. Thus it is a serious error for historians of morality to start by asking such questions as, "Why should an action involving fellow feeling be praised?"

The noble man looks to himself as the arbiter of values, has no need to be adjudged good. He decrees: "What is harmful to me is in itself harmful." He knows it is he himself who lends the highest value to things, that he is the arbiter of values. He honors everything that he finds in himself. Such a morality is self-ennobling.

In the forefront of this morality stands a taste for monopoly, for power that wants to overflow, for joy at the breaking point, for experience of great wealth that can grant or deprive. The noble man does help unfortunates, but hardly or not at all from fellow feeling, rather from an impulse prompted by the abundance of his power. The noble man honors what is powerful in himself, for he who has power over himself understands what to say and when to guard his tongue, struggles against his own nature with harsh, hard joy, and has reverence for all that is harsh and hard. "Wotan set a hard heart within my breast," says an old Scandinavian saga. Thus the soul of a proud Viking is truly described. Such a man is proud of not being bred for fellow feeling, for the saga's hero continues warningly, "He whose heart is not hard in youth will never have a hard heart." The noble, brave men who think this way are the

farthest off from that kind of moral standard that sees signs of virtue in fellow feeling, in doing good deeds for others, or in being neutral.

Belief in one's self, pride in one's self, irony toward and a basic hatred of so-called selflessness belong as clearly to leader morality as do quiet contempt for and distrust of fellow feeling and so-called warm hearts. The powerful know what to honor. It is their art, their province of knowledge. Typical of the morality of the powerful is a deep respect for their forefathers and for the past (all justice rests upon this dual respect), belief in the past and prejudice in its favor. And if, demoralized by so-called modern ideas common men believe almost instinctively in so-called Progress and in a so-called Future and more and more fail to respect the past, the low origin of these so-called modern ideas has in this way amply betrayed itself.

Leader morality is more a taste for the present, is alien and painful in the harshness of its principles, requiring a man to owe allegiance only to his equals. Here is how fellow feeling fits in: with all creatures of lower rank, with all that is alien, a man may deal as he thinks good or "as his heart wills it," at all events beyond the common standards of good and evil. The need and ability for greater gratitude and greater hate, both among equals only, the refinements of revenge, the idea of delicacy of friendship, a certain compulsion to have enemies (as a sort of release for affectation, envy, viciousness, insolence, in effect, to be able to be a good friend): all these things are typical traits of leader morality which, as has been implied, is not the morality of so-called modern ideas. Therefore it is hard to accept today, also hard to uncover and to explain.

The second kind of morality, slave morality, is quite the opposite. Suppose the beaten, the crushed, the suffering, the enslaved, the self-ignorant, the exhausted set up a standard of good and evil. What will the pattern of their moral values be? Probably the expression of a gloomy distrust of man's entire state. Perhaps a condemnation of man himself together with his state. The slave's viewpoint condemns the virtues of the powerful. He has skepticism, distrust, a refinement of distrust against all the "good" that ought to be honored. He has to persuade himself that joy itself is not proper. Instead, those traits that serve to ease the existence of sufferers are pushed out in front and spotlighted. Fellow feel-

ing, the obliging helping hand, the warm heart, patience, industry, humility, friendliness, all these come to be honored. For these are the necessary traits of slave morality and provide almost its only means of coping with the pressures of life.

Slave morality is essentially based on security. Here is the source for the creation of that famous contrast between so-called good and so-called evil. The so-called evil of slave morality includes power, awesomeness, a certain terror, elegance and strength, all really unworthy of being despised. According to slave morality, so-called evil inspires fear. According to leader morality it is the "good" man who inspires fear, and wishes to do so, while the "wicked" man shows himself to be detestable. The contrast is at its sharpest when so-called good, according to the standards of slave morality, takes on an odor of the contemptible, delicate, and well deserved, because the good of the slavish way of thinking belongs of necessity to the purposeless man. He is good-natured, easy to betray, perhaps a little stupid, a goodfellow.

Above all, where slave morality dominates, language narrows and the words "good" and "stupid" come together. A final basic difference: the desire for liberty, the instinct for playing and for all other aspects of the whims of freedom, belong of necessity to slave morality and morals; while art and a passionate devotion to duty form the standard condition of an aristocratic system of thought and values.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. The tone of this essay is self-assured, disdainful. Show how the sentence structure, especially sentence length and use of piled-up descriptions, makes for this tone.
2. Mark off the introduction to this essay.
3. What is the topic sentence of paragraph 2? How central is it to the main idea of the essay?
4. The final paragraph contains two parts. Point out each one and show their relationship to each other.
5. Make a list of the adjectives Nietzsche uses in describing the inferiors or slaves. How do these adjectives reflect Nietzsche's own prejudice?



6. "Moral" is a key word in this essay. What does Nietzsche mean by it?

7. "Noble" is another key word. What does Nietzsche intend it to mean in this essay?

8. Define and use each of the following words from Nietzsche's essay: *covert*,  *wheedling*, *arbiter*, *affectation*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Which two groups determine moral values?

2. What are the characteristics of each group, according to Nietzsche? Which group does he favor?

3. Nietzsche says that "the standards of moral values were first of all for men, then were later led astray and applied to actions." What does he mean?

4. What is good, according to the thinking of noble men? What is evil, according to them?

5. What is good, according to the thinking of inferiors? What is evil, according to them?

6. What does Nietzsche think is good? What does he think is evil? What reasons does he offer for his views?

7. Are Nietzsche's ideas of good and evil basically the reverse of our own?

8. The third from the final paragraph deals with what Nietzsche calls "slave morality." What is it, and what is your opinion of it? What is there in your own twentieth century background that helps influence your answer?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. For what kind of man did Nietzsche propose his moral standards? How closely would this kind of man resemble the superman discussed in Part One? To whom, then, did slave morality apply? How fully would you agree with Nietzsche in these applications?

2. Contrast Nietzsche's morality with that of Emerson. Which is more of an instinct and which the result of free will? Why should that be?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Football and Nietzschean Morality

Nietzschean Morality and Today's Society

Fellow Feeling

The Morality of Political Leaders

Good as Evil, Evil as Good (a criticism)



## THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

*Bret Harte*

✿ THERE WAS COMMOTION IN ROARING CAMP. IT COULD NOT have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp, — "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen also that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as

"Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp — a city of refuge — was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay, — seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it"; even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry, — a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning,

the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gun-powder; but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and ex officio complacency, — "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in comments were audible, — criticisms addressed perhaps rather to Stumpy in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen"; "Hasn't more'n got the color"; "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that



he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung-shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood-tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene!" replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause — an embarrassing one — Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it, — the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill-



side, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog, — a distance of forty miles, — where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety, — the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny" — the mammal before alluded to — could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got, — lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills, — d—n the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills, — that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating, — he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother

to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "The Kid," "Stumpy's Boy," "The Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "The d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly eying the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely

enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck" — or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called — first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle, packed eighty miles by mule, had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how 'The Luck' got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and in self-defense the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding The Luck. It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck — who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay — to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling, which had gained the camp its infelicitous title, were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse,

"On b-oo-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song, — it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end, — the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'ev'ingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mari-posas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for The Luck. It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be serenely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy: He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral," — a hedge of tessellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed, — he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one



day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jaybird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other just like two cherrybums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gum; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times," and the luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preëmpted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman — their only connecting link with the surrounding world — sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of The Luck, who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the



hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, The Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying!" he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got The Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Briefly sum up the plot. Would you call the story romantic or realistic?
2. Rephrase paragraph 2 in your own words.
3. In view of their later kindness, what is Harte's purpose in describing the men of Roaring Camp in the way he does?
4. What makes the final sentence of the story such effective emotional writing?

5. Harte's language is rather stilted in this story, containing such lines as: "It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates." How can you explain this kind of language for this kind of subject matter?

6. Define and use each of the following words from Harte's story: primal, expiation, putative, levity, regeneration, ethereal, expletive, interdicted, variegated, tractable, preempted.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. This story is a study of the good in human nature. In what ways does the coming of the child to Roaring Camp bring out the natural goodness of its citizens?

2. How is the conclusion of the story an affirmation of the goodness of mankind?

3. Compare the citizens of Roaring Camp with the citizens of western movie frontier towns. What elements do they share in common?

4. What details illustrate the toughness of the citizens of Roaring Camp? How does this toughness serve to make their good qualities more attractive?

5. What details does the author use to show that the men are by nature good? How plausible do these details seem to you?

6. What are the moral values involved in the incident of Tommy Luck's christening? How closely do these values coincide with those of your own age and with your own beliefs?

7. Harte's story has a peculiarly moving quality, despite its stock characters. How would you account for this quality?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. "The moral element invites man to great enlargements," and, "courage is contempt of danger in the determination to see this good of the whole enacted;" writes Emerson in "Morals." Can you show how Emerson's statements coincide with the morality of "The Luck of Roaring Camp"?

2. Harte was an American writer. American literature is a singularly rich source of stories of pure good. How would you account for the prominence of this type of story in nineteenth century American literature especially?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

My Opinion of Babies  
The Way People Change  
The B-Type Western (an essay)  
The B-Type Western (a story)  
The Good Life



## A VITA NUOVA

Oscar Wilde

✿ I MUST SAY TO MYSELF THAT I RUINED MYSELF, AND THAT NOBODY great or small can be ruined except by his own hand. I am quite ready to say so. I am trying to say so, though they may not think it at the present moment. This pitiless indictment I bring without pity against myself. Terrible as was what the world did to me, what I did to myself was far more terrible still.

I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope.

The gods had given me almost everything. I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art: I altered the minds of men and the colours of things: there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its

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range and enriched its characterization. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched, I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty: to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram. Along with these things I had things that were different. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a *flâneur*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire, at the end, was a malady, or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me, and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetops. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility.

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage; bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering. Better than Wordsworth himself I know what Wordsworth meant when he said —

Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,  
And has the nature of infinity.

But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be without meaning. Now I find hidden somewhere away in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless,

and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is Humility.

It is the last thing left in me, and the best: the ultimate discovery at which I have arrived, the starting-point for a fresh development. It has come to me right out of myself, so I know that it has come at the proper time. It could not have come before, nor later. Had anyone told me of it, I would have rejected it. Had it been brought to me, I would have refused it. As I found it, I want to keep it. I must do so. It is the one thing that has in it the elements of life, of a new life, a *Vita Nuova* for me. Of all things it is the strangest; one cannot give it away and another may not give it to one. One cannot acquire it except by surrendering everything that one has. It is only when one has lost all things, that one knows that one possesses it.

Now I have realized that it is in me, I see quite clearly what I ought to do; in fact, must do. And when I use such a phrase as that, I need not say that I am not alluding to any external sanction or command. I admit none. I am far more of an individualist than I ever was. Nothing seems to me of the smallest value except what one gets out of oneself. My nature is seeking a fresh mode of self-realization. That is all I am concerned with. And the first thing that I have got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

I am completely penniless, and absolutely homeless. Yet there are worse things in the world than that. I am quite candid when I say that rather than go out from this prison with bitterness in my heart against the world, I would gladly and readily beg my bread from door to door. If I get nothing from the house of the rich I would get something at the house of the poor. Those who have much are often greedy; those who have little always share. I would not a bit mind sleeping in the cool grass in summer, and when winter came on sheltering myself by the warm close-thatched rick, or under the penthouse of a great barn, provided I had love in my heart. The external things of life seem to me now of no importance at all. You can see to what intensity of individualism I have arrived — or am arriving rather, for the journey is long, and “where I walk there are thorns.”

Of course I know that to ask alms on the highway is not to be my lot, and that if ever I lie in the cool grass at night-time it will be to write sonnets to the moon. When I go out of prison, R—



will be waiting for me on the other side of the big iron-studded gate, and he is the symbol, not merely of his own affection, but of the affection of many others besides. I believe I am to have enough to live on for about eighteen months at any rate, so that if I may not write beautiful books, I may at least read beautiful books; and what joy can be greater? After that, I hope to be able to re-create my creative faculty.

But were things different: had I not a friend left in the world; were there not a single house open to me in pity; had I to accept the wallet and ragged cloak of sheer penury: as long as I am free from all resentment, hardness, and scorn, I would be able to face the life with much more calm and confidence than I would were my body in purple and fine linen, and the soul within me sick with hate.

And I really shall have no difficulty. When you really want love you will find it waiting for you.

I need not say that my task does not end there. It would be comparatively easy if it did. There is much more before me. I have hills far steeper to climb, valleys much darker to pass through. And I have to get it all out of myself. Neither religion, morality, nor reason can help me at all.

Morality does not help me. I am a born antinomian. I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws. But while I see that there is nothing wrong in what one does, I see that there is something wrong in what one becomes. It is well to have learned that.

Religion does not help me. The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch, and look at. My gods dwell in temples made with hands; and within the circle of actual experience is my creed made perfect and complete: too complete, it may be, for like many or all of those who have placed their heaven in this earth, I have found in it not merely the beauty of heaven, but the horror of hell also. When I think about religion at all, I feel as if I would like to found an order for those who cannot believe: the Confraternity of the Fatherless one might call it, where on an altar, on which no taper burned, a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate with unblessed bread and a chalice empty of wine. Everything to be true must become a religion. And agnosticism should have its ritual no less than faith. It has sown its martyrs, it should reap its saints, and praise God

daily for having hidden Himself from man. But whether it be faith or agnosticism, it must be nothing external to me. Its symbols must be of my own creating. Only that is spiritual which makes it own form. If I may not find its secret within myself, I shall never find it: if I have not got it already, it will never come to me.

Reason does not help me. It tells me that the laws under which I am convicted are wrong and unjust laws, and the system under which I have suffered a wrong and unjust system. But, somehow, I have got to make both of these things just and right to me. And exactly as in art one is only concerned with what a particular thing is at a particular moment to oneself, so it is also in the ethical evolution of one's character. I have got to make everything that has happened to me good for me. The plank bed, the loathsome food, the hard ropes shredded into oakum till one's finger-tips grow dull with pain, the menial offices with which each day begins and finishes, the harsh orders that routine seems to necessitate, the dreadful dress that makes sorrow grotesque to look at, the silence, the solitude, the shame — each and all of these things I have to transform into a spiritual experience. There is not a single degradation of the body which I must not try and make into a spiritualizing of the soul.

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation, that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me; for that phrase would savour of too great bitterness towards myself. I would sooner say, or hear it said of me, that I was so typical a child of my age, that in my perversity, and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What is the key word in paragraph 1? How carefully do you think it was chosen?
2. What do paragraphs 2 and 3 contribute to the development of the essay?

3. Read paragraph 4 aloud to appreciate more fully the beauty of its language. Outline it and decide whether the meaning matches the form.

4. Wilde writes, "to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence." What does he mean? What insights do these lines offer into the personality of the author?

5. Define and use each of the following words from Wilde's essay: antinomian, taper, agnosticism, chalice, menial, degradation.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What kind of person does Wilde tell us he was before he went to prison? How closely did he resemble Nietzsche's noble men?

2. How has he changed at the time of writing his essay?

3. In what way does a man become the spendthrift of his own genius?

4. What is Wilde's attitude toward humility? On the basis of your answer, how deeply spiritual a human being do you think he has become?

5. Where does Wilde say he must seek to find the source of love? What does he mean by this?

6. "There is not a single degradation of the body which I must not try and make into a spiritualizing of the soul," writes Wilde. What does he mean?

7. "I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good," writes Wilde. What does he mean?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. According to Wilde's own statements, neither morality, religion, nor reason can help him. Yet he obviously applies all three to his new lofty code of living. Can you show how he does so?

2. Can you point out how Wilde's moral standards before prison were those so highly praised by Nietzsche in his "Good and Evil Re-defined"? What do you think caused certain individuals of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to adopt Nietzsche's moral standards?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

If I Made My Own Standards of Conduct  
 My Morality and That of the Crowd  
 The Values of Punishment  
 The Limitations of Reason  
 Beauty and Suffering

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## Morality in the Mass Media

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✿ Something happens to ideas once they become the property of the popular mind. They tend to become simplified in form and flattened in depth. And because it takes them a while to filter into the thinking of the common man, there is sometimes a time lag of as much as a hundred years. A notable example of this simplification and lag is to be found in our mass media of entertainment — radio and television, movies and popular fiction. The standards of good and evil current in these media today stem from moral ideas expressed by advanced thinkers of the nineteenth century, but without their richness of thought. It is not hard to recognize watered-down Emerson, for instance, in half of the movies and television shows we see.

Of the following selections, John Steinbeck's "How to Tell Good Guys from Bad Guys" sums up beguilingly the childishness of many of these popular moral notions as they find expression in television westerns. In a similar vein, Wolfenstein and Leites, in "The Good-Bad Girl," analyze a type of heroine seen often in the movies — a heroine who seems to play fast and loose but turns out to be virtuous after all, thus giving audiences the delicious pleasure of enjoying their cake and keeping it too. Finally, Richard Connell's "The Most Dangerous Game" is a superb example of popular fiction — full of adventure, excitement, and suspense, hard to put down once you have picked it up. And yet the characters remain conventional, without the complexity of real people, and the moral assumptions which underlie the story are the ones discussed in the two essays which precede it. What is the final effect of such a story? How much does it give you to take away and think about? Finally, do you agree that the morality commonly expressed in the mass media is open to question as an honest reflection of reality? Perhaps you do not. If not, why?



## HOW TO TELL GOOD GUYS FROM BAD GUYS

John Steinbeck

TELEVISION HAS CREPT UPON US SO GRADUALLY IN AMERICA THAT we have not yet become aware of the extent of its impact for good or bad. I myself do not look at it very often except for its coverage of sporting events, news, and politics. Indeed, I get most of my impressions of the medium from my young sons.

Whether for good or bad, television has taken the place of the sugar-tit, soothing syrups, and the mild narcotics parents in other days used to reduce their children to semiconsciousness and consequently to seminoisiness. In the past, a harassed parent would say, "Go sit in a chair!" or "Go outside and play!" or "If you don't stop that noise, I'm going to beat your dear little brains out!" The present-day parent suggests, "Why don't you go look at television?" From that moment the screams, shouts, revolver shots, and crashes of motor accidents come from the loudspeaker, not from the child. For some reason, this is presumed to be more relaxing to the parent. The effect on the child has yet to be determined.

I have observed the physical symptoms of television-looking on children as well as on adults. The mouth grows slack and the lips hang open; the eyes take on a hypnotized or doped look; the nose runs rather more than usual; the backbone turns to water and the fingers slowly and methodically pick the designs out of brocade furniture. Such is the appearance of semiconsciousness that one wonders how much of the "message" of television is getting through to the brain. This wonder is further strengthened by the fact that a television-looker will look at anything at all and for hours. Recently I came into a room to find my eight-year-old son Catbird sprawled in a chair, idiot slackness on his face, with the doped eyes of an opium smoker. On the television screen stood a young woman of mammary distinction with ice-cream hair listening to a man in thick glasses and a doctor's smock.

"What's happening?" I asked.

Catbird answered in the monotone of the sleepwalker which is

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known as television voice, "She is asking if she should dye her hair."

"What is the doctor's reaction?"

"If she uses Trutone it's all right," said Catbird. "But if she uses ordinary or adulterated products, her hair will split and lose its golden natural sheen. The big economy size is two dollars and ninety-eight cents if you act now," said Catbird.

You see, something was getting through to him. He looked punch-drunk, but he was absorbing. I did not feel it fair to interject a fact I have observed — that natural golden sheen does not exist in nature. But I did think of my friend Elia Kazan's cry of despair, and although it is a digression I shall put it down.

We were having dinner in a lovely little restaurant in California. At the table next to us were six beautiful, young, well-dressed American girls of the age and appearance of magazine advertisements. There was only one difficulty with their perfection. You couldn't tell them apart. Kazan, who is a primitive of a species once known as men, regarded the little beauties with distaste, and finally in more sorrow than anger cried, "It's years since I've seen or smelled a dame! It's all products, Golden Glint, l'Eau d'Eau, Butisan, Elyn's puff-adder cream — I remember I used to like how women smelled. Nowadays it's all products!"

End of digression.

Just when the parent becomes convinced that his child's brain is rotting away from television, he is jerked up in another direction. Catbird has corrected me in the Museum of Natural History when I directed his attention to the mounted skeleton of a tyrannosaur. He said it was a brontosaurus but observed kindly that many people made the same error. He argued with his ten-year-old brother about the relative cleanness of the line in Praxiteles and Phidias. He knows the weight a llama will bear before lying down in protest, and his knowledge of entomology is embarrassing to a parent who likes to impart information to his children. And these things he also got from television. I knew that he was picking up masses of unrelated and probably worthless information from television, incidentally the kind of information I also like best, but I did not know that television was preparing him in criticism and politics, and that is what this piece is really about.

I will have to go back a bit in preparation. When television in

America first began to be a threat to the motion-picture industry, that industry fought back by refusing to allow its films to be shown on the home screens. One never saw new pictures, but there were whole blocks of the films called Westerns which were owned by independents and these were released to the television stations. The result is that at nearly any time of the day or night you can find a Western being shown on some television station. It is not only the children who see them. All of America sees them. They are a typically American conception, the cowboy picture. The story never varies and the conventions are savagely adhered to. The hero never kisses a girl. He loves his horse and he stands for right and justice. Any change in the story or the conventions would be taken as an outrage. Out of these films folk heroes have grown up — Hopalong Cassidy, the Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers, and Gene Autry. These are more than great men. They are symbols of courage, purity, simplicity, honesty, and right. You must understand that nearly every American is drenched in the tradition of the Western, which is, of course, the celebration of a whole pattern of American life that never existed. It is also as set in its form as the *commedia dell'arte*.

End of preparation.

One afternoon, hearing gunfire from the room where our television set is installed, I went in with that losing intention of fraternizing with my son for a little while. There sat Catbird with the cretinous expression I have learned to recognize. A Western was in progress.

"What's going on?" I asked.

He looked at me in wonder. "What do you mean, what's going on? Don't you know?"

"Well, no. Tell me!"

He was kind to me. Explained as though I were the child.

"Well, the Bad Guy is trying to steal Her father's ranch. But the Good Guy won't let him. Bullet figured out the plot."

"Who is Bullet?"

"Why, the Good Guy's horse." He didn't add "You dope," but his tone implied it.

"Now wait," I said, "which one is the Good Guy?"

"The one with the white hat."

"Then the one with the black hat is the Bad Guy?"

"Anybody knows that," said Catbird.

For a time I watched the picture, and I realized that I had been ignoring a part of our life that everybody knows. I was interested in the characterization. The girl, known as Her or She, was a blonde, very pretty but completely unvoluptuous because these are Family Pictures. Sometimes she wore a simple gingham dress and sometimes a leather skirt and boots, but always she had a bit of a bow in her hair and her face was untroubled with emotion or, one might almost say, intelligence. This also is part of the convention. She is a symbol, and any acting would get her thrown out of the picture by popular acclaim.

The Good Guy not only wore a white hat but light-colored clothes, shining boots, tight riding pants, and a shirt embroidered with scrolls and flowers. In my young days I used to work with cattle, and our costume was blue jeans, a leather jacket, and boots with run-over heels. The cleaning bill alone of this gorgeous screen cowboy would have been four times what our pay was in a year.

The Good Guy had very little change of facial expression. He went through his fantastic set of adventures with no show of emotion. This is another convention and proves that he is very brave and very pure. He is also scrubbed and has an immaculate shave.

I turned my attention to the Bad Guy. He wore a black hat and dark clothing, but his clothing was definitely not only unclean but unpressed. He had a stubble of beard but the greatest contrast was in his face. His was not an immobile face. He leered, he sneered, he had a nasty laugh. He bullied and shouted. He looked evil. While he did not swear, because this is a Family Picture, he said things like "Wall dog it" and "You rat" and "I'll cut off your ears and eat 'em," which would indicate that his language was not only coarse but might, off screen, be vulgar. He was, in a word, a Bad Guy. I found a certain interest in the Bad Guy which was lacking in the Good Guy.

"Which one do you like best?" I asked.

Catbird removed his anaesthetized eyes from the screen. "What do you mean?"

"Do you like the Good Guy or the Bad Guy?"

He sighed at my ignorance and looked back at the screen. "Are you kidding?" he asked. "The Good Guy, of course."

Now a new character began to emerge. He puzzled me because

he wore a gray hat. I felt a little embarrassed about asking my son, the expert, but I gathered my courage. "Catbird," I asked shyly, "what kind of a guy is that, the one in the gray hat?"

He was sweet to me then. I think until that moment he had not understood the abysmal extent of my ignorance. "He's the In-Between Guy," Catbird explained kindly. "If he starts bad he ends good and if he starts good he ends bad."

"What's this one going to do?"

"See how he's sneering and needs a shave?" my son asked.

"Yes."

"Well, the picture's just started, so that guy is going to end good and help the Good Guy get Her father's ranch back."

"How can you be sure?" I asked.

Catbird gave me a cold look. "He's got a gray hat, hasn't he? Now don't talk. It's about time for the chase."

There it was, not only a tight, true criticism of a whole art form but to a certain extent of life itself. I was deeply impressed because this simple explanation seemed to mean something to me more profound than television or Westerns.

Several nights later I told the Catbird criticism to a friend who is a producer. He has produced many successful musical comedies. My friend has an uncanny perception for the public mind and also for its likes and dislikes. You have to have if you produce musical shows. He listened and nodded and didn't think it was a cute child story. He said, "It's not kid stuff at all. There's a whole generation in this country that makes its judgments pretty much on that basis."

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Mark off the introduction to this essay. What is the author's purpose in using so long an introduction?
2. The diction of this essay is informal. What devices tend to make it so? Why should the author use informal diction to treat this particular subject?
3. There are extreme differences between the lengths of the para-

graphs in this essay. What effect does the author achieve by this variation?

4. How relevant is the introduction to the rest of the essay?

5. Pick out the most vivid images in paragraphs 2 and 3. Do they sway the reader's opinion in any way?

6. Does the author use dialogue merely to brighten up the essay or does it serve to express his ideas? What does this show you about good professional writing?

7. Define and use each of the following words from Steinbeck's essay: *brocade*, *adulterated*, *entomology*, *cretinous*, *abysmal*.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Summarize Steinbeck's opinion of the effect of television on the young. How fully do you agree with him?

2. According to Steinbeck, what are the advantages of television? Do you consider them advantages too?

3. What is the point of Elia Kazan's criticism of the modern American girl? How valid a criticism do you think it is?

4. On the basis of Steinbeck's analysis of western movies, how would you explain their enormous popularity throughout the world?

5. Steinbeck makes much of the clear-cut distinction between western Good Guys and Bad Guys. Why should this clean-cut distinction be especially appealing to children?

6. Why should the sharp distinction between Good Guys and Bad Guys be especially appealing to the twentieth century mass audience?

7. What explanation can you offer for the ethics of the TV western?

8. What is your own attitude toward the ethics of the TV western?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. What do you think the impact of the real world would be on a generation reared exclusively on the ethics of the TV western?

2. If it is desirable to expose children to the ethics of the TV western and to such things as an idealistic view of politics and society, at what age should they also be exposed to the sterner realities of life? What arguments can you think of to justify your answer?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Role of Television in Modern Life

Television and Children

Ethics for Children and Adults

Ethics in the TV Western and in Modern Politics


The Significance of the Western in Modern Culture





## THE GOOD-BAD GIRL

*Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites*

 CURRENT AMERICAN FILMS HAVE PRODUCED THE IMAGE OF THE good-bad girl. She is a good girl who appears to be bad. She does not conceal her apparent badness, and uncertainty about her character may persist through the greater part of the film. The hero suspects that she is bad, but finally discovers this was a mistaken impression. Thus he has a girl who has attracted him by an appearance of wickedness, and whom in the end he can take home and introduce to Mother.

Usually the good-bad girl appears to be promiscuous, or to be involved with a bad man. Occasionally she appears guilty of theft or murder. The title character in *Gilda* (after whom a Bikini bomb was named) appears quite promiscuous through the greater part of the film; in the end she turns out to be a faithful and devoted woman who has never loved anyone but the hero. *Gilda* and the hero had been lovers before the action of the film begins and had separated because of his jealousy. When they meet again the hero has become the right-hand man of a big gambler and international schemer; *Gilda* has become the gambler's wife. The hero is tortured not only by seeing *Gilda* as his boss's wife, but also by her strenuous flirtations with other men. Eventually the boss disappears and is considered dead. *Gilda* has tried to persuade the hero of her continued love for him and he now agrees to marry her. But he does not believe in her. To punish her for her apparent infidelities to the boss and to himself, he holds her a virtual prisoner. His strong-arm men follow her wherever she goes and forcibly dissuade her admirers. One night *Gilda* appears at the swank night-club adjoining the gambling casino which the hero now runs. She sings and dances seductively and begins stripping off her clothes (she doesn't get much farther than her long black gloves) while men from the audience rush forward to assist her. The hero, who enters just in time to get a glimpse of the climax of the performance, sends his men to carry her out.

While episodes of this sort present the image of the beautiful

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promiscuous woman, they are interspersed with occasions when Gilda pleads with the hero to believe that she has never loved anyone but him. In the end it turns out that what the hero saw was a deceptive appearance, and what Gilda told him was quite true. An understanding police official, who interests himself in their affairs, persuades the hero of this. All the carryings-on of Gilda with other men have been motivated by her love for the hero, whom she wished to hold by making him jealous. Once this has been explained to the hero by an impartial observer, everything is cleared up.

The hero's distress when he believed in Gilda's promiscuity did not impel him to look for a more quiet domestic type. In the end he finds that he can eat his cake and have it. He gets the girl with the aura of innumerable men in her life, and the guarantee that she is a good girl and belongs to him alone.

In *Till the End of Time*, the hero has several occasions for suspecting the heroine of promiscuousness, but each time this is successfully explained away. While the image of Gilda seemed intensely bad till the final explanation, the image of this heroine fluctuates back and forth between apparent lapses and virtuous explanations. The figure of the beloved woman who continually allays doubts about her fidelity with plausible explanations is familiar. Only in other versions this woman was deceiving her man. His suspicions were well founded, and her explanations were false. In the case of the good-bad girl this is reversed. What the man sees turns out to be illusory; what the woman tells him is true. Deceptive circumstances have been substituted for the deceiving woman. And the denouement in which the trusting man realizes that his beloved is false has been replaced by the happy outcome in which the suspicious hero learns that the seemingly bad girl is really good.

In *The Big Sleep*, the heroine appears involved with a shady night-club owner, who turns out to be a gangster and murderer. The hero, a private detective, who has been hired by the heroine's father, finds the girl trying to block his investigations. Her efforts seem related to her connection with the night-club owner. The hero appears unexpectedly at the night-club and finds the heroine there singing with the band and apparently very much in her element. Later she wins a lot of money at roulette. The night-club owner seems reluctant to let her leave when she is so much ahead.

Under pressure from the hero she leaves, but is immediately held up by the night-club owner's thugs. The hero is convinced that this is all an act put on to conceal from him some guilty partnership between the girl and the night-club owner, to fool him into thinking that their relations are unfriendly. After more confusion of this sort, it finally comes out that it is not the night-club owner whom the heroine is trying to shield, but her unfortunate sister who has committed a murder. Since the night-club owner knows about this killing he is able to blackmail the heroine. It was to pay the blackmail that she had to come to the night-club so often.

In *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, the combination of badness, seeming badness, and goodness in the heroine is quite complicated. The girl has just come out of jail, to which she had been sent for stealing a fur coat. She explains to the hero that the coat was given to her by a boy-friend who later disappeared. Thus she did not steal the coat, but wasn't she rather friendly with the thief? In another episode she is forced by the wicked district attorney, who is still pursuing her for the crime she didn't commit, to play a rather mean trick on the hero. She gets the hero to go with her to a café where, by pre-arrangement, a man appears who claims to be her husband and demands that the hero come outside and fight. The hero is then forced into a waiting automobile in which several thugs beat him up. The heroine later has a chance to explain the whole thing to the hero; she really has no husband, and so on. In this series of bad appearances and explanatory denials, one or two bad things remain that are not explained. However, since the girl repeatedly turns out to be so much better than she seemed, there is probably the feeling that with a few more explanations, for which the film perhaps didn't have time, she could be shown to be completely good.

The good-bad girl has supplanted the vamp of earlier American films. The vamp created the illusion of exclusive passionate attachment to the hero, but was in the end found out to be untrue. The hero at first believed in her, later became disillusioned. The picture was the reverse of that of the good-bad girl, whose apparent badness rouses the hero's suspicions but is later explained away. In a Greta Garbo film of the 20's, *Flesh and the Devil*, the hero fell in love with a seductive woman who responded passionately to the advances she provoked. He was forced to go away and, during his absence, she married his best friend. On the hero's return

a bitter quarrel arose between the two men. They were about to shoot each other in a duel, but suddenly remembering their old friendship, fell into each other's arms. The wicked woman was, by an appropriate accident, drowned. The dangerousness of the vamp was associated with the man's intolerance for sharing her with other men. Her seductive appearance and readiness for love carried a strong suggestion that there had been and might be other men in her life. But while the hero loved her, he excluded this possibility from his thoughts. When the proof of her infidelity was established, he renounced her. The good-bad girl is associated with a greater tolerance for sharing the woman, although this sharing remains subject to limitations. The hero believes that the woman he loves is involved with other men. While this disturbs him, it does not drive him away. In effect, the woman's attraction is enhanced by her association with other men. All that is needed to eliminate unpleasantness is the assurance that these relations were not serious (only apparent).

The good-bad girl is perhaps a melodramatic reflection of the American popular girl, whose attractiveness is directly proportional to the number of men she goes out with. The American attitude is in contrast to that of cultures where attractive women are secluded, where men feel that the attractiveness of a beautiful woman for other men is a liability. The man who guards the beautiful woman whom he loves from the eyes of others believes that if they only look at her they will start making plans to go to bed with her. American courtship patterns are based on a series of breaks between looking and going to bed. It is possible to look and go no further, to kiss and go no further, to pet and go no further. The attractiveness of the popular girl derives from her association with many men, combined with the assurance that she has not gone too far with them. In the case of her movie counterpart, the good-bad girl, the hero's doubts express uneasy fantasies about the possibly more serious involvement of the girl with these other men. The films express the man's uncertainty about whether the girl has only gone so far and no further, and the difficulty of holding in check his own fantasies about her relations with other men. The happy outcome reassures us that the system works. The girl's relations with other men were only apparent (did not go too far sexually). Her attractiveness for other men then ceases to arouse anxiety and becomes positive. Where the vamp evoked a complete



sexual response, and so could not be shared without intense jealousy, the good-bad girl is sexy in a different sense. Her attractiveness is not in her inducement to passion, but in her (harmless) association with other men.

In comedies it may be manifest that the girl's associations with other men are harmless. She may, to the knowledge of the audience, construct a pretense of such relations in order to interest the man she wants. The desired man may see through the pretense, and nevertheless be favorably influenced by the appearance of the girl with other men. In *Every Girl Should Be Married*, the hero is mostly aware that the heroine has contrived the semblance of a relationship with a rich playboy in order to make herself attractive to him. Eventually she draws a third man into her scheme, a hillbilly radio comedian who poses as her old sweetheart from back home. Although the hero also recognizes the comedian, he is moved to oust these pseudo-rivals and claim the girl. Her desperate efforts to make herself appear to be associated with other men achieve the desired result. (The hero's positive reaction despite his awareness of what goes on behind the scenes appears related to a larger trend. There seems to be a fairly widespread American tendency not to devalue an effect though one sees how it is achieved — whether it is the technique of a movie trick shot, or the beautiful complexion derived from assiduous application of a certain soap.)

Another film reflection of the popular girl with her many escorts is a frequent dance pattern in musicals where a girl dancer appears with a chorus of men. Her relation to them is stylized and superficial as she dances with each in rapid succession, not favoring one more than another. The male chorus alternate their attentions to the girl with routines in which they dance together in amicable accord. This parallels a frequent comedy theme of playful woman-sharing which has no negative effect on the friendly relations between the men. The girl's potentiality for bestowing true love on one man alone may be expressed by her singing, while she dances with several dozen men, a song whose sentiment is that of exclusive love: "You do something to me that nobody else can do" (*Night and Day*). Thus in her dance the girl gratifies the wish of the man who will eventually win her to see her associated with other men, while in her song she satisfies his demand for assurance that she is not emotionally involved in these other relations.



## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Key words in this essay are "good" and "bad." What do the authors mean by them?
2. Outline paragraph 2 and examine how it is organized. Why is this method of organization especially clear?
3. What is the relationship of paragraphs 3 and 4 to paragraph 2?
4. The plot summaries occasionally seem written with tongue in cheek. Point out some examples of this.
5. Do you think the plots under discussion call for this tongue in cheek tone?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Wolfenstein and Leites essay: *promiscuous*, *aura*, *illusory*, *denouement*, *assiduous*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What do the authors mean by a good-bad girl?
2. What illustrations of the good-bad girl do the authors offer? Can you add to them from other films or TV shows you have seen or from popular fiction you have read?
3. "The good-bad girl is perhaps a melodramatic reflection of the American popular girl, whose attractiveness is directly proportional to the number of men she goes out with," say the authors. What do they mean? How completely do you agree with them?
4. One point the authors make in this essay is that good-bad girls are completely moral, from a nineteenth century Emersonian point of view. Why is this important to a twentieth century popular audience?
5. How can you account for this time gap between nineteenth century philosophy and the twentieth century audience?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. Can you show that paragraph 1 takes the moral concepts of Nietzsche, toys with them for a while, and finally reverses them so that they come out as the moral standards of Emerson?
2. Compare the gap between the twentieth century audience and nineteenth century moral standards with the same cultural gap as seen in Charteris' "Judith" and Cheyney's "Isles Finds a Body." What are the implications of such a gap? (Remember, this gap is not nearly so great in science as it is in the social, intellectual, and ethical areas.)

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

It's Comfortable to Know Who the Movie Good Guy Is  
 Morality in the Popular Arts  
 The Good Guy (Girl) and Real Life  
 The Good-Bad Girl (a story)  
 Nineteenth Century Concepts in Twentieth Century Popular Arts



## THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

Richard Connell

“OFF THERE TO THE RIGHT — SOMEWHERE — IS A LARGE ISLAND,” said Whitney. “It’s rather a mystery —”

“What island is it?” Rainsford asked.

“The old charts call it ‘Ship-Trap Island,’ ” Whitney replied. “A suggestive name, isn’t it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don’t know why. Some superstition —”

“Can’t see it,” remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dark tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

“You’ve good eyes,” said Whitney, with a laugh, “and I’ve seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can’t see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night.”

“Nor four yards,” admitted Rainsford. “Ugh! It’s like moist black velvet.”

“It will be light enough in Rio,” promised Whitney. “We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdey’s. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting.”

“The best sport in the world,” agreed Rainsford.

“For the hunter,” amended Whitney. “Not for the jaguar.”

“Don’t talk rot, Whitney,” said Rainsford. “You’re a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?”

“Perhaps the jaguar does,” observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing — fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes — the hunters and the huntees. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation — a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy to-day?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielsen —"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?' — as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this — I did feel something like a sudden chill."

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a — a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing — with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the after deck."

"Good-night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good-night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there, but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the

darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite brier. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids —"

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes, and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then —

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high, screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard

it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato. "Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears — the most welcome he had ever heard — the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crashed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal, too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped



to find — the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building — a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial château; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen — a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military moustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheek bones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. "So am I."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner when you came. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on,

noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where twoscore men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals — lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger and more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"You'll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest — the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating borsch, the rich, red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here. Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not in the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked filet mignon. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Did he charge you?"

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: "No. You are

wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, General?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said. "Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game —" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Thank you, General."

The general filled both glasses, and said: "God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Moscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army — it was expected of noblemen's sons — and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

The general puffed at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was impru-

dent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a tea room in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt — grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America business men often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call 'a sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

The general lit a fresh cigarette.

"No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general went on.

"And that was?"



The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking."

"Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes — there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps —"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face.

"I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said: 'What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course: 'It must have courage, cunning, and, above all, it must be able to reason.'"

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can."

"But you can't mean —" gasped Rainsford.

"And why not?"

"I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

"Hunting? Good God, General Zaroff, what you speak of is murder."

The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war —"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

Laughter shook the general. "How extraordinarily droll you are!" he said. "One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naïve, and, if I may say so, mid-Victorian point of view. It's like finding a snuff-box in a limousine. Ah, well, doubtless you had Puritan ancestors.

So many Americans appear to have had. I'll wager you'll forget **your** notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new **thrill** in store for you, Mr. Rainsford."

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that **un-**pleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples **are** quite ill founded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if needs **be**, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to **give** the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my **gift**? If I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the **earth** — sailors from tramp ships — lascars, blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels — a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more **than** a score of them."

"But they are men," said Rainsford, hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It **gives** me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are **dan-**gerous."

"But where do you get them?"

The general's left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. "This island is called Ship Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window **with** me."

Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into **the** night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the **gen-**eral pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of **lights**.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a channel," he **said**, "where there's none: giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a **sea** monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor **and** brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yes," he said, casually, as if in answer to a question. "I have electricity. We try to **be** civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

A trace of anger was in the general's black eyes, but it was **there** for but a second, and he said, in his most pleasant manner: "Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do **not**

do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous; I treat these visitors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise. They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll visit my training school," smiled the general. "It's in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They're from the Spanish bark *San Lucar* that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle."

He raised his hand, and Ivan, who served as waiter, brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general, blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest calibre and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him —" the general smiled — "he loses."

"Suppose he refuses to be hunted?"

"Oh," said the general, "I give him his option, of course. He need not play that game if he doesn't wish to. If he does not wish to hunt, I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter to the Great White Czar, and he has his own ideas of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said.

Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a tartar. One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"This way, please. I'll show you."

The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.

"A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are

let out at seven every night. If any one should try to get into my house — or out of it — something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of song from the *Folies Bergère*.

"And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of heads. Will you come with me to the library?"

"I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me to-night, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling at all well."

"Ah, indeed?" the general inquired, solicitously. "Well, I suppose that's only natural, after your long swim. You need a good, restful night's sleep. To-morrow, you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh? I've one rather promising prospect —"

Rainsford was hurrying from the room.

"Sorry you can't go with me to-night," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport — a big, strong black. He looks resourceful — Well, good-night, Mr. Rainsford; I hope you have a good night's rest."

The bed was good, and the pajamas of the softest silk, and he was tired in every fibre of his being, but nevertheless Rainsford could not quiet his brain with the opiate of sleep. He lay, eyes wide open. Once he thought he heard stealthy steps in the corridor outside his room. He sought to throw open the door; it would not open. He went to the window and looked out. His room was high up in one of the towers. The lights of the château were out now, and it was dark and silent, but there was a fragment of sallow moon, and by its wan light he could see, dimly, the courtyard; there, weaving in and out in the pattern of shadow, were black, noiseless forms; the hounds heard him at the window and looked up, expectantly, with their green eyes. Rainsford went back to the bed and lay down. By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just as morning began to come, he heard, far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of Crêpes Suzette, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of Chablis, Mr. Rainsford?"

"General," said Rainsford, firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his thickets of eyebrows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," the general protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting—"

"I wish to go to-day," said Rainsford. He saw the dead black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

He filled Rainsford's glass with venerable Chablis from a dusty bottle.

"To-night," said the general, "we will hunt—you and I."

Rainsford shook his head. "No, General," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hot-house grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

"You don't mean—" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel—at last."

The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said, enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

"And if I win—" began Rainsford, huskily.

"I'll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town."

The general read what Rainsford was thinking.



"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford.

"Oh," said the general, "in that case — But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot*, unless —"

The general sipped his wine.

Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest, too, that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? *Au revoir*, Mr. Rainsford, *au revoir*."

General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room.

From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist. . . .

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said, through tight teeth.

He had not been entirely clear-headed when the château gates snapped shut behind him. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff, and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by the sharp rowels of something very like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation.

He saw that straight flight was futile; inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude path he had been following into the

trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative, and he thought: "I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable." A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was near by, and, taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch, and stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But, perhaps, the general was a devil —

An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning, when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focussed Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. The thing that was approaching was a man.

It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees, and studied the ground. Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something metallic — a small automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its pungent incense-like smoke floated up to Rainsford's nostrils.

Rainsford held his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked care-

lessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay man-catcher. Luckily for me, I, too, have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder, had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the mud sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his foot loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a placid pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches and with it he covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of conceal-



ment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp.

The baying of the hounds drew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever nearer. On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped, too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.



Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack took up the cry again.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the *château*. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea. . . .

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy for a silver flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and hummed a bit from "*Madame Butterfly*."

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great panelled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of Pol Roger and half a bottle of Chambertin. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course the American hadn't played the game — so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so before turning on his light he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called: "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.

A man, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said.

"Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford." ...

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. How does the author go about presenting Rainsford as a good character?
2. How does the author's physical description of Zaroff give you an insight into his character? Do you recognize him as evil almost at once? Why should this be so?
3. How do Zaroff's furnishings and epicurean tastes provide further insight into his character?
4. What details add to the tension of the conflict between Zaroff and Rainsford? How skillfully are they managed?
5. How concisely does Connell manage, in the passages before the landing on the island, to set the stage for the drama?
6. Estimate the average length of the paragraphs of this story. How does paragraph length contribute to the story's pace?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Connell's story: staccato, gargoyles, astrakhan, cosmopolite, debacle, zealous.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Sum up the plot in a few sentences. What makes it an especially exciting one?
2. Analyze Rainsford's character. How much fellow feeling does he have? How good is he, according to our own standards?
3. Analyze Zaroff's character. How selfish is he? How evil, according to our own standards?
4. On the basis of your answers to questions 2 and 3, can you analyze why you are gratified by Zaroff's defeat?
5. What is your definition of good? What factors in your own background and experience help to shape your definition? How closely does Rainsford fit that definition?
6. What is your definition of evil? What factors in your own background and experience help to shape your definition? How closely does Zaroff fit that definition?
7. What other popular entertainment media present good and evil as plainly as "The Most Dangerous Game"? Can you cite specific examples from the other media?

## FOR SPECULATION

1. Emerson's "Morals" reads, "courage is contempt of danger in the determination to see this good of the whole enacted;" and, "He is immoral who is acting to any private end." In contrasting the evil man with the good man, Emerson adds: "The one craves a private benefit, which the other requires him to renounce out of respect to the absolute good." Can you explain Rainsford and Zaroff on the basis of the above statements?

2. How do you account for the appearance of nineteenth century moral standards in the popular fiction of the twentieth century?

## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

A Good Person (a real life character study)

Good Guys and Bad Guys

The Conflict between Good and Evil

Good and Evil in Our Daydreams

Material Success and the Good Guy

The Good Guy (a story)

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## Moral Values and Modern Complexity

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✿ Varied as they are, the ethical views of the nineteenth century, and those of the mass media today, commonly agree on one thing: that good is good and bad is bad, and never the twain shall meet. This assumption is appealing in its simplicity, but in our more clear-sighted moments it must seem unreal, less than the whole truth. It is not generally possible to separate good and evil so completely. In consequence, moral and ethical thought today has grown more complex and sometimes more puzzling, and the black-and-white contrasts are now likely to occur mainly in the daydream fantasies of the popular arts.

George Bernard Shaw's "Morality in the Theatre," written just before the turn of the century, anticipates our dissatisfaction with some of the clear-cut views of an earlier time. His essay illustrates how the creative artist can intuitively sense the existence of new ideas almost before they appear. His remarks on Ibsen touch on just this very intuition in an earlier dramatist. C. E. M. Joad's essay, "The Obtrusiveness of Evil," written a generation after Shaw's, is a philosopher's recognition of the same complexity, of the impossibility of separating good from evil in the world as we have come to know it. The German novelist and story writer, Thomas Mann, clearly recognized that the strands of good and evil are inextricably intertwined in human character and behavior, and his "Tobias Mindernickel" expresses this awareness in a story of evil without a villain and of good without a hero. Finally, Shirley Jackson's story, "The Lottery," cast in a form which may be described as an allegory — a deep truth underlying a story line — can be baffling not only in the moral concepts it expresses but in the form of the story itself. Is this a tale of human sacrifice? To what end? What is good, and how can we tell it from evil?



## MORALITY IN THE THEATRE

George Bernard Shaw

✿ IN THE AUTUMN OF 1894 I SPENT A FEW WEEKS IN FLORENCE, where I occupied myself with the religious art of the Middle Ages and its destruction by the Renascence. From a former visit to Italy on the same business I had hurried back to Birmingham to discharge my duties as musical critic at the Festival there. On that occasion a very remarkable collection of the works of our British "pre-Raphaelite" painters was on view. I looked at these, and then went into the Birmingham churches to see the windows of William Morris and Burne-Jones. On the whole, Birmingham was more hopeful than the Italian cities; for the art it had to show me was the work of living men, whereas modern Italy had, as far as I could see, no more connection with Giotto than Port Said has with Ptolemy. Now I am no believer in the worth of any mere taste for art that cannot produce what it professes to appreciate. When my subsequent visit to Italy found me practising the playwright's craft, the time was ripe for a modern pre-Raphaelite play. Religion was alive again, coming back upon men, even upon clergymen, with such power that not the Church of England itself could keep it out. Here my activity as a Socialist had placed me on sure and familiar ground. To me the members of the Guild of St. Matthew were no more "High Church clergymen," Dr. Clifford no more "an eminent Nonconformist divine," than I was to them "an infidel." There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it. We all had the same thing to say; and though some of us cleared our throats to say it by singing revolutionary lyrics and republican hymns, we thought nothing of singing them to the music of Sullivan's *Onward Christian Soldiers* or Haydn's *God Preserve the Emperor*.

Now unity, however desirable in political agitations, is fatal to drama; for every drama must present a conflict. The end may be reconciliation or destruction; or, as in life itself, there may be no end; but the conflict is indispensable: no conflict, no drama.

From Preface to *Arms and the Man*, 1898.



Certainly it is easy to dramatize the prosaic conflict of Christian Socialism with vulgar Unsocialism: for instance, in *Widowers' Houses*, the clergyman, who does not appear on the stage at all, is the real antagonist of the slum landlord. But the obvious conflicts of unmistakeable good with unmistakeable evil can only supply the crude drama of villain and hero, in which some absolute point of view is taken, and the dissentients are treated by the dramatist as enemies to be piously glorified or indignantly vilified. In such cheap wares I do not deal. Even in my unpleasant propagandist plays I have allowed every person his or her own point of view, and have, I hope, to the full extent of my understanding of him, been as sympathetic with Sir George Crofts as with any of the more genial and popular characters in the present volume. To distill the quintessential drama from pre-Raphaelitism, medieval or modern, it must be shewn at its best in conflict with the first broken, nervous, stumbling attempts to formulate its own revolt against itself as it develops into something higher. A coherent explanation of any such revolt, addressed intelligibly and prosaically to the intellect, can only come when the work is done, and indeed *done with*: that is to say, when the development, accomplished, admitted, and assimilated, is a story of yesterday. Long before any such understanding can be reached, the eyes of men begin to turn towards the distant light of the new age. Discernible at first only by the eyes of the man of genius, it must be focussed by him on the speculum of a work of art, and flashed back from that into the eyes of the common man. Nay, the artist himself has no other way of making himself conscious of the ray: it is by a blind instinct that he keeps on building up his masterpieces until their pinnacles catch the glint of the unrisen sun. Ask him to explain himself prosaically, and you find that he "writes like an angel and talks like poor Poll," and is himself the first to make that epigram at his own expense. John Ruskin has told us clearly enough what is in the pictures of Carpaccio and Bellini: let him explain, if he can, where we shall be when the sun that is caught by the summits of the work of his favorite Tintoretto, of his aversion Rembrandt, of Mozart, of Beethoven and Wagner, of Blake and of Shelley, shall have reached the valleys. Let Ibsen explain, if he can, why the building of churches and happy homes is not the ultimate destiny of Man, and why, to thrill the unsatisfied younger generations, he must mount

beyond it to heights that now seem unspeakably giddy and dreadful to him, and from which the first climbers must fall and dash themselves to pieces. He cannot explain it: he can only shew it to you as a vision in the magic glass of his artwork; so that you may catch his presentiment and make what you can of it. And this is the function that raises dramatic art above imposture and pleasure hunting, and enables the playwright to be something more than a skilled liar and pandar. . . .

The main difficulty, of course, is the incapacity for serious drama of thousands of playgoers of all classes whose shillings and half guineas will buy as much in the market as if they delighted in the highest art. But with them I must frankly take the superior position. I know that many managers are wholly dependent on them, and that no manager is wholly independent of them; but I can no more write what they want than Joachim can put aside his fiddle and oblige a happy company of beanfeasters with a marching tune on the German concertina. They must keep away from my plays: that is all.

There is no reason, however, why I should take this haughty attitude towards those representative critics whose complaint is that my talent, though not unentertaining, lacks elevation of sentiment and seriousness of purpose. They can find, under the surface-brilliancy for which they give me credit, no coherent thought or sympathy, and accuse me, in various terms and degrees, of an inhuman and freakish wantonness; of preoccupation with "the seamy side of life"; of paradox, cynicism, and eccentricity, reducible, as some contend, to a trite formula of treating bad as good and good as bad, important as trivial and trivial as important, serious as laughable and laughable as serious, and so forth. As to this formula I can only say that if any gentleman is simple enough to think that even a good comic opera can be produced by it, I invite him to try his hand, and see whether anything resembling one of my plays will reward him.

I could explain the matter easily enough if I chose; but the result would be that the people who misunderstand the plays would misunderstand the explanation ten times more. The particular exceptions taken are seldom more than symptoms of the underlying fundamental disagreement between the romantic morality of the critics and the natural morality of the plays.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Shaw loved to shock by making extravagant statements. Did any lines in paragraph 1 shock you? How seriously do you think Shaw meant them?
2. The tone of this essay is often defiant. What words and phrases express this tone?
3. Look up Giotto and William Morris. How does your knowledge of them help illuminate what the author is saying in paragraph 1?
4. Paragraph 1 is not organized around a single topic sentence. Outline it to see how many ideas it contains and how neatly they all lead up to the final one.
5. What is the function of sentence 1 in paragraph 2?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Shaw's essay: antagonist, quintessential, prosaically, speculum, presentiment.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. Why, according to Shaw, is the conflict between unmistakable good and evil unsuitable?
2. According to Shaw, a new age is "discernible at first only by the eyes of the man of genius". Do you agree with him?
3. According to Shaw, how conscious is a great artist of those visions of the new age that he himself sets forth? What, then, does Shaw see as the artist's function?
4. According to Shaw, why is the mass audience unable to appreciate him? Contrast Shaw's morality with that of the popular arts today. How does this contrast confirm the truth of Shaw's statement?
5. Some critics interpret Shaw as using "a trite formula of treating bad as good and good as bad". If true, how would this link Shaw with Nietzsche? What does Shaw himself say about this simple reversal of good and evil?
6. What does Shaw mean by "the underlying fundamental disagreement between the romantic morality of the critics and the natural morality of the [Shaw's] plays"?

### FOR SPECULATION

1. Shaw claims to have outgrown the simple distinctions between good and evil of Emerson, Kant, and the others. He also claims to have outgrown the reversal of moral values as seen in Nietzsche. What, then, by implication, are his standards of good and evil?
2. In this essay Shaw treats of the artist as prophet, seeing visions of

a new age long before the common run of men. How is Shaw himself a prophet in this essay of a new morality that is to come?


## SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

A Play I Enjoyed  
 The Campus Hero as Good Guy  
 Morality and Today's Mass Audience  
 Good Guy and Bad Guy (a criticism)  
 Truth and the Arts



## THE OBTRUSIVENESS OF EVIL

C. E. M. Joad

 THE ATTITUDE TO EVIL OF MANY OF MY GENERATION HAS CHANGED. They are no longer disposed to write off evil as a by-product of circumstance, a temporary phenomenon due to inadequate social and incomplete psychological development which will disappear in an earthly Utopia. They are increasingly disposed to accept it as a real and possibly incorrigible factor in the world and, therefore, in man's nature.

Now, paradoxically, it is this fact, the fact of one's conviction of the objective reality of evil, that imparts to the mind the disposition to search for God and to turn towards Him when He is found. That this is indeed a paradox — because there is evil, therefore there must be God who is good — I insist. If the world were full of good and only of good, then it would be reasonable to suppose that it was created by a wholly good being; but to find the texture of things shot through with evil, to convince oneself that the evil is real and ineradicable, and then to conclude that, nevertheless and in spite of this, nay, even because of this, there must be God — this, it may well be said, is to allow one's wishes, not one's reason to dictate one's conclusions. "Because," says the critic, "it is intolerable to you to accept the fact of evil simply as given, brute fact, a fact which there is no assurance of overcoming or even, perhaps, of diminishing, therefore you invoke a supernatural and

From *God and Evil* by C. E. M. Joad, 1943. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers.

all-powerful being by whose help (which apparently you take for granted) you convince yourself that in your own life and character you will be able to diminish evil, if not to overcome it. The brute-givenness of evil being unacceptable to you, you call in your wishes not your reason, to enlist a good God to help you dispose of it. . . ."

*That Evil is the Necessary Opposite of Good and both Entails and is Entailed by it.*

I turn now to the suggestion that good and evil are opposites in the sense that the presence of one necessarily entails that of the other, as the inside of a basin entails the outside. There are two observations I should like to make in regard to this suggestion. The first is that it begs the question by assuming that all pairs of opposites are of the same class, and then assigning the pair, good and evil, to that class. The class is that of logical opposites. These are such that the presence of one of them necessarily entails that of the other, as, for example, in the cases of outside and inside, or of concave and convex. But there are other pairs which are not of this kind, for example, wet and dry. If everything that existed were sea, there would be no dry. Similarly with hot and cold. If the sun monopolized the physical universe, there would be no cold. Now I cannot see any necessary reason why the universe should not consist entirely of sea or entirely of sun. If either of these cases were realized one of a pair of opposites would exist without the other. Now if good and evil belong to the first class of opposites, then the presence of good necessarily entails that of evil, but it is a mere assumption that they do, and in making the assumption we beg the question at issue. We are in fact arguing somewhat as follows: "Because good necessarily entails evil, therefore they are logical opposites and belong to the first class of opposites; pairs of opposites in the first class necessarily entail one another; therefore good necessarily entails evil."

*That Good which is Conceived as the Opposite of Evil is Necessarily Infected by Evil.*

My second observation may most conveniently be introduced by a question. If evil, being good's necessary opposite, is logically dependent upon good and good upon evil, can good be regarded as wholly and completely good? Would not good, in fact, be better if it did not entail the existence of this disreputable associate? In



Plato's dialogue, the *Philebus*, Socrates develops a famous argument in regard to the nature of pleasure. Two kinds of pleasure are distinguished, pure and impure. Pure pleasures are distinguished from impure pleasures by virtue of the fact that they contain no admixture of pain. Many pleasures, Socrates points out, are dependent for their pleasantness upon the degree of preceding dissatisfaction to which they are relative. Thus the pleasure of the convalescent is dependent upon the fact of his preceding illness; of the resting man upon his preceding fatigue; of the water-drinking man upon his preceding thirst. These states and activities, convalescing, resting, water-drinking, are characterized by the sort of pleasure whose nature, when it is experienced in its crudest form, as, for example, in the form of relief from long and wearying pain, we all recognize for what it is. We recognize, that is to say, that the pleasure experienced on relief from pain owes its pleasantness solely to the fact that we are no longer suffering the pain which we formerly suffered. These, then, are impure pleasures. There are, however, other pleasures which, Plato points out, are not dependent upon want or need. The smell of violets and the taste of chocolate are humble examples of these.

Plato's argument has always seemed to me to be valid. Transferring its application from the case of pleasure to that of good, we may say that there are two classes of goods, pure goods and impure goods. In the class of impure goods we shall place all those which are dependent upon, because necessarily related to, a correlative evil, while pure goods will be subject to no such limitation.

[The remainder of this essay is Joad's defense of his own modern ethic in reply to an article by an English writer, C. S. Lewis, arguing that evil does not have a separate existence, "that good should be original and evil a mere perversion."]

*The Argument that since Evil is a Perversion of or a Parasite upon Good, Evil is not Ultimately and Independently Real.*

I agree that evil is parasitic upon good and that it is so in a double sense. First, nobody does what is evil for its own sake. He only does evil as a means to something else which he takes to be good. Thus if we lie, we lie to gain a purpose, but when we tell the truth we do so for its own sake. Hence, other things being equal, we tell the truth. If we cheat or betray, we do so to gain an end, but we play fair and keep faith for no end simply because, in

the absence of inducements to the contrary, we realize that to play fair and keep faith is the natural thing to do. Admittedly, other things rarely are equal; admittedly, "inducements to the contrary" are usually present; admittedly, therefore, we do frequently lie, cheat and betray. The fact nevertheless remains that we do require an incentive to do these things beyond the actual doing of them. But the doing of good in itself is its own incentive. Evil, then, is never an end in itself; it is always a means to an end beyond itself. Good is an end in itself.

*That Evil is Parasitic on Good.*

Secondly, it is only because and in so far as most people habitually do good that it pays anybody to do evil. Take lying, for example. The object of a lie is to deceive. In order to achieve its object it must gain credence. Now if everybody habitually lied, nobody would believe anybody else, and lying, therefore, would lose its point, since it would not gain credence and would not, therefore, deceive. It is the practice of truth-telling by most people most of the time which makes lying profitable for the few. Similarly with theft. If everybody habitually stole from everybody else, nobody would trust his neighbour and theft would become immeasurably more difficult, apart from the fact that if we were all burglars there would be no goods to steal. It is only because most of us are in the main honest and trust in our neighbours' honesty that precautions are sufficiently relaxed to make stealing possible and profitable to those who are not honest.

So, too, in the playing of games. If most of us were cheats, all of us would be vigilantly on our guard against being cheated, with the result that cheating would become extremely and unrepayingly difficult. What makes cheating profitable is the prevalence of non-cheating, just as what makes lying profitable is the prevalence of truth-telling, and stealing, the prevalence of honest men.

Two conclusions follow. First, nobody does evil for the sake of evil; he does it for the sake of some end which he takes to be good which, he believes, will be achieved through doing the evil. Evil, then, is always desired as a means to something else which is, whether rightly or wrongly, thought to be good.

Secondly, evil is parasitic upon good, in the sense that it is only because most men are virtuous in most of their dealings that it pays some men to be vicious. What follows? What, I take it, Mr.

Lewis supposes to follow is that evil is not wholly and independently real. But does this in fact follow? I suggest that it does not. All, I think, that does follow is that, since evil is not desired for itself, but is only desired as a means to something which is assumed not to be evil, evil is, as Mr. Lewis says, parasitic upon good. It follows, too, that, since, on the religious view, good is fundamental, and since, if that view is true, there must always be good in the universe, then if there is also evil — and, of course, there need not be; there can be oak trees without mistletoe, hosts without their parasites — the evil must be good's parasite. Quite so; but though evil is desired as a means to an end, it is nevertheless desired, and though a parasite is dependent upon its host it none the less exists and is real. Similarly with the view which would define evil as that which men seek to avoid. To hold that evil is what men seek to avoid is not to hold that it is unreal. If evil were a real and positive thing, then that men should seek to avoid it is precisely what one would expect; part, though not the whole, of what I mean by evil is indeed precisely conveyed by this notion of something that I ought to avoid. To say, then, that evil is something that one ought to avoid is to say something that is true about evil, but is not to define evil, just as to say that evil is parasitic upon good is to say something that is true about evil but is not to define it. That evil is the correlative of good, that it is the deprivation of good, that it is what ought to be or what is avoided, that it is parasitic upon good — all these things are true of evil, but they are not what we mean by evil. They are not, that is to say, identical with the essence of evil. In fact, as I have argued above, evil cannot without loss of meaning be equated with anything other than itself.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. What words and phrases contribute to the formal diction of this essay?
2. Make an outline of each of the three parts of the essay.
3. How is Part 1 related to Parts 2 and 3?
4. What is a paradox? What is the paradox discussed in Part 1?
5. What do you think was Joad's purpose in using a basin to illustrate his ideas in paragraph 3?

6. Make an outline of Joad's reply to C. S. Lewis. On the basis of your outline, comment on the organization and logic of Joad's arguments.

7. Define and use each of the following words from Joad's essay: incorrigible, ineradicable, admixture, correlative, credence.

#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. How, according to Joad, has this generation's attitude toward evil changed?

2. Paradoxically, the recognition of evil has had what spiritual effect?

3. Joad says that assuming good and evil are opposites, good necessarily entails evil. How does this concept contradict the clear-cut morality of Emerson?

4. Is Joad convinced that good and evil are opposites, (1) on a spiritual level? (2) here on earth?

5. Compare Lewis's attitude toward good and evil with that of Joad. Which is more complex? Which is more representative of our own century?

6. On the basis of your own background and experience, how complex do you feel good and evil are? Do you believe that no one can be wholly good or evil?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Comment on the similarity of ideas expressed by Joad and Shaw. How do you account for Joad's fuller and clearer expression of the complexity of twentieth century morality?

2. Contrast Joad's concept of good and evil with that of Emerson. What Spirit of the Times do you think brought each about?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Myself and Paradox

Paradoxes in College Life

Good and Evil and Recent History

The Evil in Man's Nature

Good and Evil (a twentieth century appraisal)



## TOBIAS MINDERNICHEL

Thomas Mann

☛ ONE OF THE STREETS RUNNING STEEPLY UP FROM THE DOCKS TO the middle town was named Grey's Road. At about the middle of it, on the right, stood Number 47, a narrow, dingy-looking building no different from its neighbours. On the ground floor was a chandler's shop where you could buy overshoes and castor oil. Crossing the entry along a courtyard full of cats and mounting the mean and shabby, musty-smelling stair, you arrived at the upper storeys. In the first, on the left, lived a cabinet-maker; on the right a midwife. In the second, on the left a cobbler, on the right a lady who began to sing loudly whenever she heard steps on the stair. In the third on the left, nobody; but on the right a man named Mindernickel — and Tobias to boot. There was a story about this man; I tell it, because it is both puzzling and sinister, to an extraordinary degree.

Mindernickel's exterior was odd, striking, and provoking to laughter. When he took a walk, his meagre form moving up the street supported by a cane, he would be dressed in black from head to heels. He wore a shabby old-fashioned top hat with a curved brim, a frock-coat shining with age, and equally shabby trousers, fringed round the bottoms and so short that you could see the elastic sides to his boots. True, these garments were all most carefully brushed. His scrawny neck seemed longer because it rose out of a low turn-down collar. His hair had gone grey and he wore it brushed down smooth on the temples. His wide hat-brim shaded a smooth-shaven sallow face with sunken cheeks, red-rimmed eyes which were usually directed at the floor, and two deep, fretful furrows running from the nose to the drooping corners of the mouth.

Mindernickel seldom left his house — and this for a very good reason. For whenever he appeared in the street a mob of children would collect and sally behind him, laughing, mocking, singing — "Ho, ho, Tobias!" they would cry, tugging at his coat-tails, while

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people came to their doors to laugh. He made no defence; glancing timidly round, with shoulders drawn up and head stuck out, he continued on his way, like a man hurrying through a driving rain without an umbrella. Even while they were laughing in his face he would bow politely and humbly to people as he passed. Further on, when the children had stopped behind and he was not known, and scarcely noted, his manner did not change. He still hurried on, still stooped, as though a thousand mocking eyes were on him. If it chanced that he lifted his timid, irresolute gaze from the ground, you would see that, strangely enough, he was not able to fix it steadily upon anyone or anything. It may sound strange, but there seemed to be missing in him the natural superiority with which the normal, perceptive individual looks out upon the phenomenal world. He seemed to measure himself against each phenomenon, and find himself wanting; his gaze shifted and fell, it grovelled before men and things.

What was the matter with this man, who was always alone and unhappy even beyond the common lot? His clothing belonged to the middle class; a certain slow gesture he had, of his hand across his chin, betrayed that he was not of the common people among whom he lived. How had fate been playing with him? God only knows. His face looked as though life had hit him between the eyes, with a scornful laugh. On the other hand, perhaps it was a question of no cruel blow but simply that he was not up to it. The painful shrinking and humility expressed in his whole figure did indeed suggest that nature had denied him the measure of strength, equilibrium, and backbone which a man requires if he is to live with his head erect.

When he had taken a turn up into the town and come back to Grey's Road, where the children welcomed him with lusty bawlings, he went into the house and up the stuffy stair into his own bare room. It had but one piece of furniture worthy the name, a solid Empire chest of drawers with brass handles, a thing of dignity and beauty. The view from the window was hopelessly cut off by the heavy side wall of the next house; a flower-pot full of earth stood on the ledge, but there was nothing growing in it. Tobias Mindernickel went up to it sometimes and smelled at the earth. Next to this room was a dark little bedchamber. Tobias on coming in would lay hat and stick on the table, sit down on the dusty green-covered sofa, prop his chin with his hand, and stare

at the floor with his eyebrows raised. He seemed to have nothing else to do.

As for Tobias Mindernickel's character, it is hard to judge of that. Some favourable light seems to be cast by the following episode. One day this strange man left his house and was pounced upon by a troop of children who followed him with laughter and jeers. One of them, a lad of ten years, tripped over another child's foot and fell so heavily to the pavement that blood burst from his nose and ran from his forehead. He lay there and wept. Tobias turned at once, went up to the lad, and began to console him in a mild and quavering voice. "You poor child," said he, "have you hurt yourself? You are bleeding — look how the blood is running down from his forehead. Yes, yes, you do look miserable, you weep because it hurts you so. I pity you. Of course, you did it yourself, but I will tie my handkerchief round your head. There, there! Now pull yourself together and get up." And actually with the words he bound his own handkerchief round the bruise and helped the lad to his feet. Then he went away. But he looked a different man. He held himself erect and stepped out firmly, drawing longer breaths under his narrow coat. His eyes looked larger and brighter, he looked squarely at people and things, while an expression of joy so strong as to be almost painful tightened the corners of his mouth.

After this for a while there was less tendency to jeer at him among the denizens of Grey's Road. But they forgot his astonishing behaviour with the lapse of time, and once more the cruel cries resounded from dozens of lusty throats behind the bent and infirm man: "Ho, ho, Tobias!"

One sunny morning at eleven o'clock Mindernickel left the house and betook himself through the town to the Lerchenberg, a long ridge which constitutes the afternoon walk of good society. Today the spring weather was so fine that even in the forenoon there were some carriages as well as pedestrians moving about. On the main road, under a tree, stood a man with a young hound on a leash, exhibiting it for sale. It was a muscular little animal about four months old, with black ears and black rings round its eyes.

Tobias at a distance of ten paces noticed this; he stood still, rubbed his chin with his hand, and considered the man, and the

hound alertly wagging its tail. He went forward, circling three times round the tree, with the crook of his stick pressed against his lips. Then he stepped up to the man, and keeping his eye fixed on the dog, he said in a low, hurried tone: "What are you asking for the dog?"

"Ten marks," answered the man.

Tobias kept still a moment, then he said with some hesitation: "Ten marks?"

"Yes," said the man.

Tobias drew a black leather purse from his pocket, took out a note for five marks, one three-mark and one two-mark piece, and quickly handed them to the man. Then he seized the leash, and two or three people who had been watching the bargain laughed to see him as he gave a quick, frightened look about him and, with his shoulders stooped, dragged away the whimpering and protesting beast. It struggled the whole of the way, bracing its forefeet and looking up pathetically in its new master's face. But Tobias pulled, in silence, with energy and succeeded in getting through the town.

An outcry arose among the urchins of Grey's Road when Tobias appeared with the dog. He lifted it in his arms, while they danced round, pulling at his coat and jeering; carried it up the stair and bore it into his own room, where he set it on the floor, still whimpering. Stooping over and patting it with kindly condescension he told it:

"There, there, little man, you need not be afraid of me; that is quite unnecessary."

He took a plate of cooked meat and potatoes out of a drawer and tossed the dog a part of it, whereat it ceased to whine and ate the food with loud relish, wagging its tail.

"And I will call you Esau," said Tobias. "Do you understand? That will be easy for you to remember." Pointing to the floor in front of him he said, in a tone of command:

"Esau!"

And the dog, probably in the hope of getting more to eat, did come up to him. Tobias clapped him gently on the flank and said:

"That's right, good doggy, good doggy!"

He stepped back a few paces, pointed to the floor again, and commanded:

"Esau!"

And the dog sprang to him quite blithely, wagging its tail, and licked its master's boots.

Tobias repeated the performance with unflagging zest, some twelve or fourteen times. Then the dog got tired, it wanted to rest and digest its meal. It lay down in the sagacious and charming attitude of a hunting dog, with both long, slender forelegs stretched before it, close together.

"Once more," said Tobias. "Esau!"

But Esau turned his head aside and stopped where he was.

"Esau!" Tobias's voice was raised, his tone more dictatorial still.

"You've got to come, even if you are tired."

But Esau laid his head on his paws and came not at all.

"Listen to me," said Tobias, and his voice was now low and threatening; "you'd best obey or you will find out what I do when I am angry."

But the dog hardly moved his tail.

Then Mindernickel was seized by a mad and extravagant fit of anger. He clutched his black stick, lifted up Esau by the nape of the neck, and in a frenzy of rage he beat the yelping animal, repeating over and over in a horrible, hissing voice:

"What, you do not obey me? You dare to disobey me?"

At last he flung the stick from him, set down the crying animal, and with his hands upon his back began to pace the room, his breast heaving, and flinging upon Esau an occasional proud and angry look. When this had gone on for some time, he stopped in front of the dog as it lay on its back, moving its fore-paws imploringly. He crossed his arms on his chest and spoke with a frightful hardness and coldness of look and tone — like Napoleon, when he stood before a company that had lost its standard in battle:

"May I ask you what you think of your conduct?"

And the dog, delighted at this condescension, crawled closer, nestled against its master's leg, and looked up at him bright-eyed.

For a while Tobias gazed at the humble creature with silent contempt. Then as the touching warmth of Esau's body communicated itself to his leg he lifted Esau up.

"Well, I will have pity on you," he said. But when the good beast essayed to lick his face his voice suddenly broke with melancholy emotion. He pressed the dog passionately to his breast, his eyes filling with tears, unable to go on. Chokingly he said:

"You see, you are my only . . . my only . . ." He put Esau to

bed, with great care, on the sofa, supported his own chin with his hand, and gazed at him with mild eyes, speechlessly.

Tobias Mindernickel left his room now even less often than before; he had no wish to show himself with Esau in public. He gave his whole time to the dog, from morning to night; feeding him, washing his eyes, teaching him commands, scolding him, and talking to him as though he were human. Esau, alas, did not always behave to his master's satisfaction. When he lay beside Tobias on the sofa, dull with lack of air and exercise, and gazed at him with soft, melancholy eyes, Tobias was pleased. He sat content and quiet, tenderly stroking Esau's back as he said:

"Poor fellow, how sadly you look at me! Yes, yes, life is sad, that you will learn before you are much older."

But sometimes Esau was wild, beside himself with the urge to exercise his hunting instincts; he would dash about the room, worry a slipper, leap on the chairs, or roll over and over with sheer excess of spirits. Then Tobias followed his motions from afar with a helpless, disapproving, wandering air and a hateful, peevish smile.

"That's enough now, stop dashing about like that — there is no reason for such high spirits."

Once it even happened that Esau got out of the room and bounced down the stairs to the street, where he at once began to chase a cat, to eat dung in the road, and jump up at the children frantic with joy. But when the distressed Tobias appeared with his wry face, half the street roared with laughter to see him, and it was painful to behold the dog bounding away in the other direction from his master. That day Tobias in his anger beat him for a long time.

One day, when he had had the dog for some weeks, Tobias took a loaf of bread out of the chest of drawers and began stooping over to cut off little pieces with his big bone-handled knife and let them drop on the floor for Esau to eat. The dog was frantic with hunger and playfulness; it jumped up at the bread, and the long-handled knife in the clumsy hands of Tobias ran into its right shoulder-blade. It fell bleeding to the ground.

In great alarm Tobias flung bread and knife aside and bent over the injured animal. Then the expression of his face changed, actu-



ally a gleam of relief and happiness passed over it. With the greatest care he lifted the wounded animal to the sofa — and then with what inexhaustible care and devotion he began to tend the invalid. He did not stir all day from its side, he took it to sleep on his own bed, he washed and bandaged, stroked and caressed and consoled it with unwearying solicitude.

“Does it hurt so much?” he asked. “Yes, you are suffering a good deal, my poor friend. But we must be quiet, we must try to bear it.” And the look on his face was one of gentle and melancholy happiness.

But as Esau got better and the wound healed, so the spirits of Tobias sank again. He paid no more attention to the wound, confining his sympathy to words and caresses. But it had gone on well, Esau’s constitution was sound; he began to move about once more. One day after he had finished off a whole plate of milk and white bread he seemed quite right again; jumped down from the sofa to rush about the room, barking joyously, with all his former lack of restraint. He tugged at the bed-covers, chased a potato round the room, and rolled over and over in his excitement.

Tobias stood by the flower-pot in the window. His arms stuck out long and lean from the ragged sleeves and he mechanically twisted the hair that hung down from his temples. His figure stood out black and uncanny against the grey wall of the next building. His face was pale and drawn with suffering and he followed Esau’s pranks unmoving, with a sidelong, jealous, wicked look. But suddenly he pulled himself together, approached the dog, and made it stop jumping about; he took it slowly in his arms.

“Now, poor creature,” he began, in a lachrymose tone — but Esau was not minded to be pitied, his spirits were too high. He gave a brisk snap at the hand which would have stroked him; he escaped from the arms to the floor, where he jumped mockingly aside and ran off, with a joyous bark.

That which now happened was so shocking, so inconceivable that I simply cannot tell it in any detail. Tobias Mindernickel stood leaning a little forward, his arms hanging down; his lips were compressed, the balls of his eyes vibrated uncannily in their sockets. Suddenly with a sort of frantic leap, he seized the animal, a large bright object gleamed in his hand — and then he flung Esau to the ground with a cut which ran from the right shoulder deep into

the chest. The dog made no sound, he simply fell on his side, bleeding and quivering.

The next minute he was on the sofa with Tobias kneeling before him, pressing a cloth on the wound and stammering:

"My poor brute, my poor dog! How sad everything is! How sad it is for both of us! You suffer — yes, yes, I know. You lie there so pathetic — but I am with you, I will console you — here is my best handkerchief —"

But Esau lay there and rattled in his throat. His clouded, questioning eyes were directed upon his master, with a look of complaining, innocence, and incomprehension — and then he stretched out his legs a little and died.

But Tobias stood there motionless, as he was. He had laid his face against Esau's body and he wept bitter tears.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Mark off the introduction. What is its purpose in this story?
2. How does the physical description of Mindernickel in paragraph 2 offer insights into his character?
3. What does paragraph 3 contribute to the development of the story?
4. What are the rhetorical questions in paragraph 4?
5. Make a list of the adjectives Mann uses to describe Mindernickel. Pick out those you consider especially effective. How much insight do you get into Mindernickel's character on the basis of the adjectives alone?
6. Contrast Mindernickel with the author's first description of Esau. What is the author's purpose in setting up this contrast?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Mann's story: *chandler*, *equilibrium*, *condescension*, *solicitude*, *incomprehension*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What is the children's attitude toward Mindernickel? How does Mindernickel himself provoke that attitude?
2. What is the psychology behind Mindernickel's buying Esau?
3. How are Mindernickel's impulses to do good mixed with evil in his first efforts to train Esau?

4. How are Mindernickel's impulses to do evil mixed with good in his killing of Esau?

5. All in all, is Mindernickel good or evil? How, on the basis of your answer, does he reflect the twentieth century idea of the complexity of good and evil?

6. Look up the Old Testament story of Jacob and his brother, Esau. In what way is *Tobias Mindernickel* a reworking of the Jacob-Esau story in twentieth century ethical terms?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Contrast Mann's handling of the conflict between good and evil with that in "The Most Dangerous Game." Which is subtler? Which is more realistic?

2. Contrast Mann's story with Nietzsche's analysis of good and evil. How do you account for the differences?

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

The Training of Pets

The Art of Making Friends

A Strange, Lonely Man


The Abuse of Power

Love and Hate (a short story)



## THE LOTTERY

Shirley Jackson

 THE MORNING OF JUNE 27TH WAS CLEAR AND SUNNY, WITH THE fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over

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for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix — the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy" — eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted — as were the square dances, the teen-age club, the Halloween program — by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him, because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called, "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came

forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up — of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of



some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids were gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get

started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar, Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names — heads of families first — and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned

and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Andrews. . . . Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row. "Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark. . . . Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt. . . . Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke. . . . Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill." "Bill Hutchinson got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair."

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet over-large, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly,



and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us the paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal-company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly." Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already, and someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now,

and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. The tone of this story is folksy, prosaic. Why does the author adopt it?
2. What folksy touches do you find? How do they sharpen the effect of the final paragraphs?
3. How folksy is the description of Mr. Summers? Why do you think the author described him as she did?
4. What is the author's purpose in including so many details concerning the preparations for the lottery?
5. How does the normal, almost trite dialogue add to the ultimate effect?
6. How does the paragraphing toward the end of the story add to the ultimate effect?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Miss Jackson's story: *profusely*, *boisterous*, *paraphernalia*, *perfunctory*.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. "The Lottery" centers on an ancient fertility rite. It was believed by primitive tribes that in order to make the crops grow a human being had to be sacrificed every spring. How does sentence 1 allude to this rite?
2. How does sentence 1 of paragraph 2 touch on the same fertility rite?
3. Are the people who kill Mrs. Hutchinson evil? Are they good? How do they fit in with twentieth century moral standards?
4. Is Mr. Summers good or evil? How can you account for his part in the lottery?
5. The death at the end of this story is a tragedy, yet this story must

be called a tragedy without a villain. How is this kind of tragedy an example of the complexity of twentieth century morality?

6. What is the author's purpose in taking an old fertility ritual out of its religious context and explaining it against the background of twentieth century secular morality?

#### FOR SPECULATION

1. Can you think of any examples of the persistence of primitive tribal rites in the so-called enlightened twentieth century? How do you account for their persistence?

2. Can you show that Miss Jackson and Mann are both saying the same things about good and evil? Compare the morality in their stories with that in the essays of Shaw and Joad.

#### SUGGESTED THEME TOPICS

Friday the Thirteenth

Superstitions and I

The Grip of Tradition

Modern Attitudes toward Good and Evil

Small Town Life (a story)

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## The Higher Good

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✿ Whatever the order in which you have read this book, if you come last to the three following selections you will have developed a rich context of other ideas in which to place them. Or, from a slightly different point of view, it may be said that these three essays need not be read in any context — that is, with any other points of view particularly in mind. Or yet again, it may be said that they fit into a far broader context than the selections we have examined so far. For while two of them were written in our time, and the third (Cardinal Newman's) in the nineteenth century, they are in a sense timeless as most of the other selections in the book are not.

What is conscience, asks Cardinal Newman, and finds that it is an inherent monitor of good and evil present in all men, however much it may vary in its mode of operation as their ideas of good and evil vary. Rabbi Martin Buber, speculating on the nature of good and evil, finds it related to the opposites which exist in the creation. But to him the significance of these opposites to man is not merely that they exist, but that man has come to know of them. Knowledge of good and evil, therefore, is to him the important fact. Finally, The Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr believes that the deepest value in religion is that it gives what he calls "the dimension of depth in life" — that, in terms of this book, it places all things in one universal context, and thus gives all experience and all life a rich and purposive meaning as parts of the greatest order of all, the order of life. This order, we may point out, is context in the broadest sense of all.



## CONSCIENCE

*John Henry Cardinal Newman*

✿ I ASSUME, THEN, THAT CONSCIENCE HAS A LEGITIMATE PLACE among our mental acts; as really so, as the action of memory, of reasoning, of imagination, or as the sense of the beautiful; that, as there are objects which, when presented to the mind, cause it to feel grief, regret, joy, or desire, so there are things which excite in us approbation or blame, and which we in consequence call right or wrong; and which, experienced in ourselves, kindle in us that specific sense of pleasure or pain, which goes by the name of a good or bad conscience. This being taken for granted, I shall attempt to show that in this special feeling, which follows on the commission of what we call right or wrong, lie the materials for the real apprehension of a Divine Sovereign and Judge.

The feeling of conscience (being, I repeat, a certain keen sensibility, pleasant or painful, — self-approval and hope, or compunction and fear, — attendant on certain of our actions, which in consequence we call right or wrong) is twofold: — it is a moral sense, and a sense of duty; a judgment of the reason and a magisterial dictate. Of course its act is indivisible; still it has these two aspects, distinct from each other, and admitting of a separate consideration. Though I lost my sense of the obligation which I lie under to abstain from acts of dishonesty, I should not in consequence lose my sense that such actions were an outrage offered to my moral nature. Again; though I lost my sense of their moral deformity, I should not therefore lose my sense that they were forbidden to me. Thus conscience has both a critical and a judicial office, and though its promptings, in the breasts of the millions of human beings to whom it is given, are not in all cases correct, that does not necessarily interfere with the force of its testimony and of its sanction: its testimony that there is a right and a wrong, and its sanction to that testimony conveyed in the feelings which attend on right or wrong conduct. Here I have to speak of conscience in the latter point of view, not as supplying us, by means of its various acts, with the elements of morals, such as may be developed by the intellect into an ethical code, but simply as the

*From An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent, 1870.*



dictate of an authoritative monitor bearing upon the details of conduct as they come before us, and complete in its several acts, one by one.

Let us then thus consider conscience, not as a rule of right conduct, but as a sanction of right conduct. This is its primary and most authoritative aspect; it is the ordinary sense of the word. Half the world would be puzzled to know what was meant by the moral sense; but every one knows what is meant by a good or bad conscience. Conscience is ever forcing on us by threats and by promises that we must follow the right and avoid the wrong; so far it is one and the same in the mind of every one, whatever be its particular errors in particular minds as to the acts which it orders to be done or to be avoided; and in this respect it corresponds to our perception of the beautiful and deformed. As we have naturally a sense of the beautiful and graceful in nature and art, though tastes proverbially differ, so we have a sense of duty and obligation, whether we all associate it with the same certain actions in particular or not. Here, however, Taste and Conscience part company: for the sense of beauty, as indeed the Moral Sense, has no special relations to persons, but contemplates objects in themselves; conscience, on the other hand, is concerned with persons primarily, and with actions mainly as viewed in their doers, or rather with self alone and one's own actions, and with others only indirectly and as if in association with self. And further, taste is its own evidence, appealing to nothing beyond its own sense of the beautiful or the ugly, and enjoying the specimens of the beautiful simply for their own sake; but conscience does not repose on itself, but vaguely reaches forward to something beyond self, and dimly discerns a sanction higher than self for its decisions, as is evidenced in that keen sense of obligation and responsibility which informs them. And hence it is that we are accustomed to speak of conscience as a voice, a term which we should never think of applying to the sense of the beautiful; and moreover a voice, or the echo of a voice, imperative and constraining, like no other dictate in the whole of our experience.

And again, in consequence of this prerogative of dictating and commanding, which is of its essence, Conscience has an intimate bearing on our affections and emotions, leading us to reverence and awe, hope and fear, especially fear, a feeling which is foreign for the most part, not only to Taste, but even to the Moral Sense, except

in consequence of accidental associations. No fear is felt by any one who recognizes that his conduct has not been beautiful, though he may be mortified at himself, if perhaps he has thereby forfeited some advantage; but, if he has been betrayed into any kind of immorality, he has a lively sense of responsibility and guilt, though the act be no offence against society, — of distress and apprehension, even though it may be of present service to him, — of compunction and regret, though in itself it be most pleasurable, — of confusion of face, though it may have no witnesses. These various perturbations of mind which are characteristic of a bad conscience, and may be very considerable, — self-reproach, poignant shame, haunting remorse, chill dismay at the prospect of the future, — and their contraries, when the conscience is good, as real though less forcible, self-approval, inward peace, lightness of heart, and the like, — these emotions constitute a specific difference between conscience and our other intellectual senses, — common sense, good sense, sense of expedience, taste, sense of honour, and the like, — as indeed they would also constitute between conscience and the moral sense, supposing these two were not aspects of one and the same feeling, exercised upon one and the same subject-matter.

So much for the characteristic phenomena, which conscience presents, nor is it difficult to determine what they imply. I refer once more to our sense of the beautiful. This sense is attended by an intellectual enjoyment, and is free from whatever is of the nature of emotion, except in one case, viz. when it is excited by personal objects; then it is that the tranquil feeling of admiration is exchanged for the excitement of affection and passion. Conscience too, considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approbation and blame: but it is something more than a moral sense; it is always, what the sense of the beautiful is only in certain cases; it is always emotional. No wonder then that it always implies what that sense only sometimes implies; that it always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same

tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and on the other hand it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. "The wicked flees, when no one pursueth"; then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine; and thus the phenomena of Conscience, as a dictate, avail to impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive, and is the creative principle of religion, as the Moral Sense is the principle of ethics. . . .

To a mind thus carefully formed upon the basis of its natural conscience, the world, both of nature and of man, does but give back a reflection of those truths about the One Living God, which have been familiar to it from childhood. Good and evil meet us daily as we pass through life, and there are those who think it philosophical to act towards the manifestations of each with some sort of impartiality, as if evil had as much right to be there as good, or even a better, as having more striking triumphs and a broader jurisdiction. And because the course of things is determined by fixed laws, they consider that those laws preclude the present agency of the Creator in the carrying out of particular issues. It is otherwise with the theology of a religious imagination. It has a living hold on truths which are really to be found in the world, though they are not upon the surface. It is able to pronounce by anticipation, what it takes a long argument to prove — that good is the rule, and evil the exception. It is able to assume that, uni-

form as are the laws of nature, they are consistent with a particular Providence. It interprets what it sees around it by this previous inward teaching, as the true key of that maze of vast complicated disorder; and thus it gains a more and more consistent and luminous vision of God from the most unpromising materials. Thus conscience is a connecting principle between the creature and his Creator; and the firmest hold of theological truths is gained by habits of personal religion. When men begin all their works with the thought of God, acting for His sake, and to fulfil His will, when they ask His blessing on themselves and their life, pray to Him for the objects they desire, and see Him in the event, whether it be according to their prayers or not, they will find everything that happens tend to confirm them in the truths about Him which live in their imagination, varied and unearthly as those truths may be. Then they are brought into His presence as that of a Living Person, and are able to hold converse with Him, and that with a directness and simplicity, with a confidence and intimacy, *mutatis mutandis*, which we use towards an earthly superior; so that it is doubtful whether we realize the company of our fellow-men with greater keenness than these favoured minds are able to contemplate and adore the Unseen, Incomprehensible Creator.

## Questions and Exercises

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make an outline of this essay and examine its organization.
2. Pick out words and phrases that contribute to its formal diction.
3. What does paragraph 1 contribute to the main idea of the essay?
4. Examine the punctuation used in paragraph 2. How does it differ from modern punctuation? What is its effect here?
5. How would Newman define "conscience" in this essay?
6. Define and use the following words from Newman's essay: sensibility, sanction, essence, compunction, perturbations, veneration.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. In paragraph 1 Newman states that through conscience we can apprehend God. What reasoning does he use to support this statement?



2. According to Newman, conscience as a moral sense is "a sanction of right conduct." What does he mean?
3. According to paragraph 3, what is the difference between Taste and Conscience?
4. What bearing does conscience have on our affections and emotions?
5. Conscience "is something more than a moral sense," says Newman. It "always involves the recognition of a living object towards which it is directed." What does he mean by this? How does it involve man's knowledge of God?
6. Conscience "is the creative principle of religion, as the Moral Sense is the principle of ethics," writes Newman. What does he mean?
7. What, then, is the higher good, according to Newman?



## GOD AND MAN

Martin Buber

✿ 'KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL' MEANS NOTHING ELSE THAN: cognizance of the opposites which the early literature of mankind designated by these two terms; they still include the fortune and the misfortune or the order and the disorder which is experienced by a person, as well as that which he causes. This is still the same in the early Avestic texts, and it is the same in those of the Bible which precede written prophecy and to which ours belongs. In the terminology of modern thought, we can transcribe what is meant as: adequate awareness of the opposites inherent in all being within the world, and that, from the viewpoint of the Biblical creation-belief, means: adequate awareness of the opposites latent in creation.

We can only reach complete understanding if we remain fully aware that the basic conception of all the theo- and anthropology of the Hebrews, namely the immutable difference and distance which exists between God and man, irrespective of the primal fact of the latter's 'likeness' to God and of the current fact of his 'near-

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ness' to Him (Psalm 73, 28), also applies to the knowledge of good and evil. This knowledge as the primordial possession of God and the same knowledge as the magical attainment of man are worlds apart in their nature. God knows the opposites of being, which stem from His own act of creation; He encompasses them, untouched by them; He is as absolutely familiar with them as He is absolutely superior to them; He has direct intercourse with them (this is obviously the original meaning of the Hebrew verb 'know': be in direct contact with), and this in their function as the opposite poles of the world's being. For as such He created them — we may impute this late Biblical doctrine (Isaiah, 45, 7) to our narrator, in its elementary form. Thus He who is above all opposites has intercourse with the opposites of good and evil that are of His own making; and something of this His primordial familiarity with them He appears, as can be gathered from the words, 'one of us' (Genesis 3, 22), to have bestowed upon the 'sons of God' (6, 2) by virtue of their share in the work of creation. The 'knowledge' acquired by man through eating the miraculous fruit is of an essentially different kind. A superior-familiar encompassing of opposites is denied to him who, despite his 'likeness' to God, has a part only in that which is created and not in creation, is capable only of begetting and giving birth, not of creating. Good and evil, the yes-position and the no-position of existence, enter into his living cognizance; but in him they can never be temporally coexistent. He knows oppositeness only by his situation within it; and that means *de facto* (since the yes can present itself to the experience and perception of man in the no-position, but not the no in the yes-position): he knows it directly from within that 'evil' at times when he happens to be situated there; more exactly: he knows it when he recognises a condition in which he finds himself whenever he has transgressed the command of God, as the 'evil' and the one he has thereby lost and which, for the time being, is inaccessible to him, as the good. But at this point, the process in the human soul becomes a process in the world: through the recognition of oppositeness, the opposites which are always latently present in creation break out into actual reality, they become existent.

In just this manner the first humans, as soon as they have eaten of the fruit, 'know' that they are naked. 'And the eyes of both of them were opened': they see themselves as they are, but

now since they see themselves so, not merely without clothing, but 'naked'. Recognition of this fact, the only recorded consequence of the magical partaking, cannot be adequately explained on the basis of sexuality, although without the latter it is, of course, inconceivable. Admittedly, they had not been ashamed before one another and now they are ashamed, not merely before one another, but with one another before God (3, 10), because, overcome by the knowledge of oppositeness, they feel the natural state of unclothedness, in which they find themselves, to be an ill or an evil, or rather both at once and more besides, and by this very feeling they make it so; but as a countermeasure they conceive, will and establish the 'good' of clothing. One is ashamed of being as one is because one now 'recognises' this so-being in its oppositional nature as an intended shall-be; but now it has really become a matter for shame. In themselves, naturally, neither the concept of clothed- and unclothedness, nor that of man and woman before one another, have anything whatsoever to do with good and evil; human 'recognition' of opposites alone brings with it the fact of their relatedness to good and evil. In this lamentable effect of the great magic of the becoming-like-God the narrator's irony becomes apparent; an irony whose source was obviously great suffering through the nature of man.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Paragraph 1 contains several difficult concepts. Put each sentence in your own words and explain it as simply as possible.
2. Look up the word Avestic (derived from Avesta) and comment on its aptness in paragraph 1,
3. Outline the remainder of the essay.
4. Despite the length of the essay, it contains only three paragraphs. Which, if any, is built around a single idea and uses a single topic sentence?
5. What words and phrases contribute to the formal diction of this essay?
6. What is the relationship of paragraph 3 to paragraph 2?
7. Define and use each of the following words from Buber's essay:

cognizance, latent, immutable, primordial, impute, temporally, inaccessible.


#### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. For Buber, good and evil are opposites, in contrast to God, "who is above all opposites." What does he mean?
2. Opposites, according to Buber, are inherent in all being within the world. Why does he qualify this by "within the world"?
3. Buber mentions "the immutable difference and distance which exists between God and man." What does he mean?
4. When man knows evil "the process in the human soul becomes a process in the world," writes Buber. What does he mean?
5. According to Buber, what is the knowledge acquired by Adam and Eve after eating the forbidden fruit?
6. In connection with Adam and Eve, Buber writes: "human 'recognition' of opposites alone brings with it the fact of their relatedness to good and evil." What does he mean?
7. What, then, is the higher good, according to Buber?



## HIGH RELIGION

Reinhold Niebuhr

 THE DISTINCTIVE CONTRIBUTION OF RELIGION TO MORALITY LIES in its comprehension of the dimension of depth in life. A secular moral act resolves the conflicts of interest and passion, revealed in any immediate situation, by whatever counsels a decent prudence may suggest, the most usual counsel being that of moderation — "in nothing too much." A religious morality is constrained by its sense of a dimension of depth to trace every force with which it deals to some ultimate origin and to relate every purpose to some ultimate end. It is concerned not only with immediate values and disvalues, but with the problem of good and evil, not only with immediate objectives, but with ultimate hopes. It is troubled by the question of the primal "whence" and the final "wherefore." It is troubled by these questions because religion is concerned with

From *Interpretation of Christian Ethics* by Reinhold Niebuhr. Copyright Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

life and existence as a unity and coherence of meaning. In so far as it is impossible to live at all without presupposing a meaningful existence, the life of every person is religious with the possible exception of the rare skeptic who is more devoted to the observation of life than to living it, and whose interest in detailed facts is more engrossing than his concern for ultimate meaning and coherence. Even such persons have usually constructed a little cosmos in a world which they regard as chaos and derive vitality and direction from their faith in the organizing purpose of this cosmos.

High religion is distinguished from the religion of both primitives and ultra-moderns by its effort to bring the whole of reality and existence into some system of coherence. The primitives, on the other hand, are satisfied by some limited cosmos, and the moderns by a superficial one. For primitive man the unity of the tribe or the majesty and mystery of some natural force — the sun, the moon, the mountain, or the generative process — may be the sacred center of a meaningful existence. For modern man the observable sequences of natural law or the supposedly increasing values of human cooperation are sufficient to establish a sense of spiritual security and to banish the fear of chaos and meaninglessness which has beset the human spirit throughout the ages.

This straining after an ultimate coherence inevitably drives high religion into depth as well as breadth; for the forms of life are too various and multifarious to be ascribed easily to a single source or related to a single realm of meaning if the source does not transcend all the observable facts and forces, and the realm does not include more than the history of the concrete world. The problem of evil and incoherence cannot be solved on the plane on which the incompatible forces and incommensurate realities (thought and extension, man and nature, spirit and matter) remain in stubborn conflict or rational incompatibility. Since all life is dynamic, religious faith seeks for the solution of the problem of evil by centering its gaze upon the beginning and the end of this dynamic process, upon God the creator and God the fulfillment of existence. Invariably it identifies the origin and source with the goal and end as belonging to the same realm of reality, a proposition which involves religion in many rational difficulties but remains, nevertheless, a perennial and necessary affirmation.

High religions are thus distinguished by the extent of the unity and coherence of life which they seek to encompass and the sense



of a transcendent source of meaning by which alone confidence in the meaningfulness of life and existence can be maintained. The dimension of depth in religion is not created simply by the effort to solve the problem of unity in the total breadth of life. The dimension of depth is really prior to any experience of breadth; for the assumption that life is meaningful and that its meaning transcends the observable facts of existence is involved in all achievements of knowledge by which life in its richness and contradictoriness is apprehended. Yet the effort to establish coherence and meaning in terms of breadth increases the sense of depth. Thus the God of a primitive tribe is conceived as the transcendent source of its life; and faith in such a God expresses the sense of the unity and value of tribal solidarity. But when experience forces an awakening culture to fit the life of other peoples into its world, it conceives of a God who transcends the life of one people so completely as no longer to be bound to it. Thus a prophet Amos arises to declare, "Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me sayeth the Lord." What is divided, incompatible, and conflicting, on the plane of concrete history is felt to be united, harmonious, and akin in its common source ("God hath made of one blood all the nations of men") and its common destiny ("In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free").

The dimension of depth in the consciousness of religion creates the tension between what is and what ought to be. It bends the bow from which every arrow of moral action flies. Every truly moral act seeks to establish what ought to be, because the agent feels obligated to the ideal, though historically unrealized, as being the order of life in its more essential reality. Thus the Christian believes that the ideal of love is real in the will and nature of God, even though he knows of no place in history where the ideal has been realized in its pure form. And it is because it has this reality that he feels the pull of obligation. The sense of obligation in morals from which Kant tried to derive the whole structure of religion is really derived from the religion itself. The "pull" or "drive" of moral life is a part of the religious tension of life. Man seeks to realize in history what he conceives to be already the truest reality — that is, its final essence.

The ethical fruitfulness of various types of religion is determined by the quality of their tension between the historical and the transcendent. This quality is measured by two considerations:



The degree to which the transcendent truly transcends every value and achievement of history, so that no relative value of historical achievement may become the basis of moral complacency; and the degree to which the transcendent remains in organic contact with the historical, so that no degree of tension may rob the historical of its significance.

## *Questions and Exercises*

### FORM AND TECHNIQUE

1. Make an outline of this essay and comment on its organization.
2. What words and phrases contribute to its formal diction?
3. What is the meaning of sentence 1? Restate it in your own words. How much does it tell you of the author's purpose in writing this essay?
4. Paragraphs 2, 3, and 4, dealing with high religion, form a separate unit. How are they related to one another?
5. What does Niebuhr mean by "high religion" in this essay?
6. Define and use each of the following words from Niebuhr's essay: constrained, generative, multifarious, incommensurate, transcendent.

### FOR ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

1. What, according to Niebuhr, is the difference between religious and secular morality?
2. According to Niebuhr, how is high religion distinguished from that of the primitives and from that of ultra-modern man?
3. How does high religion regard the problem of good and evil, in contrast to the attitude of ultra-modern man?
4. What, then, are the characteristics of high religion? What does Niebuhr mean by the "dimension of depth" in religion?
5. "Every truly moral act seeks to establish what ought to be, because the agent feels obligated to the ideal," writes Niebuhr. What does he mean?
6. The final paragraph of this essay states that the higher good is always related to the Spirit of the Times. Can you illustrate this statement with examples of your own?
7. What, then, is the higher good, according to Niebuhr?

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